

June 19, 1963

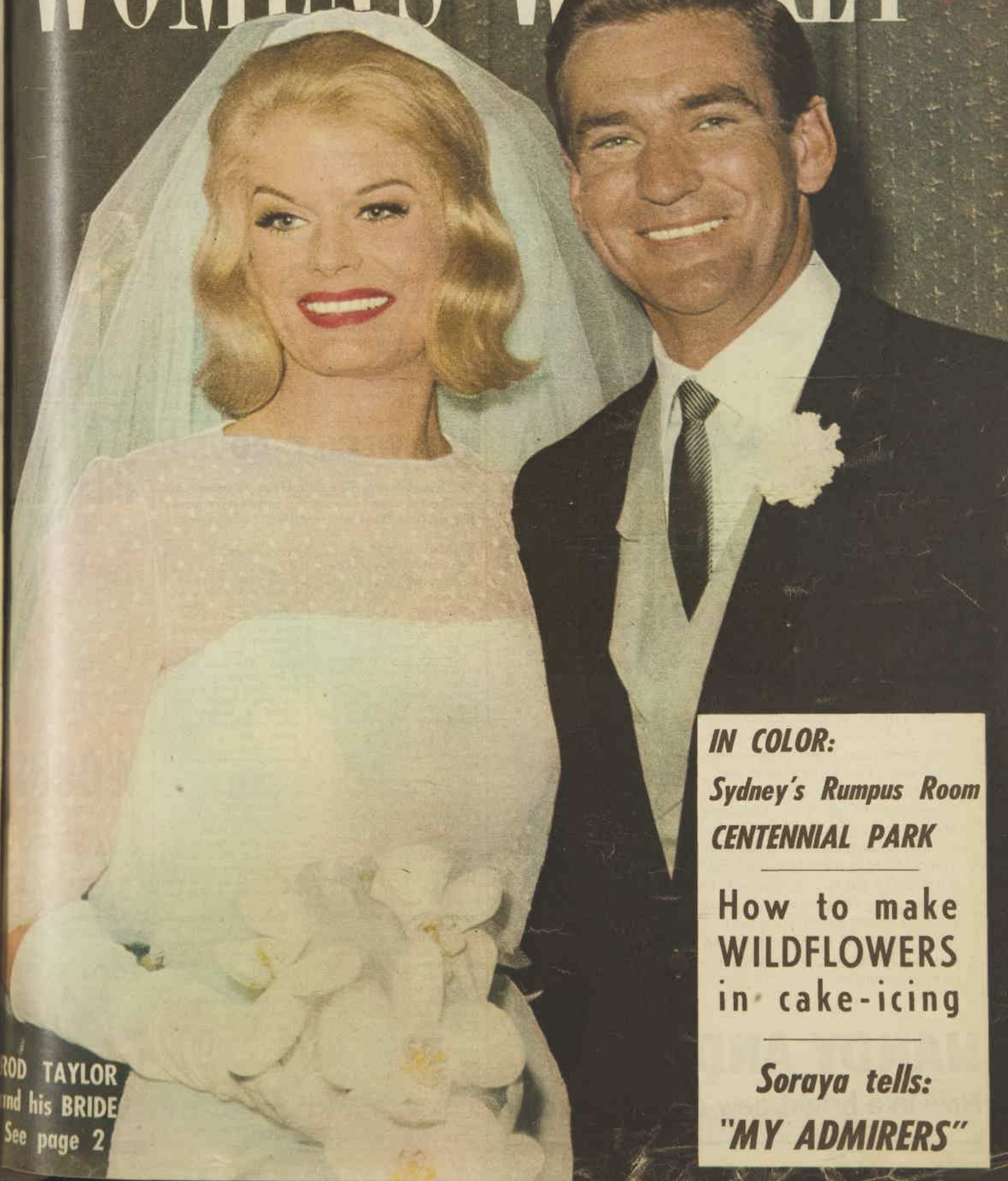
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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE
1/-



IN COLOR:

Sydney's Rumpus Room
CENTENNIAL PARK

How to make
WILDFLOWERS
in cake-icing

Soraya tells:
"MY ADMIRERS"

ROD TAYLOR
and his BRIDE
See page 2

Yes—even this kind of dirt!



* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

Handy Andy shifts dirt like nothing else can!

In Stafford, Brisbane, sixteen kiddies were invited — yes, *invited!* — to make a mess of their kindergarten wall. And *what* a mess they made, with grease, jam, finger-paint — even mud pies. The kiddies went home, and the dirt was allowed to dry hard. The object? To test Handy Andy with ammonia, the white liquid that shifts dirt like nothing else can! Just a little Handy Andy in water and — *whoosh!* All that dirt was wiped off in next to no time. For all your tough cleaning chores try white Handy Andy, the first liquid cleaner to combine powerful cleaning agents with ammonia. Shifts dirt like nothing else can!



HANDY ANDY

Now in a bright, new, easy-grip bottle

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 19, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● British-born film star Dana Wynter was the best dressed among the impressive guest list at Rod Taylor's wedding (our cover).

DANA is married to wealthy lawyer Greg Bautzer, who was Rod's best man.

She wore a long, slim-line white wool dress; the neckline high in front and cut low at the back.

Her only jewellery was a large turquoise-and-diamond brooch.

Other guests were John Wayne and his wife, Jane Fonda (with whom Rod is making "Sunday in New York"), Barbara Rush, Robert Cummings, and Marilyn Maxwell.

Mary has given up her modelling career to become a housewife.

Rod said he didn't ask her to, but added: "I believe I would have if Mary hadn't volunteered the idea."

WE'VE heard an interesting sequel to a story about Mr. Ben Thomas, "an uncle with 100 nephews," we published in 1959.

The 100 nephews were boys at the Bendigo Training Prison, Victoria, to whom Mr. Thomas was a voluntary art instructor for five years.

For some years Mr. Thomas has been living at the Bendigo Benevolent Home and we received this letter from the home's catering officer, Miss Doris Huelin:

"Since your story, scores of people have wanted to meet 'Uncle Ben.'"

"Recently a woman who

Our Cover

● Australian actor Rod Taylor and his bride, former New York model Mary Hilem, photographed after their wedding in the Westwood Community Methodist Church, near Hollywood. The bride wore a floor-length, princess-style white gown with a matching jacket and carried a bouquet of white orchids and stephanotis on a white prayer-book.

came to Ballarat from Adelaide recognised him in a cafe three years after you had used his picture.

"She told him that when she read about him in 1959 she decided, 'here was a man of unusual character,' and she would want to meet him if ever she came to Victoria.

"Uncle Ben' is now over 90, as active as ever, and still teaches in the home's therapy department."

LESLEY CONGER, author of the charming short story "Another One" (page 45), says she is never very certain where her characters or their lives come from.

"When I need them," she says, "they just seem to be there."

"Occasionally I get an idea for a character from my husband, but I am sure he wouldn't recognise it unless I told him."

WINTER COLDS CAN LAST!



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Do you suffer regularly from that winter cold? Are you in bed for weeks on end before you shake it off?

When a cold has you in its grip the soothing and warming action of Woods' Great Peppermint Compound will soon bring relief and comfort. You'll be amazed how quickly it will relieve irritating coughs, sore throat, clear congested bronchial tubes and allow you to breathe freely. For safe, sure relief from coughs and colds you can't do better than Woods' Great Peppermint Compound. Rely on Woods' this winter for relief and protection of your family.

*The Family Remedy. Woods' Great Peppermint Compound is completely safe for every member of the family. Always keep a bottle in the home.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND



FOOT BLISS



POLONIUS

Hamlet

at
the
Old
Tote

● The play's the same, but the look of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," as presented by Sydney's Old Tote Theatre Company, is new to local drama audiences.

HAMLET & OPHELIA

THE set, designed by producer Tom Brown, is sparse and "open"—akin to that used in Shakespeare's day—to allow for rapid scene changing.

The 45 costumes, designed by Desmond Digby, are a departure from the Italian Renaissance-style costumes, in which "Hamlet" is usually clothed.

Mr. Digby took inspiration from the 16th-century Flemish artist Pieter Brueghel the Elder, whose paintings of Flemish life are famous for simplicity of line and clear colors.

To get the costumes ready for the opening night last week, 16 seamstresses, under the direction of wardrobe-master William Paterson, worked day and night and at weekends.

Old Danish handcraft methods were used in the making of many of the costumes. Some of the materials were hand-painted to add richness and depth to the rosettes and ruching in the velvet and satin robes.

The jewellery worn in the play was also designed by Mr. Digby.

Cast includes John Bell as Hamlet, Janice Dinnen as Ophelia, Sophie Stewart and Ellis Irving as Queen Gertrude and King Claudius, Lou Vernon as Polonius, and Alan Dearth as Laertes.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

HAMLET & LAERTES

GERTRUDE & THE KING



NEXT WEEK:

'CORONET AMONG THE WEEDS'

Beginning "Coronet among the Weeds," the hilarious story of a beautiful English blue-blood debutante who couldn't stand the "weeds" (young men) in her social set.

The author is 20-year-old Charlotte Bingham, daughter of an English peer.

Charlotte says: "My father's a corny old lord, but I don't let that ruin my life."

She first became a beatnik, then a deb, and gives a fascinating glimpse into the life of a teenager being "finished" in Paris, Chelsea beatniks, English country weekends—and the "weeds."

"Coronet among the Weeds" is a laugh from start to finish. Don't miss it.



Charlotte Bingham

● Home safety guide

When there is an accident in the house, knowing what to do can help prevent permanent injury.

A three-page home safety guide tells first what to do to guard against the risk of accident; then the steps to take until you can call expert aid.

The feature is divided into sections, including burns, choking, electricity, fire.

As well there's a cut-out chart for emergency telephone numbers—doctor, ambulance, chemist, neighbor.

This is a feature to keep.

● Pancakes and pikelets

Served piping-hot, pancakes and pikelets are everyone's favorite.

In the cookery section are the basic recipes for pancakes and pikelets, with variations—sweet and savory—to make them a cook's delight.

● The good neighbor

In five years, a Sydney man—with his wife's help—has transformed a hillside.

When Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kirkwood moved into a house at Seaforth they decided they must have a garden.

They went further; cultivating council land adjoining their property to delight their neighbors and thousands of people who stop to admire the colorful display.

Color pictures show the house before the Kirkwoods started work and their transformation of rock wasteland.

DOUBLE DIAMOND

Two couples, married on the same day 60 years ago and near-neighbors all their lives, celebrated wedding anniversaries together, with a flock of descendants, relatives, and friends

By PATRICIA KENT

MONDAY, June 3, was a great occasion in Uralla. It was the diamond wedding anniversary of two couples in the district—Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bullen, aged respectively 83 and 81, and Mr. and Mrs. T. E. C. (Ernie) Munsie, aged 84 and 82.

"Reckon a man's a hero to stay married to the one woman for 60 years," said Mr. Bullen. But his eyes were twinkling, and he reached over and held his wife's hand as he said it.

The Bullens and the Munsies were married at Uralla on June 3, 1903 (the Bullens at 11 a.m., the Munsies at 3 p.m.), in the same church—St. John's Church of England—and by the same minister, the late Canon W. J. Hugill.

And now, 60 years later, the two couples celebrated their long married life with happy parties attended by their descendants, friends, and relatives.

Among the many telegrams was a message from Buckingham Palace: "The Queen sends you warm congratulations and good wishes on your diamond wedding anniversary."

Because Mrs. Bullen hadn't been very well, the Bullens had a comparatively small family-only celebration on the Saturday before the Munsies' big party.

Staff photographer Ron Berg and I went out to see Mr. and Mrs. Bullen at the Uralla home of one of their daughters, Joan, now Mrs. Ray Garrahy.

"The party was marvelous," said Mrs. Garrahy. "We held it at Mrs. Alec Nelson's house (that's my sister Thelma), at Kentucky South, just a few miles out of town. There were 60 of us (including Mr. and Mrs. Munsie) and we had chicken and champagne and prawns—all sorts of good things to eat."

AT PARTY. Standing, in dark coat in front row of this Munsie group, is Peter, 14, who replied to the toast to his grandparents: "To me 60 years seems a lifetime, which it undoubtedly is..." It brought the house down!



BRIDESMAIDS of 60 years ago, Mrs. May Swilks (left) and Mrs. Emily McNamara (right), with the bride, Mrs. Munsie. "We wore lovely white dresses," said Mrs. Swilks, "and Anne looked beautiful." Third bridesmaid, Miss May Nash, of Tamworth, N.S.W., couldn't attend the party, but sent her good wishes.

Mr. Bullen took his wife's hand.

"Mum enjoyed the party, too," he said. "She usually goes to bed about 8 o'clock, but that night she refused to leave until the very last guest had gone—about half past one. And she tasted champagne, too, didn't you, dear?"

"Dreadful stuff," said Mrs. Bullen.

Charlie and Susannah met in Uralla in the late 1890s.

"Things were different

then," said Mr. Bullen. "No cars, just horses and sulkeys. Life was tough, and I've always had to do things the hard way. I've been a butcher, a laborer, and I mined for gold in the wild days at Rocky Creek."

Mr. Bullen fought with the 5th Light Horse in the Boer War. He married his Susannah soon after.

"Mind you," he said, "she had to marry me pretty quick. There were lots of girls round then."

The Bullens' seven children are Thelma (Mrs. Alec Nelson), Hazel (Mrs. Sid Monckton), both of Kentucky South, Victor (who lives in Paddington, Sydney), Heyward (always called Don) and Joan (Mrs. Ray Garrahy), both of Uralla, Lyall, of Taree, and Kevin, of Woolbrook.

"There are 25 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren," said Joan, "so it looks as if the Bullen name is going to be around for a long time."



ANNIVERSARY



MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE BULLEN with their granddaughter, Pauline, and her husband, Max Carlon, who is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Munsie. The Bullens were special guests at the Munsie party.

Six years ago a Bullen granddaughter, Pauline, married a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Munsie, Max Carlon.

"We thought the marriage was delightful," said Mr. and Mrs. Munsie. "We think a great deal of the Bullen family — they're such a bright, happy lot."

The Munsies live some miles from town on their property, "Kelvin Grove."

"My father, Samuel, founded 'Kelvin Grove' nearly 110 years ago," said Mr. Munsie.

Thelma, the wife of Claude Munsie, who now runs the property, said, "Mum does all her own work around the house and she still cooks as well as she ever did. She does all the mending and sewing, too."

Mr. Munsie takes care of the orchard, picks the apples, and sprays the trees regularly, and he drives a late-model car in and out of town.

"My wife jumps out of the car and opens the gates for me," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Munsie courted for four years before they married.

"It was a lovely time," said Mrs. Munsie. "We'd take the sulky into town and dance till daylight. Although we nearly didn't get married, you know. One of Ernie's relations tried to break us up and brought a girl up from Sydney to try to get him away from me." "Didn't cotton to her at all," said Mr. Munsie. "I liked Anne."

The Munsies' five children are Eunice (Mrs. Charlie Carlon), of Salisbury Plains, Claude, who runs the property, Mabel (Mrs. L. Death), of Gunedah, Jean (Mrs. Don

Heaghey), of Tamworth, and Joffre, of Strathavon. They have 11 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

The Munsie family organised a big anniversary party — 180 people were at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall.

When Mr. and Mrs. Munsie and Mr. and Mrs. Bullen arrived at the hall, pianist Mrs. Harry Napier, of Armidale, struck up the Wedding March and the two couples walked arm in arm down the hall.

There were toasts and speeches.

Mr. Peter Donohue, who runs a local service station, spoke of Charlie Bullen: "The worst thing I ever remember hearing about

Charlie was my dad saying that he knew absolutely nothing about football."

Honored guests were two of the three Munsie bridesmaids, Mrs. Emily McNamara, of Rose Hill, N.S.W., and Mrs. May Swilks, of Haberfield, N.S.W., who were born and raised in Uralla.

Reverend Esdaile L. Barnes, minister of St. John's, showed guests the marriage register of 1903.

"I am indeed glad," he said, "that Mrs. McNamara and Mrs. Swilks are here to testify that Mr. and Mrs. Munsie and Mr. and Mrs. Bullen are, in fact, married."

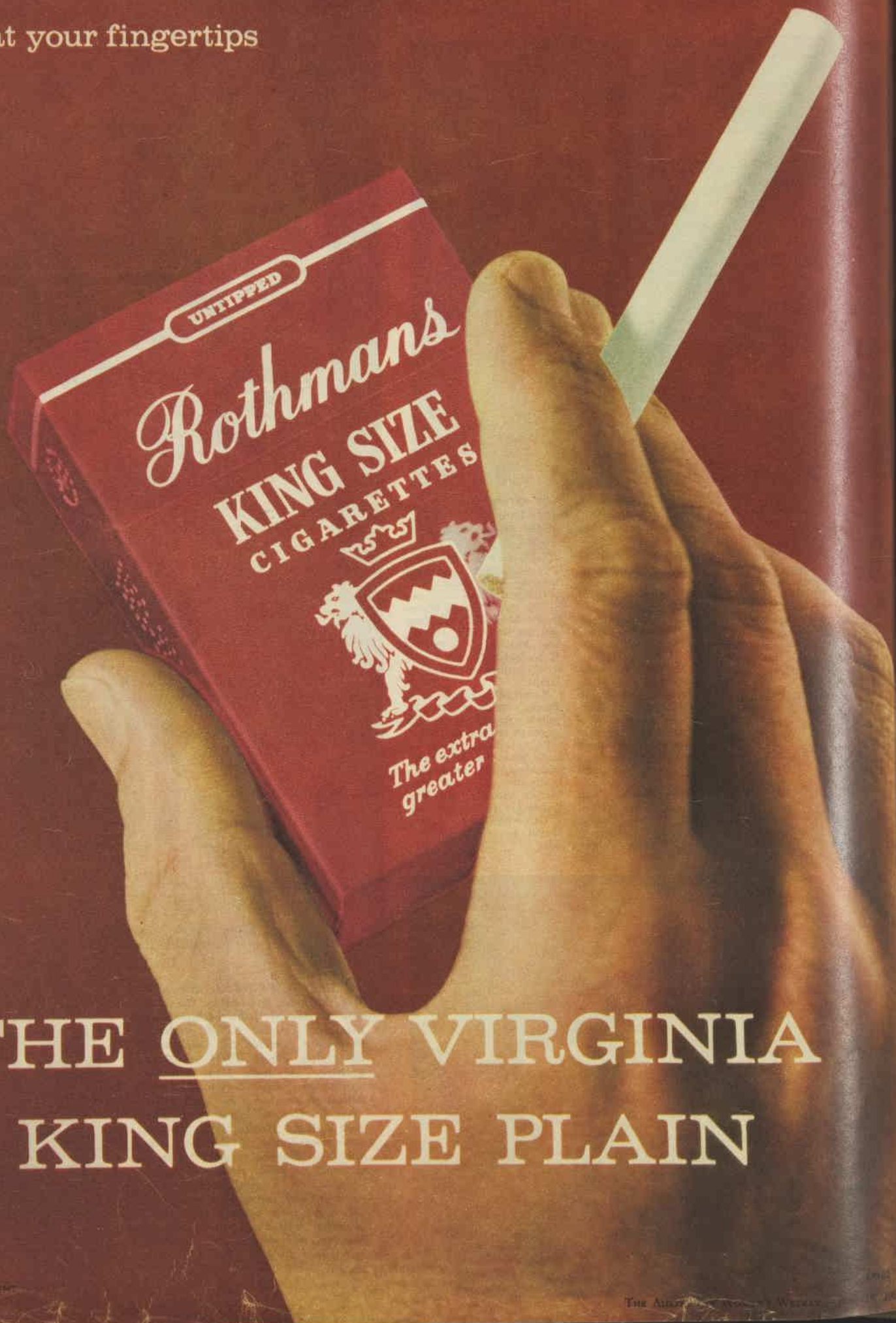
"It seems that Canon Huggill forgot to sign the book."



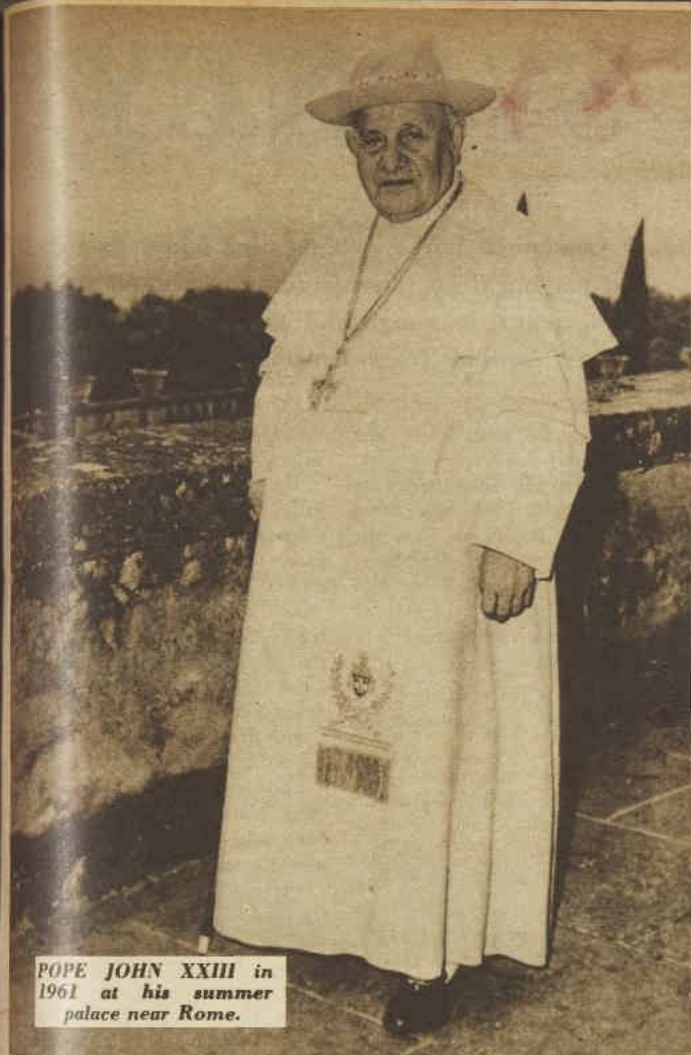
AUTUMN HAPPINESS. Mr. and Mrs. Munsie, framed by the elm tree outside St. John's Church of England, Uralla, N.S.W., where they were married 60 years ago. At right: Their 1903 wedding picture. At left: Mrs. Munsie straightens her husband's tie. Although one of their sons runs "Kelvin Grove," their property just outside Uralla, Mr. Munsie still takes care of the orchard, and Mrs. Munsie cooks ("as well as ever," said daughter-in-law Thelma) on the fuel stove she has used for 50 years. "We should get a modern stove," said Mrs. Munsie, "but this one is almost like an old friend. I couldn't bear to part with it."



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is at your fingertips



THE ONLY VIRGINIA
KING SIZE PLAIN



POPE JOHN XXIII in 1961 at his summer palace near Rome.

"Most uncommon common man"

• Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli was born on November 25, 1881, third of the 13 children of an Italian farmer, in a village near Milan. He died Pope John XXIII, Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, mourned by the world as the 20th-century's "most uncommon common man."

WITH a face as cherubic as a Michelangelo angel, the figure of a Friar Tuck, a remarkably sunny disposition, infectious optimism, and a deep compassion for all mankind, Pope John had the respect and affection of people of every color and creed.

Even Mr. Khrushchev sent him birthday greetings.

He met the perils of his time with joyous faith, disarming hope, and a charity lined straight from the blueprint of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.

From the moment of his surprise election late in 1958, he dedicated his energies to "putting his own house in order" and working tirelessly to hasten Christian unity and world peace.

One of his first domestic concerns after taking office was to give a pay rise to all the Vatican staff.

He also decreed that a married man would get an extra £8 a month to help support his wife and an additional £10 a month for each child.

This resulted in workers with large families getting higher wages than many of the Vatican dignitaries!

Pope John's only concern was that each should have enough for his needs.

Protocol which insisted that by virtue of their exalted rank Popes must dine alone irked democratic, gregarious John.

He explained his appetite vanished when he had to eat by himself.

To prove his point he summoned a gardener to lunch with him and "miraculously" ate a hearty meal.

This was the beginning of many tete-a-tete meals with members of his household, clerics and carpenters alike.

He also dispensed with the Vatican rule of barring visitors from St. Peter's while the Pope was walking in the garden below.

When it was pointed out that the visitors would look at him, Pope John said, "Well, why shouldn't they? I'm not doing anything scandalous."

His "open house" policy at the Vatican embraced receiving in audience not only

members of his flock, Royalty, and heads of State, but members of a circus and a skiffle band with pots, pans, and washboards.

On the eve of Mrs. John F. Kennedy's visit he was rather diffident about how he should address the wife of the U.S. President.

Assured it would be correct to call her either Mrs. Kennedy or Madame, he kept on repeating "Mrs. Kennedy" and "Madame" to himself before she entered the room.

But when she stepped into the room he opened his arms wide and exclaimed "Jacqueline!"

Pope John was ordained when he was 22.

During World War I he served as a sergeant in the Medical Corps for a year before becoming a chaplain.

From 1925 until 1953, when he became a cardinal, he held high postings in the Balkans, the Middle East, and France.

But he never pictured himself in any role but that of a father speaking with loving care to his family.

—Mary Coles

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SYDNEY'S

● Centennial Park, with its nine lakes, its trees and playing fields, slow winding roads and sandy bridle paths, its rough and smooth places, helps Sydney unwind from tensions of big-city life.

VISITORS from other cities, and people who don't use the park, may regard the 540 acres stretching from Randwick to Waverley, from Kensington to Woollahra, as the Orphan Annie of the city's showplaces. They may see it simply as a shortcut to Randwick Racecourse, a haphazard background for battered statues.

Because of this lack of organised attraction, zealous City Fathers press from time to time for improvements to the park.

"Turn it into an amusement park, like Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens." "Link the lakes with canals for boat-ing." "Give the park a few high-class restaurants," have been suggestions.

But the people who use it won't have a bar of improvements. They like the park as it is. Just as a large family house needs a rumpus room, so does a big city, they argue.

Here there's a corner for everyone.

What you see depends, of course, on what you're looking for.

The bird-watcher is aware of the park only as a bird sanctuary, where he can glimpse the rare banded plover or any of more than 100 species of native and exotic birds.

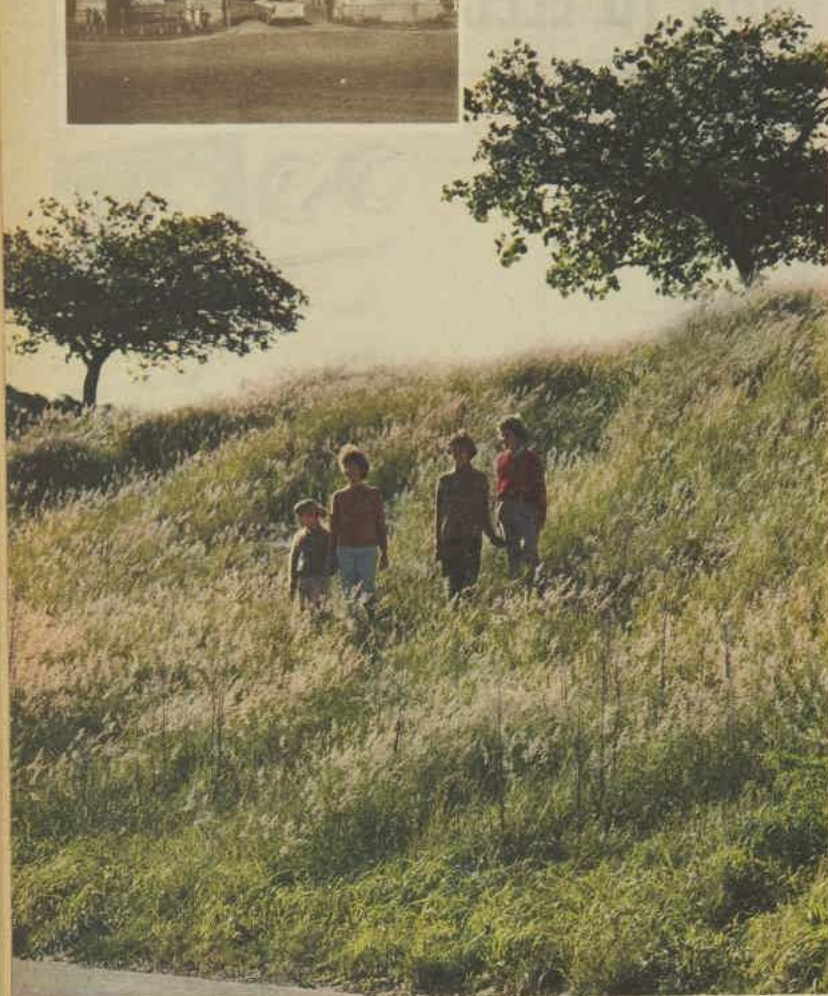
For horse-riders the three miles of bridle track, the rough paddocks, and the occasional jumps screened by scrub and bush are the allure.

Learner-motorists love—and need—the quiet 20 m.p.h. restriction on the roads in the park.

Fathers of young boys see it as an ideal place to teach the drop-kick. For model-aeroplane fliers there's air-space to spare.

Professional photographers see in the marble statues of classical style an effective prop for fashion pictures.

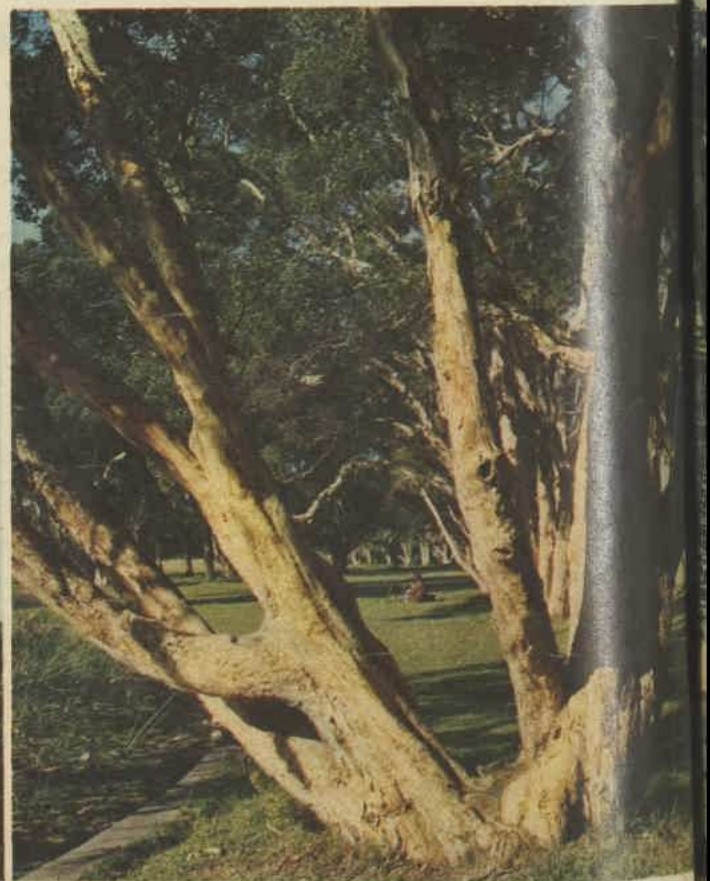
On a hot summer's day there's no more cool and shady spot for a family picnic than Frogs' Hollow, just off Parkes' Drive.



KNEE-DEEP in red Natal grass, children play on a rough slope in Centennial Park. Administered by the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture, the grounds of the park fall into three official categories — improved floral areas, mown areas for playing fields, and undeveloped parkland. Twenty-three men on the horticultural staff tend the park's 540 acres. Three rangers police it. INSET: The main Oxford Street gates, 75 years old.



AT LEFT: Diana, goddess of hunting and the moon, looks down from her pedestal. She's one of many classical marble statues dotting the area—and some need repairs.



ABOVE: In the shade of a grove of paper gums a family sits down to a Sunday picnic. Most trees in the park are natives, and there are plans for planting more.

RUMPUS ROOM

Story by CAROL HENTY,
pictures by RON BERG

And after lunch the toddlers can be taken to see the ducks on the Duck Pond and the waterfowl walking gingerly over the leaves in the Waterlily Pond.

The older children can "get lost" playing Cowboys and Indians in the bush and long grass.

A boy and a dog and a sailing boat can be magically occupied for hours on the edge of a lake.

Centennial Park has belonged to the people since the beginning of Sydney. In early colonial days it was Lachlan's Swamps, an area set aside by Governor Lachlan Macquarie in 1811 as a public common for watering and pasturing stock.

In the Centenary Celebrations Act of 1887, Sir Henry Parkes budgeted for its development as a park.

On opening day, January 26, 1888, about 300,000 citizens flocked through the massive main gates from Oxford Street to join in "festive rejoicings"—on that day Sydney was 100 years old.

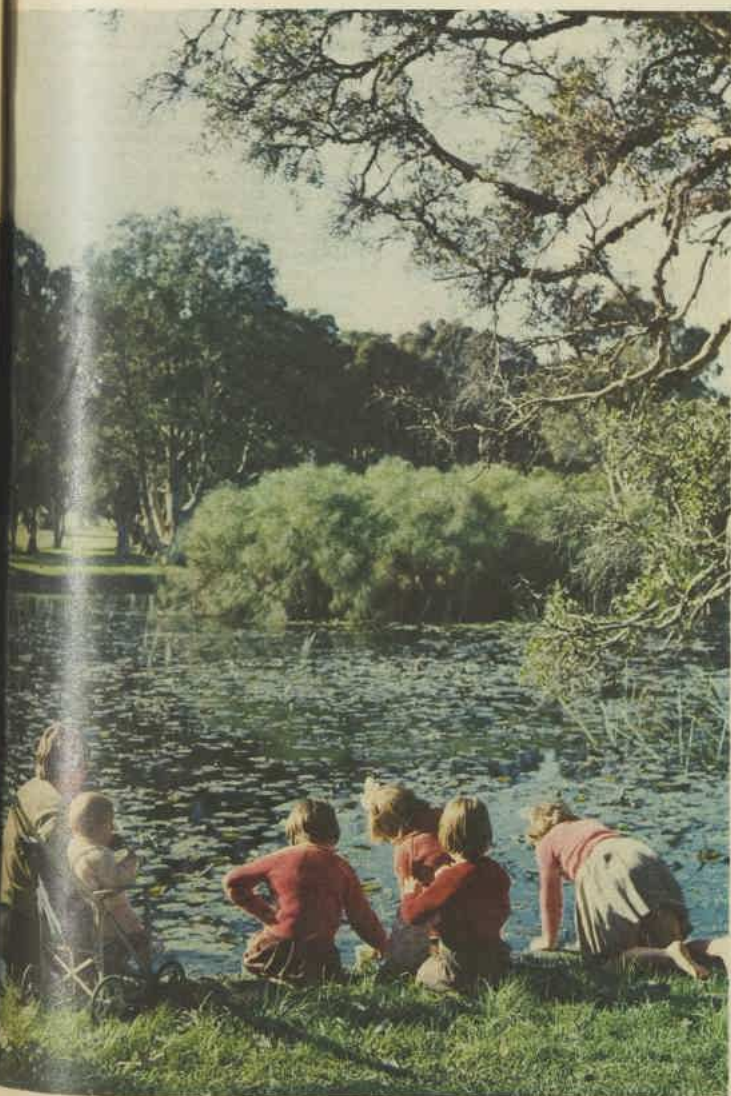
The inscription on the gates dedicates Centennial Park to "the enjoyment of the people of N.S.W. for ever."

"You see, it's such a sort of human place, this park," said Les Bourke, a Centennial Park ranger for 14 years. "People do enjoy themselves, don't they, Beatrice?"

Beatrice is his horse.



WITH HIS BOAT and his corgi, 10-year-old Michael Sevenoaks, from nearby Randwick, spends an afternoon "sailing" on one of the nine lakes of Centennial Park. Long ago the lakes were linked by a swamp. Besides being merely decorative, they now have a practical use in that they take stormwater from streets in the Randwick-Waverley area and so prevent flooding. The dog answers to the name of Bimbo.



THE LILY POND is an attraction for all the children. Many kinds of waterfowl nest in the rushes in the pond's centre. Of 112 species of native birds observed in the park, 48 have nested within its boundaries.

AT RIGHT: Equestrians trot briskly along the three miles of bridle paths. Many riding-schools have set up business close to the park. And on the roads parallel with the bridle paths learner-drivers practise.



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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOME COUNTRY AREAS, N. TERRITORY

FATHER



"I'm rather proud of my long-stemmed roses."

MOTHER



"All right! All right! Just wait till I've finished this chapter."

It seems to me

THE people who wanted the chief currency unit called "roo" must be turning hand-springs. They'll probably have their wish granted.

As a nickname it will be a natural adaptation for "royal."

My first reaction to last week's headline was irritation at the pomposity of the title.

Suddenly, in retrospect, a dozen suggestions seemed preferable, even the much-derided "austral."

When I boarded the morning bus I listened hopefully for comments. But the girl next to me was saying, "Why don't you get some of that gorgeous gold mesh, Sandra?" Either she knew and didn't care or she didn't know and didn't care.

One gets used to anything, I suppose, and we'll get used to this.

THE following anecdote is not intended as a slur on American tourists. It takes all kinds to make a shipload, and the story shows that what attracts one doesn't necessarily attract another.

The scene was a Sydney hairdressing salon.

"Have you been to the Blue Mountains?" the girl operator asked a traveller from a ship in port.

"No," said the customer, "I'm not interested in mountains."

A silence fell and the customer, perhaps feeling she should contribute something, said, "We went to Taronga Park, but it was cold. The animals looked cold."

The girl, a proud Sydneysider, plugged on. "I suppose you've been on a trip to the beaches?" she asked.

"Beaches!" exclaimed the tourist. "Oh, no, I'm not interested in beaches. We've got a swimming-pool back home."

IN a new Neiman-Marcus store at Fort Worth, Texas, U.S.A., the various fashion departments are identified by color and not by signs.

"Signs are avoided," say executives, "as not in keeping with the unhurried, 'no-pressure' Neiman-Marcus philosophy. The store anticipates that customers will become familiar with the locations through repeated visits."

I like the idea of the "no-pressure" philosophy. It differs sharply from the current philosophy of many big Australian stores, where cluttered aisles and crowded tables aim at inducing frenzy. (Very profitably, it must be admitted.)

But I think that having no signs goes too far. I wouldn't mind betting that eventually they will go up. Neither the customers' memories nor the salesgirls' nerves will stand the strain.

By



Dorothy Drann

SOME time ago a psychiatrist described Australians as suffering from eleutheromania (madness in the direction of freedom).

He cited the Australian reluctance to allow compulsory finger-printing.

Perhaps I have eleutheromania. I worked myself into a high state of indignation over the recent Sydney police campaign to enforce by fines the rule of the left on the footpath.

Don't misunderstand me. I think pedestrians should

keep to the left. I see no harm in policemen reminding them to do so. But I object to the fines.

After canvassing office opinion I could get no support for a sit-down movement. But I still continue to mutter. It is reasonable to fine people for crossing streets incorrectly. They endanger themselves and motorists.

As a fast walker it would suit me fine if everyone walked at four miles an hour and never hand-in-hand or three abreast. But I don't want those things enforced. I just want the freedom to dash round obstacles when the occasion arises.

A RACING pigeon given up for lost seven years ago after an 84-mile run from Rugby, Warwickshire, England, returned last week to its loft in Lincolnshire.

"Seven long years," his owner cried As he looked at his prodigal bird. "What did you find in the world outside

To leave me with never a word? "It was awful," he added. "Such disgrace!"

And his voice was racked and soft. "The fanciers jeered. And I had to face That vacant perch in the loft."

"It's hard to explain," the pigeon said With a gleam in his cold, bright eye. And he ruffled his feathers and hid his head —

"It's hard to explain. Why try?" "You ought to," his saddened owner pressed,

"So often you've made me weep." And the pigeon lifted his head from his breast:

"Forget it. I need some sleep." The trouble with pigeons, their hearts are flint

(Just study them on the ground).

"Tell them," he said with an evil squint,

"That I came the long way round."

PRETTY JUNE WEDDINGS

DESPITE the rain and wintry weather — beautiful flowers, carried by brides and their attendants and also used to decorate churches, were a feature at many weddings of country and city interest in Sydney last week.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McIntyre chatting with youthful attendants (from left) Christine Olding and Lee Marks at the reception at Princes which followed their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Carole Herbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Herbert, of Balgowlah Heights. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McIntyre, of Gordon.



SCENE STEALER at the wedding of Mr. Bill Monie, of "Merlan," Walcha, and his bride, formerly Miss Janice Davies, of Belterue Hill, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, was the bride's five-year-old nephew Grosvenor Burfit-Williams, of Vaucluse. Pictured on the right of the bridal couple is matron of honor Mrs. Bill McDouall.



AT LEFT: Mr. Clifford Boyd-Boland and his bride, formerly Miss Catherine Leahy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Leahy, of Mosman, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. Noel Boyd-Boland, of Eastlakes, and of the late Mrs. Boyd-Boland.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Yabsley, who were married at St. James' Church, King Street. The bride was Miss Lindsay Moxham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moxham, of Girilambone. They will live at "Beaufort," Murrumbidgee.



IN VESTRY. Mr. Hugh Campbell's bride, formerly Miss Jann Keene, signing the register after their marriage at The Scots College Chapel, Belterue Hill. Pictured with the bridal couple are (from left) Miss Pattie Gavel, Miss Jane Thompson, Miss Jocelyn Keene, and Miss Sue Campbell. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Keene, of "Eurambene," Burren Junction. The bridegroom is from "Tabratong," Collarenebri.



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in the world...
and Australia
built it...



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Style elegance luxury
comfort and economy—these are your
travelling companions aboard the
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This modern air-conditioned Express places all the comforts of a first-class hotel at your service while you travel—private single or double berth cabin-type apartments (roomettes and twinettes); de-luxe suite with bed-sitting room; family units of two twinettes linked by connecting door; beautifully prepared meals; a wide variety of wines and liquors; the cosiness and conviviality of the Club Lounge. Each sleeping compartment has its own wash-basin and toilet, full length mirror, wardrobe, reading lamp, mattress of foam rubber, chilled water, power point for electric razor; wall-to-wall carpeting; undercarpet heating, shoe-shine service. In addition, the twinettes have their own hot-and-cold showers, while each roomette car has two shower compartments available to passengers.

Breakfast in bed is yours for the asking, although meals are also served in the elegant Dining Car.

And this Express delivers you, relaxed and refreshed, right in the heart of Melbourne.

Reservations : Bookings may be made up to twelve months in advance of travel between capital cities on the forward journey, and thirteen months for return journeys. Reservations may be made at any railway booking office, railway travel agency, or by ringing the Car Diagram Bureau, Sydney 61-9461.



THIRTY-SEVEN AIR-CONDITIONED TRAIN SERVICES

Other air-conditioned services are now available—overnight to Brisbane with sleeping, sitting and buffet dining facilities . . . also no less than 33 other air-conditioned trains are in operation throughout New South Wales and beyond, Monday to Saturdays.

ACT THE HOST ABOARD THE SOUTHERN AURORA

Have your friends to dinner in the *Southern Aurora's* stylish Dining Car and, after, in the Club Lounge. Open at 7 p.m.—an hour before the train's departure for Melbourne. For dinner reservations, 'phone 61-7685.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

Worth Reporting

WHENEVER you have any money, invest it in an antique." This was the advice Mrs. Joyce Mann, of Adelaide, heard almost daily from her father when she was a child in England.

Mrs. Mann took notice, and at the tender age of eight snapped up her first antique treasure. It was a silver Elizabethan wedding ring which she bought for 1/- at a local shop.

"The ring was a good investment," said Mrs. Mann. "It started me off in my father's footsteps. He had an antique business in Devon, and is now in Bristol, the home of antiques."

Mrs. Mann conducts an antique shop with her Australian husband at Prospect, Adelaide, and had an antique business in Canada before coming to Australia 12 years ago.

The old silver ring ("I wouldn't sell it for anything") is part of her private treasures in her flat attached to the shop.

The flat is furnished with Georgian, Regency, and Victorian furniture, some of it upholstered, surprisingly, with sheepskins.

Mrs. Mann "discovered" sheepskin last year when watching a tradesman polish the floor of her flat. She was horrified to see him soiling the soft wool pad with the polish.

When he'd finished with it she washed the wool and made it into a beret.

From then on the wonders of wool never ceased for Mrs. Mann.

She tried it as an upholstery material and was delighted with the result.

There's no end to the uses she finds for the left-over pieces—cushions, tea-cosies, bags, arm-slings, bed slippers, powder-puffs, ear-caps for under the hair-dryer . . .

Mrs. Mann even maintains it is the best thing for polishing coats.

"Yes, coats," Mrs. Mann said firmly. "I've just come back from the country. We polished the coats to groom them for show. Marvellous!"



STATUE (right, and above in close-up) in a London theatre stares solemnly at the audience through horn-rims.



Spectacle at the theatre

DURING the current run of "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, the audience is steadily stared at from above — by a statue wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

The spectacles were not put on the statue by a stray practical joker. The architect did it when the theatre was being redecorated.

It seems the statue bears an uncanny resemblance to Mr. Cy Feuer, one of the two Americans who are promoting the show in London. All it needed was horn-rims. So, presto! Somebody produced a pair.

"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" has reached London just a few months before it is due to come to Australia.

It will open in Melbourne in August and in Sydney in late October or early November. It will later go to Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

The show seems set for a marathon run. But even if it approaches "My Fair Lady's" record, we can't imagine the title being abbreviated in the same way.

Somehow "H.T.S.I.B.W.-R.T." doesn't roll off the tongue like "M.F.L."

AUTOMATION, in the shape of the tape-recorder, looks like banishing a colorful figure from touring — the guide.

The globe-trotter will replace the guide with a "walkie-talkie" tape.

These are tiny tape playback units which can be carried like transistor radios.

The tape provides a schedule for the day's sight-seeing. When the tourist reaches a particular place of interest, he switches on the appropriate section of tape and gets the commentary.

The sets are now available from most of London's large hotels. The hire charge is 30/- a day. Paris, Rome, and other European capitals will soon be catered for, and it is anticipated that automatic guides will soon be in use all over the world.

We can't help feeling that the human variety will be missed—especially those who glibly mix statistics with homespun humor.

PRIZES FOR COOKS

● How do you fancy yourself as a cook?

EACH week the Sunday Telegraph offers a £5 prize for the best recipe sent in by a reader.

In "You in Your Kitchen" every week the Sunday Telegraph offers a selection of tempting recipes together with the week's prize-winning reader's recipe.

For the best weekend cookery feature, read "You in Your Kitchen" in the Sunday Telegraph.



JOYCE MANN . . . the Victorian sofa is upholstered in white sheepskin.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 19, 1963

only from Heinz!
11 different
chicken dishes
just for baby



Chicken is one of the really important foods that help baby grow up . . . up . . . up . . . strong, straight and sturdy. And a balanced diet is just as important.

That's why Heinz makes as many as 11 different chicken dishes. Some for tiny babies, some for older babies ready to practise their chewing. With so many varieties, Heinz makes it easy for you to give your baby the body-building nourishment of chicken in a well-balanced diet.

And not only chicken of course. For Heinz makes more than 90 different Baby Foods in all. Only Heinz gives you this kind of variety. The variety that ensures a complete diet of balanced nutrition — the secret of thriving babies.

And isn't it nice to know all these Heinz Baby Foods are never further away than your nearest grocer or supermarket — all ready to heat and serve, straight from the can!

Trust Heinz to know what baby likes—and needs!

HEINZ BABY FOODS

every meal—every day



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broken
sleep...*



Medic relieves congestion simply and surely

Medic medicated vapour brings relief from the discomfort of congestion and coughs of colds . . . You can spray Medic at night without disturbing or waking your children. Medic will bring them relief while they sleep. Medic eliminates the fuss of nose drops and chest rubs . . . Spray Medic in rooms for soothing relief from the coughing and discomfort of colds. Medic contains special ingredients that help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection.

Only 9/6 from your family chemist.

You can win a trip to England for two

By DAWN JAMES

At the end of their TV programme (TCN9, Mondays, 7 p.m.) this week Mrs. Fred Flintstone told her husband that she was expecting a baby.

YABBA - DABBA - DOO! yelled Fred. It was a tender moment. And also an exciting one for viewers of the Stone Age cartoon comedy - for The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting THE FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST in association with TCN Channel 9.

All you have to do is decide on a birthweight for the baby and tell us - in 25 words or less - just why you like "The Flintstones" programme.

Fill in the coupon on this page, send it to "The Flintstones Baby Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, and you could win -

A round trip to England for two (valued at £1060) by Sitar luxury liner, plus £250 spending-money.

There is no entry fee. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be on a separate coupon.

We will publish the coupon for the next three weeks and the contest will close on Friday, July 5.

After the contest has ended and all entries are received, TCN will invite a celebrity guest to appear during "The Flintstones" programme.

The guest will select the winning birthweight by drawing it from hundreds of different weights in a barrel.

NOTE: Mrs. Flintstone (who will not retire from TV while awaiting the birth of her baby) is, of course, the former Wilma Van Rockbound-of the Granite and Gravel Rockbonds.

You'll remember there was rather a lot of gossip when she married Fred Flintstone.



"THE JOAN SUTHERLAND SHOW," acclaimed when it was first shown in November, will be rescreened by TCN9 this Friday, June 14, at 7.30 p.m. Above: Joan Sutherland with her husband, Richard Bonyng.

Fred is believed to be the son of Stoneaxe Flintstone, famous hunter of the Neolithic Era.

But some people insist he simply assumed the Flintstone name and is actually descended from tree-dwellers - the less said about that the better, however.

Anyway, all the talk died down when the Flintstones' marriage turned out so well, and they settled down happily in Bedrock.

Now there's going to be the patter of tiny feet in their split-level cave, Wilma is very busy knitting Little Things and Fred is practising lullabies. His favorite is "Rock-a-bye Baby."

TO ENTER

1. All entries for "The Flintstones Baby Contest" must be received by 6 p.m. on Friday, July 5.

2. Entries should be addressed: "The Flintstones Baby Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

3. Each entry must be written on a coupon cut

from The Australian Women's Weekly.

4. Entries must give an estimated birthweight for the baby and state, in 25 words or less, "Why I like 'The Flintstones'."

5. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate coupon. There is no entry fee.

6. The Sitar prize will be awarded to the entry with a birthweight the same as, or nearest to, the winning weight selected by TCN's celebrity guest.

7. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the tied entry which, in the opinion of the judges, gives the best "Why I like 'The Flintstones' " reason.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., TCN Channel 9, their associated companies, Columbia Pictures, and Screen Gems Pty. Ltd., are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after closing time, will be disqualified. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

The competition will be judged by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., who will use its best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered.

The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

The result as published shall be final and binding on all competitors.

All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements resulting therefrom (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied), and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

Television

Riddle of the Antarctic

WHILE admiring the devotion to duty which sent an A.B.C. team shivering to Antarctica, I must confess enormous disappointment in the documentary they produced.

It was "Twelve Flags South," ABC-TV's second contribution to the International Television Federation (ABN2, last Wednesday).

According to a publicity handout, this was supposedly "the story of the work of 12 nations in Antarctica . . . a vast laboratory for peaceful exploration and research."

But it wasn't. It wasn't. The spectacular photography (by Eric White and Bill Grimmond) was accompanied by a superficial script.

Ignoring the sonorous clichés—"this white wilderness," "austere land of the blizzard," for pete's sake—viewers were informed that it is cold, cold, cold in Antarctica.

We were told about the men who live and work there. We flitted inconspicuously from base to base—like the Russian settlement at Mirny and the Americans' underground township at the South Pole.

And we were told about the effect Antarctica has on the men who exist there, cut off from the warm world.

We were NOT told enough about the work the scientists are doing or about the value of this work to the rest of mankind—which is, to me, the justification for a documentary like "Twelve Flags South."

There were references to vaguely defined scientific work and weather research. But it was all too airy-fairy, and I wanted to know.

I wanted to know what the scientists were working on, plus the how and the why of their work. I wanted to know how the first settlements were built in Antarctica, how the language barrier between the men of 12 nations is overcome and if they really believe there is great mineral wealth hidden beneath the snow.

I shall have to find out for myself. It is harsh, however, to expect TV-viewers in other Intertel countries to rush for reference books.

Australia's TV reputation might benefit if "Twelve Flags South" is given a more informative commentary before it is sent overseas.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★ THE MAN FROM THE DINERS' CLUB

Danny Kaye is in as good form as ever in this slapstick comedy about a Diners' Club employee who issues a membership card to a notorious hoodlum by mistake.

The story is slight and predictable, but that doesn't matter when Kaye is top of his form, clowning around in a gymnasium or getting tangled up with a giant computer. It's good clean fun for all the family and there are plenty of laughs, especially from Cara Williams as the gangster's girlfriend and Telly Savalas as the gangster.—Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . HAPPY.

★ TARAS BULBA

Melodramatic and brutal spectacle of the Cossack encounters with the Polish invaders occupying the Russian Steppes.

All the stops are pulled out in this one—hands are sliced off with swords, there are brutal whippings, and the heroine is almost burned for treason.

Some of the battle scenes and Cossack orgies are spectacular, but much of the acting is hammy.

Yul Brynner, as the Cossack chief Bulba, sports his own particular haircut—with a difference; he has a shoulder-length pony-tail growing from the crown.

As Yul Brynner's son, Tony Curtis looks much too pretty to be a tough, ruthless fighter such as the true Cossacks were, and Christine

Kaufmann is attractive, but ineffectual, as the Polish girl with whom he falls in love and, in the end, dies for.—Paris, Sydney.

In a word . . . BLOODTHIRSTY.

★ TOWN WITHOUT PITY

Set in a small town in Germany, this film tells the story of a young girl who is assaulted by four American soldiers. It begins promisingly enough, but deals only conventionally with the characters involved. Christine Kaufmann, though undoubtedly attractive, lacks the dramatic intensity needed for her role as the victim of the assault. Kirk Douglas as defence counsel for the soldiers arouses sympathy, but the best performances come from the four accused men.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . UNCONVINCING.

★ ★ ★

BURT LANCASTER will get £A375,000, plus 10 per cent. of the profits, for his starring role in "Dr. Zhivago," the Nobel Prize-winning novel by Russian Boris Pasternak. The film will be directed by British director David Lean.

★ ★ ★

ENGLISH actress Janette Scott recently celebrated her 21st year in pictures—and she's only 24. She has started making "Siege of the Saxons," which also stars Ronald Lewis and Ronald Howard.



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ENTRY COUPON

THE FLINTSTONES BABY CONTEST

NAME

ADDRESS

"Why I like 'The Flintstones'" (use 25 words or less):

BABY'S ESTIMATED BIRTHWEIGHTlb.oz.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 19, 1963



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STEELO
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smoother as well as brighter

STEELO cleans and shines but doesn't leave any abrasive marks because it is finer and softer. Be sure and say STEELO — especially if you have new saucepans. Even new saucepans get burnt bottoms — inside and out. Keep them smooth as well as shining by using STEELO — the finest, softest steel wool.



* Have you tried new

STEELO Soap Pads



Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. All the fineness and softness of regular Steelo plus coconut oil soap. So kind to your hands as well as your pans.

KY303

ON THE RANGE

• When a production crew from Melbourne's GTV9 visited Woomera, S.A., to film segments for the national "It Could Be You" programme, compere Tommy Hanlon, jun., toured the rocket range . . .

Television



ABOVE: Tommy Hanlon stands steady, about to take off in the "cherry picker" at the Space Research Station, Woomera, for an off-the-ground view. Cameraman Mike Browning (right) films Tommy in close-up while Pot Delgado begins to elevate the crane.



LEFT: With ground-to-air missile Thunderbird Mark 1 in the background at Woomera's Technical Area, Flight-Lieutenant Donald White answers one of Tommy Hanlon's queries. The missile is an exhibition model. It has "Good-bye Cruel World" on its nose.

• Both pictures by courtesy of Fanfare Films, Melbourne.

"It Could Be You" is screened in the following capital cities Monday to Friday: Sydney — TCN9, 12 noon; Melbourne — GTV9, 3 p.m.; Brisbane — QTQ9, 2 p.m.; Adelaide — NWS9, 3.30 p.m.; Perth — TVW7, 1 p.m.; and in Hobart (Tuesday to Thursday inclusive) — TVT6, 2 p.m.

HAZEL AND HER "FAMILY"

● As played by Shirley Booth, "Hazel" is the maid with the mostest — on TV or anywhere else.



HAZEL rules the Baxter household, shown above: George Baxter (Don DeFore), his wife Dorothy (Whitney Blake), and son Harold (Bobby Buntrock).

According to Ted Key, who created her as a cartoon character, Hazel is a "lonely middle-aged woman."

"She seeks affection, love, and protection. That's what she finds with the Baxters; she's one of the family."

One of the world's greatest actresses, Shirley Booth has won every major acting award. So plenty of her friends were horrified when she signed a five-year "Hazel" contract in 1961.

They thought she was lowering her standards. But Miss Booth had a ready answer. She said the TV show was "satisfying" because she enjoys making

people laugh and feel happy. And nowadays the same friends admit they have rarely seen Miss Booth happier, herself.

She likes being "Hazel"—with no wardrobe problems and wearing "those big comfortable shoes." She doesn't have to worry about getting to the studio early for make-up, either, because "I wear a wig."

And if ever she does have any worries, or if she feels tense, Miss Booth has a solution.

"I imagine I'm a sponge slowly soaking up water, pushing out, pushing out. Next thing I know I'm relaxed."

● "Hazel" is screened in the following capital cities: Sydney—TCN9, Fridays, 7 p.m.; Melbourne—HSV7, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.; Brisbane—BTQ7, Thursdays, 7 p.m.; Adelaide—ADS7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.; Perth—TVW7, Thursdays, 8 p.m.

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TUDOR ROSE



ECSTASY

WINDSOR

Princesses choose feather beds, with fleecy warm wool blankets.

They, too, choose their blankets from Invicta's Gold Medal Mill.

Invicta wool blankets are the royal choice because of their rich luxurious pile — warm in winter, cool in summer.

Whether the design is

Tudor Rose, the popular Ecstasy, winner of Australia's first Wool Bureau Gold Medal for a blanket, a pastel or plain color.

Invicta has the blanket to suit every bed. Colors include the brilliant range of wool Wild Colonial colors — Redcoat, Chestnut, Petticoat Pink and Cavalry Tan, as well as favorite pastels and checks.



Naturally Australian

TI/100

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Television

He's a whiz on the Wild West

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● If Mr. Jack Brown, of Sandgate, Queensland, wins the £3000 prize in Channel 7's national quiz, "Coles' £3000 Question"—as he has a very good chance of doing—he intends visiting the U.S.

BUT he won't be visiting regular tourist spots. Mr. Brown will be going west of the Mississippi, following century-old routes along the Oregon and Santa Fe trails and in the tracks of the Pony Express.

A cheerful bachelor of 42, Mr. Brown has taken the unusual category of "The History of the American West 1800-1900" and his detailed knowledge of the subject has enchanted viewers.

In his first two appearances, taking him to £400, he "did a Barry Jones," answering questions far beyond the call of duty, with a wealth of extra information.

For £400 he was asked to name the three men killed by the Earp brothers at the battle of the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona. Mr. Brown gave their names and then went on to give a shot-by-shot description of the fight until compere Roland Strong stopped him with:

"You'll be telling us the color of their eyes next."

And that's just what Mr. Brown did!

Boyhood hobby

"I wasn't just trying to be flash," he told me afterwards, "I knew that all the Earp brothers had light brown hair and blue eyes. They were known for being alike, weighing within three pounds of each other and not an inch between them in height."

Mr. Brown's fantastic



● Mr. Jack Brown (left), contestant in "Coles' £3000 Question," with compere Roland Strong.

knowledge of the American West grew out of a boyhood interest in it.

Rejecting fiction entirely, he weighs the legends of the West one against the other, only selecting facts he can find backing for. He spends hours at the Brisbane Public Library and has compiled a reference book of his own.

It's a ledger crammed full of information, written in his spidery longhand and indexed alphabetically under carefully selected subject headings, ranging from "Army Scouts" in the "A's" to "Women in Western History" in the "W's."

He began this book when he first got the idea, two years ago, of appearing in "Coles' £3000 Question."

I asked Mr. Brown if he watched television.

"I haven't even got a TV

set," he said, "and I'm glad, really, because then I can't get contaminated by TV Westerns."

When he has watched them occasionally at friends' homes he has picked up things like Indians riding away with their horses' shoes glinting in the sun, and Bronco Lane firing a '73 model revolver just after the Civil War (1861-65).

"As far as I've seen, 'Bonanza' seems the most accurate," he said.

Mr. Brown lives with his parents at Sandgate and works on the maintenance staff at the Eventide Homes there. There are 1000 elderly people living at the State Government-run homes and 300 on the staff—and they're all backing Mr. Brown to the hilt on his way to the £3000.

Stop sore throats...suck a 'Savlon'

I'm Sally, and this is me sucking a 'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenge. They're really marvellous—I always keep some in my bag and whenever I feel a tickle that may develop into a sore throat, I just pop a 'Savlon' Lozenge in my mouth. They give wonderfully fast relief and you can buy them from your chemist. Oh, yes—they taste nice, too!

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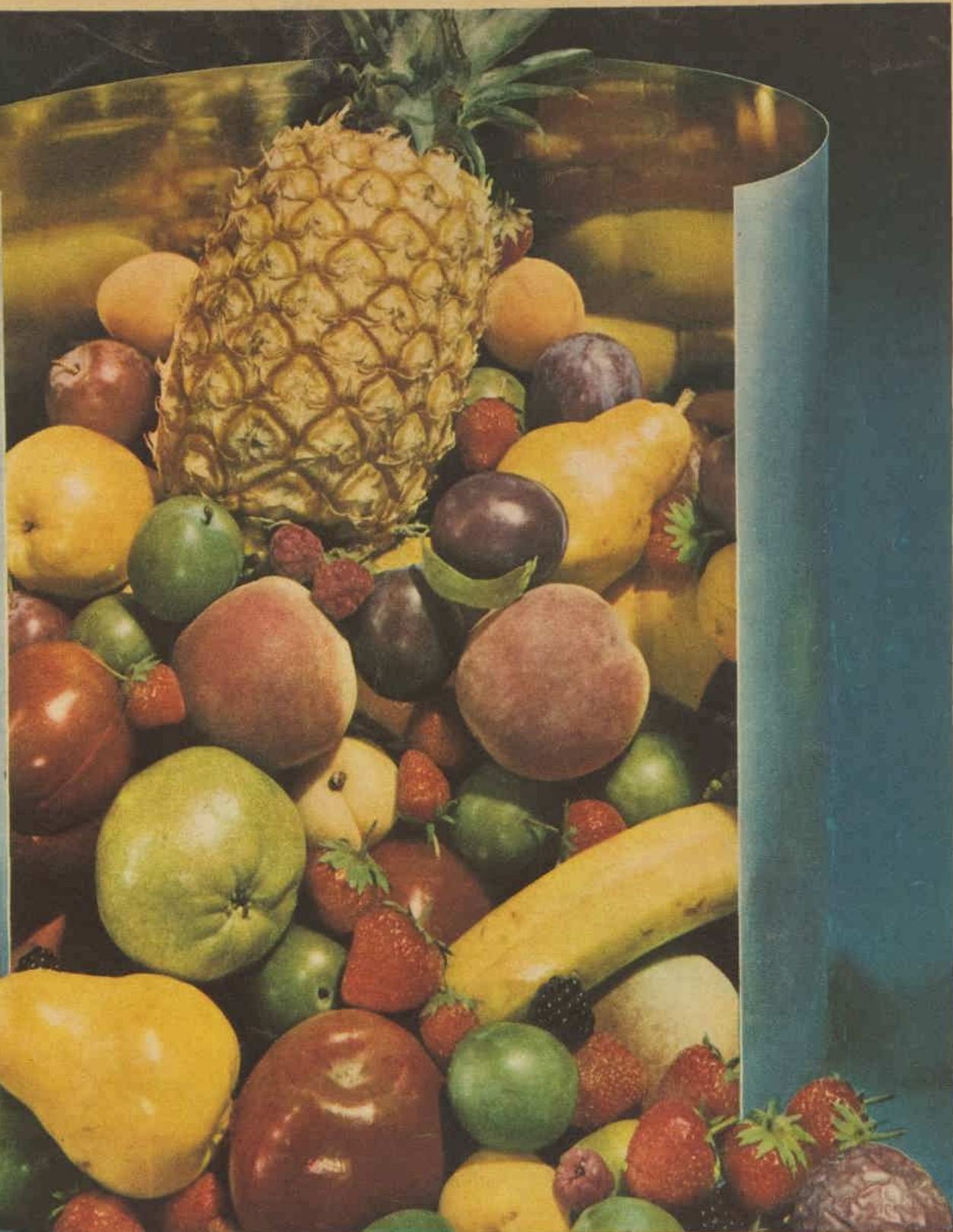
TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week



Tommy Hanlon

Mamma once said (at a family dinner when the topic got round to sad words): "What do you think the saddest words would be?" My sister said (she was going through a romantic period at the time): "A lovers' quarrel, when she says goodbye for ever to her boy-friend." Dad said: "I think the ending of Romeo and Juliet was the saddest thing I can remember." And I said: "I think the saddest words would be if, in a great battle, you would suddenly have to say, 'I surrender.'" Then we all said, "What about you, Mamma? What do you think the saddest words in the whole world would be?" And Mamma said this, and incidentally broke up the whole dinner...

Mamma's moral: The saddest word of tongue or pen—"We sold the baby's pram, and then..."



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And yours for enjoyment whenever, wherever, you want it. Pineapple in Hobart, cherries in Darwin. Peaches or pears in July. Modern canning methods bring you the fruit at its best, with all its freshness, all its flavour, all its vitamins intact.

And the can preserves them until you're ready to open it. Canned fruits save you trouble. Light to carry, easy to serve. Space saving in cupboard or refrigerator.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 19, 1963

BHP/C318

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Get him into the game

give him PALADAC, the Orange-Flavoured Vitamin Syrup

If listlessness or lack of energy comes between him and his active playmates, now's the time for PALADAC! Watch him swing right into the game with the lively feeling of well-being that comes with PALADAC and good health. With 9 essential vitamins, PALADAC helps build sturdy young bodies . . . PALADAC stimulates waning appetites, helps withstand childhood ailments and provides Vitamin A: essential for resistance to infection.

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On the payroll

BRINGING up four children on a limited budget, I found that whenever I needed a new lipstick, stockings, or anything personal there was never enough money in kitty for such things. But recently, when handing my teenage daughter her weekly allowance of 5/-, I decided to give myself 5/-, too, on pay days, come what may in the way of unexpected expenses. This small amount has given me such a tremendous lift I am sure I am a better person to live with since acquiring a feeling of independence.

£1/1/- to "What is Good for the Goose" (name supplied), Christchurch, New Zealand.

Pram traffic snarls in stores

IF chain-stores organised one-way traffic for shoppers, those head-on Greek-meets-Greek baby-pram encounters could be eliminated. Turnstiles keep prams out of super marts. I would not like to think mothers had to leave their babes unattended outside chain-stores, but something will have to be done about pram traffic snarls.

£1/1/- to C. Clarke, Geelong, Vic.

Lollies of 50 years ago

MORE than 50 years ago a shop in the Strand Arcade, Sydney, sold lollies called corns. They were the exact size, shape, and color of a grain of corn. Does anyone remember them or know how they were made?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jones, Stanmore, N.S.W.

A blind woman's good deed

HOW wonderfully developed is the sense of hearing of the blind. Recently, while sitting in a diesel train full of chattering travellers on their way home from work, a fellow passenger was unaware of having dropped a parcel which lodged close to the open doorway. Just as I opened my mouth to inform the woman, a blind woman sitting next to me tapped her white cane on the floor to attract her attention, then pointed to the parcel. It would have warmed anyone's heart to see the look of content on the blind lady's face at performing a good deed.

£1/1/- to Miss M. G. Granger, Carlisle, W.A.

Useful and profitable sideline

WHEN there is an only child at home, or one with much older brothers and sisters, an easy way of earning some extra money and providing a playmate for the little one is by caring for another child whose mother has to work during the day. The children should be of the same age and sex and treated exactly alike, including correction being given to both when necessary. Very little extra work is involved. And it is a great relief for a working mother to know that her child is being well cared for while she is away from home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Amor, West Dubbo, N.S.W.

Homing frogs

YES, "Strange But True" (Qld.), I have also had experience of homing frogs travelling long distances. When I was a child we had 17 frogs living in the rafters of our kitchen. One day my father put them in a sugar bag and took them to a creek six miles away. Within a fortnight all but two had made the return journey.

£1/1/- to "More Frogs" (name supplied), Clontarf Beach, Qld.

FROGS are champion hitch-hikers. Always travelling alone they will wait in a car or truck for hours and when it starts up they squat in the direction it is going. A frog will ride for miles before leaping off.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Taylor, Cecil Plains, Qld.

SOME years ago we had a big green frog called "Archie," who used to sit on the lower tray of our dinner waggon—always in the same spot. His damp little body eventually took all the polish off that spot and we decided to take him away. After a car ride, we deposited him several miles from the house in a creek, where we thought he would be happy. Three nights later, in he walked and made straight for his usual spot on the dinner waggon. We were so delighted, we allowed him to stay.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. E. Shute, Greenslopes, Qld.

MY homing frog has been living—on and off—in a vase I keep on the top of a cupboard. I first discovered him seven years ago when I needed the vase for flowers, so I tipped him out into the garden. Next night he was back in the vase with the flowers. When the flowers were dead, I tipped them and the frog out and put the vase back on top of the cupboard. Sure enough, the next day the frog was back in the vase. Froggy has kept his abode there ever since.

£1/1/- to R. Kelso, Eraring, N.S.W.

MY neighbor, when shutting the windows of her old house, came across a huge, fat, green frog every night. No one would kill it for her, so she paid a man to take it to a creek three miles away. That night, just as she was shutting the windows, there was the frog, just back from its day's journey. It was panting and you could see its backbone, as it had lost weight from its exertions that day.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Mountney, Rockhampton, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHEN I got off the scales my doctor looked at a ruler with figures on it.

It was one of those tables that show the weight you ought to be, but aren't. He shook his head and said: "You're a stone overweight."

"I don't trust those tables," I said irritably. "They're invented by thin men to annoy fat men."

But you can't argue with doctors, so I promised to eat less.

When I told my wife she said: "You'll have to cut down on toast." And though I hated to admit it, she was right.

I am a toast-lover. I took a leading part in the campaign to get hotels and motels to serve more toast with breakfast (some of them give only one slice if you don't watch them).

After we got the pop-up toaster my toast-consumption went up, because it was easier to make. My attitude was: you pop it, I'll eat it.

Since the doctor's warning, however, I have cut down to one and a half slices at breakfast.

ON TOAST

The less you get of it, the more desirable toast becomes—even burnt toast. I sit at the table in misery watching it pop up for other, thinner people.

Sometimes my control breaks down for a moment and I snatch



Baby Pip's crusts, which she leaves. I have to avoid my wife's reproachful gaze.

At the office, too, I practise self-denial. I told Jacqueline, the secretary of whom I have a one-tenth share, that I would not have biscuits with my tea any more.

Jacqueline was amazed. "But you were at me so much to give you two biscuits instead of one!" she said.

I explained that that was in the past, when I was a self-indulgent epicure. From now on an austere life lay ahead, with no biscuits.

Then one cold day, as I was drinking my tea, I noticed the smell. It came from a nearby office, and there was no mistaking it—toast.

A group of slim young people had installed a toaster and were recklessly eating the delicious, odorous product.

Since then I have suffered the same ordeal repeatedly. One day I may crack, and burst into the toast club pleading: "Toast—give me toast!"

There should be a Toasties Anonymous to help people who are trying to break the habit. You never know when the craving will come.

Last night my daughter, sitting near the radiator, said: "I'm warm as toast." And there it was on the mind's plate again—freshly buttered.

SORAYA TELLS

● Concluding her own life story, the childless wife who was divorced five years ago by the Emperor of Iran tells today of the life she leads in Europe and America, with its pleasures and problems — and of her plans now for a film career.

MY ADMIRERS — the real story



PRINCESS SORAYA

WHEN I returned to Munich from Greece last summer there were three spies planted in front of my house, placed there by a Parisian weekly. From morning till night they paraded up and down outside the garden gate and noted everyone who visited or left my home.

As I was working on this book I almost never went out. One morning my insurance agent came to me, a fair-haired young man who for many years has looked after this part of my affairs. When he came out of the house the three Frenchmen made a dash at him and overwhelmed him with their questions:

"What have you been doing at Soraya's? Why do we see so little of the Princess? Are you her new boy-friend?"

"I'm her insurance agent," my visitor answered defensively.

"Hal hal hal!" roared the Parisians. "That's a good one! First time anyone's tried that one out!"

The agent got into his car without a further word. Yet this was not the end of the incident. The spies drove off in pursuit and for three whole days they followed him all over Munich. Only when they discovered that he was a married man with two children did they finally leave him alone.

This farce about my true and my alleged admirers has now been going on for almost five years. Apart from Brigitte Bardot and Elizabeth Taylor, there is, I think, no woman alive who has

been credited with more affairs of the heart than I.

So long as I lived with my parents I associated principally with German aristocrats and industrialists, men who already frequented the Persian Embassy in Cologne or whom I had met at receptions in Europe in years gone by.

In October of 1955 one of these gentlemen suggested that he take us to the races in Baden-Baden, and as we had no other plans we accepted his invitation. He accompanied my parents and myself to two official balls and, as is only to be expected, he asked me to dance.

This was enough for certain reporters immediately to spread rumors about our forthcoming marriage.

Naturally, I soon got to know people who did not belong to my parents' circle. Each time that I had visited Europe as Empress, scores of people had been presented to me and many of them now wished to see me again. As soon as the newspapers announced my arrival in Munich, Rome, Athens, or Madrid, I therefore received invitations from all quarters.

In the period immediately after my divorce I was often not in the mood to meet large numbers of people, and preferred smaller gatherings. I therefore declined many an invitation. On the other hand the custom of sending cards enabled me to renew numerous old acquaintances and to make a quantity of new friends.

At times my relationships with members of the European aristocracy were misinterpreted. In Munich I was supposed to be carrying on a flirtation with a prince,

who was nothing more to me than a good friend, while in Portofino they had me "engaged" to a member of the Spanish royal family.

This young man and I had been photographed dancing together in a nightclub, and to judge by the picture we were cheek-to-cheek. On the basis of this optical illusion long articles immediately appeared concerning the obstacles that must arise to the marriage of a Bourbon with a Moham-medan.

ONE fact I have been able to establish in the society of three continents: much more is discussed than ever actually occurs. The broad public is inclined to exaggerate the lives led by the victims.

Many a "millionaire" is privately plagued by financial worries, and many of the Don Juans credited with countless conquests in fact spend most of their evenings in solitude.

I have noticed again and again how people who have nothing whatever with which to reproach themselves still must see their reputations damaged by unscrupulous gossip-mongers.

Most of those who suffer in this way lack both the time and the inclination to defend themselves against this nuisance. I know how long it took me before I made up my mind to offer the public this book about myself, and in this chapter to tell the truth about the rumors that have been current these past few years.

I am not just an old woman, recalling with heart-throbs the love affairs of her past youth; I am young, my life still lies before me, and

I am reluctant to go into details concerning my experiences. But I intend to present, in broad outline, what really happened and what was invented.

In late 1958 I began to look about for a home of my own. My parents had let me share theirs in the most affectionate way, but I was, of course, determined to have my own place just as soon as I could.

For my taste there was at that time no more beautiful city than Rome. I knew many of the leading families, such as the Colonnas, the Ruspoli, and the Pallavicini. The warm climate suited me, and since the Roman temperament is as lively as the Persian I was convinced that I should soon feel thoroughly at home there.

I therefore asked an old schoolfriend to watch out for a villa that would do for me.

Meanwhile, I went with my mother to St. Moritz. There we were soon part of a gay group that included among others Prince Johannes von Thurn und Taxis, the Prince of Liechtenstein, Prince Raimondo Orsini, and members of the Guinness family.

We went skiing and tobogganing together and met almost every afternoon for tea.

Let me explain here and now that I thoroughly enjoy amusing myself among a pleasant circle of friends. There seems to me nothing discreditable in this, so long as it is balanced by the knowledge that life is serious and by the weight of other interests.

Youth and gaiety attract

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3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

1,025 PRIZES WORTH £11,050
5 FORD FALCONS TO BE WON PLUS
£1,000 CASH FOR NATIONAL WINNER



Each State Winner a Ford Falcon

5 Mather's Ranges — (gas or electric). One for each runner-up in State Bake-offs.



5 Kenwood Mixers — one for each third place in State Bake-offs.



22 Philips Transistors — one each for 15 State Bake-off contestants not winning a car, range or mixer, and 8 National weekly winners.



900 Agas Pyrex Ramekins (sets of 6) — multi-colour 12 oz. ramekins for State weekly winners.



Schoolgirl Princesses — £50 cash for each State Schoolgirl Princess. The National Princess also wins a Philips Rhapody Stereogram. This

section open only to school students (under 18). Tick entry form if eligible.

Win your very own Ford Falcon De-Luxe Sedan . . . plus £1,000 cash and the coveted crown of Australia's Baking Queen. This and any of over 1,000 other valuable prizes could be yours for sending in your favourite recipe. DO IT NOW—to qualify for valuable weekly prizes; Weekly winners announced in Women's Weekly from issue dated 3rd July.

EASY TO ENTER

1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with MARVILLE Margarine to: 3rd Marville National Baking Quest, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney.
2. Detach entry form below, fill it in and attach to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach a MARVILLE Margarine wrapper to your entry (except where this contravenes State Law). Weekly and princess prizes (see prizes panel) will be awarded on recipe alone. State Bake-off finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in the State capitals.

Winners of the State Bake-offs will compete in the National Bake-off at Sydney, and the winner of this will be 1963 Marville Baking Queen.

Competitors in State Bake-offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State capital. National finalists will be flown to Sydney via Ansett-ANA and accommodated at the Carlton-Rex Hotel.

Conditions: Judge's decision is final. Employees of MARVILLE Margarine Company, or their associated companies (and their families), Home Economists, Chefs and Bakers may not enter. All recipes submitted become the property of the makers of MARVILLE Margarine.



ENTRY FORM

- I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 3rd Marville National Baking Quest as advertised.
- NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)
- ADDRESS
- SIGNED
- Name of store where MARVILLE purchased
- CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 2nd August, 1963.
- Tick here if a school student (under 18)



DON'T LOOK NOW

By BARBARA
ROBINSON

PETE WAYNE shivered in the breaking dawn of what would probably be a beautiful, almost-spring day in New England and leaned his lanky, six-foot frame against the bronze equestrian George Washington that guards the pass in Boston Public Garden. According to wispy little Miss Kinsolving, this statue is remarkable because three of the horse's legs are up, or one is up, or something. Miss Kinsolving, by virtue of her fifty-odd years in residence, was a font of all knowledge Bostonian and, indirectly, the reason for Pete's unaccustomed early rising.

He was better acquainted with Miss Kinsolving than with any of the other employees at Lowden & May, Inc., because it was her responsibility to entertain and enlighten out-of-town men during their annual tours of duty in the home office. However, until yesterday, Pete had taken a dim view of Miss Kinsolving's agenda of things to do and places to go, centring, as it did, on such stodgy establishments as Faneuil Hall, the Old North Church, and the Boston Massacre site.

He had tried to be polite and to exhibit a flaming enthusiasm for all things old and sacred; but he knew Miss Kinsolving was not fooled, for she watched him with a worried eye.

Then, yesterday, while strolling Boston Common at noon, he had spied Miss Kinsolving on an adjacent path with a pair of binoculars, her lunch, and the most gorgeous girl in Massachusetts.

She was tall and slim, with the kind of shattering good looks often associated with Swedish film stars, though she was unmistakably All-American, from the jaunty tilt of her head to the tips of her neat blue pumps. She was about as easy to overlook as the Band of America on parade, and if sight-seeing was in order she represented the kind of sight Pete wanted to see.

"Jennifer Todd Benton," said Miss Kinsolving later that afternoon, "Why?"

"The living, breathing image of my cousin Emma," Pete lied blithely. "When I saw her with you on the Common, I said to myself, 'Goodnight, there's Emma! What's she doing in Boston?'"

"Well, what do you think of that?" Miss Kinsolving sighed in awe.

"Of course, I only saw her back," Pete lied on, "but her back—" He shook his head, "Emma."

Miss Kinsolving seemed willing to let it go at that, and Pete was obliged to belabor this coincidental resemblance, his fondness for his cousin Emma, his present lonely state, his hunger for a familiar face until finally Miss Kinsolving asked, as if it were her own bright idea, whether he would like to meet Jennifer Todd Benton.

"Of course, I don't know her too well," Miss Kinsolving said. "Only through our association with the Beacon Hill Early-Morning Observers, but—"

"The what?"

"Our own little bird-watching group." Her eyes suddenly brightened. "I don't suppose you're a bird watcher, Mr. Wayne?"

Pete made a rapid mental judgment of the situation. Back home on his father's farm in Iowa, anyone who watched birds—crows, mostly—without a shotgun was considered to be unhinged. But he wasn't back home in Iowa; he was in Boston, he was going to be here for a month, he had already seen Lexington and Concord, a mortar of hallowed cannon balls, and "Ben-Hur" three times, and he wanted to have dinner with somebody prettier than the headwaiter at Pieroni's. "Some of my happiest hours," he began with what he hoped was a suitably dedicated gleam in

his eye, "have been spent tramping over the fields with—"

"Isn't that wonderful?" Miss Kinsolving said. "I was a little worried about you, Mr. Wayne. I was afraid you weren't having a very happy time in your off hours; but if you're a bird watcher we can certainly keep you busy. You can join us for the whole time you're here. People say to me, 'Grace, how can you get up at that awful hour?'"

"What awful hour?" Pete put in.

"But of course it's the best time." She adjusted her glasses and picked up a pencil. "So we'll see you tomorrow morning? We meet at the entrance to the Public Garden. At the statue."

"What awful—What time?" Pete asked.

"Five o'clock," she said eagerly.

So here he was—he, George Washington and the Early-Morning Observers. They were a purposeful group, with a leader (a spry octogenarian in plaid golfing knickers) who immediately split the group into scouting parties of three. Pete was paired with a Miss Amanda Bagg, who pressed upon him an extra pair of fieldglasses and a notebook—and with Miss Benton.

"Chilly, isn't it?" Pete said, after Miss Kinsolving's introductions.

"Oh, do you think so?" Jennifer asked from behind her layers of wool. "Well, a little brisk, maybe. You really should wear a muffler."

It was not an auspicious beginning. For one thing, conversation was frowned upon. "I believe I saw you yesterday with—" Pete began, and was instantly shushed by both ladies. For another thing, he hadn't a notion what to write in his notebook. He did try the binoculars, but that was a bad mistake.

"You've got the glasses wrong end to," Jennifer pointed out.

"Well, back in Iowa, we sort of rough it. We don't—"

"Sh!" said Miss Bagg. "Sh!"

At seven-thirty, as everyone gathered at the statue to compare notes, Pete made a hasty entry in his book. "Wren," he wrote and then, in parentheses, "Brown." It seemed safe enough.

But nobody else had seen a wren. In fact, nobody else had seen a wren at that time of year ever, and he was congratulated by one and all—except Jennifer, who looked at him with her beautiful blue eyes in some puzzlement, puzzlement more and more evident during the next three days.

"What are you writing in that book?" she asked on the fourth morning. Miss Bagg was far ahead of them, binoculars in the air. "And don't tell me 'brown wren.' I've been watching birds around here since I was ten years old."

"No wrens, huh?" Pete asked.

"Not till the middle of March." She sat on one of the public benches and studied him carefully.

"Mr. Wayne, why do you come bird watching with us every morning? You don't seem very happy, and you look terribly cold, and I have a feeling you'd really rather be home in bed. So I just don't understand. Unless you're a writer, doing research for an article about the Early-Morning Beacon Hill Observers."

She sighed. "I don't know why everybody thinks bird watching is so funny. What about all those people who make lopsided ashttrays in the basement or write poetry without any commas? I think they're pretty funny. And I suppose you'll have something to say about Mr. Dodge's golfing knickers, and I suppose you think I'm quite a sight, too, but at least I won't get pneumonia, and

you've already sneezed twice this morning. You really should wear a woollen scarf."

The softness of her tone in no way lessened the rebuke of her message, and Pete could only mutter feebly, "I'm not a writer."

"Then what are you, Mr. Wayne?"

"What makes you think I'm not a bird watcher?" he asked. "After all, techniques vary from place to place."

"I don't think you're a bird watcher because you don't watch birds," Jennifer said candidly. "You watch me."

The thought occurred to him that if she knew he was watching her, she must have been watching him, and it seemed promising, if complicated. "To tell the truth, you remind me of my cousin Emma," he said. "Such a striking resemblance, I can hardly take my eyes off you."

"Is that so? Is she a bird watcher?"

"No, Emma never took to it."

She seemed satisfied. "What species have you logged, out there in Iowa?"

"Well, there's the crow."

"Common?"

"Very."

"I mean the common crow or the fish crow?"

"Oh, Ah—common. And then there's the ah—stormy petrel."

"In Iowa?"

"That's the Rocky Mountain stormy petrel," he improvised.

"Oh." She thought a minute. "That's interesting. I've never travelled in the West. Here comes Amanda, Amanda never seems to see anything but pigeons. She logged thirteen kinds."

"That's a lot of pigeons," Pete said.

"Yes, that's what I think, too," she smiled. At least the corners of her eyes crinkled and Pete assumed that somewhere, under all the packaging, was a smile. "Look, I'm sorry I jumped on you, but I brought someone along one morning, and he never shut up about it ever after. Craziest bunch he ever saw, and that old joke about who's watching whom. So since then I'm always a little suspicious. I take my hobby seriously, Mr. Wayne. But, as you say, techniques vary. I don't know what you do in Iowa."

"Well, when we're not watching birds," he ventured cautiously, "we do pretty much the same things as everyone else. Go to the movies, dance, play canasta. Of course," he added, "those are all what you might call group activities. Not much fun alone."

"Oh, nothing is," Jennifer said obligingly.

"Even eating," Pete pressed on. "You have no idea how tiresome that can get to be—eating alone."

"Oh, I can imagine."

"What I'm getting around to—" he could see Miss Bagg bearing down on them rapidly—"is that I'd like to have dinner with you—say, tonight. That's another thing we do in Iowa. If we want to have dinner with somebody, we just ask. Of course, I know Bostonians are a little more—a little more—"

"Now, don't you believe that myth. Bostonians aren't cold." She looked down at her attire and giggled. "That is, not cold-natured. Besides, I think common interests make a difference. Bird watchers of a feather, you might say."

Pete nodded. "Yes, you might say that."

"I'll bring my bird book."

"Oh, Well, now, I wouldn't want you to go to any trouble—" he began.

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. It'll be fun."

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Early to bed, early to rise, Pete thought was the only way he could catch the interest of the beautiful bird watcher...a gay short story

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE visitors from outer space meet the President of the United States. They are disguised as diplomats and the President doesn't believe their claims. As proof, the trio change to their real shapes. NOW READ ON...



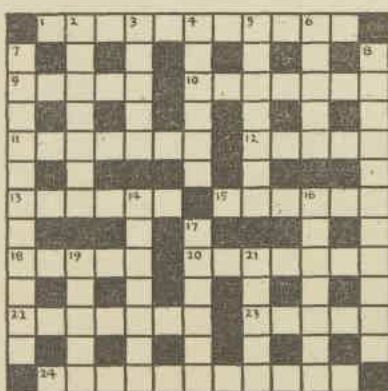
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Resists pets to get these relatives (11).
9. Cause of a famous fall (5).
10. This caper can be a bad game (7).
11. Sharp collection is eager (4-3).
12. Steer (anagr., 5).
13. As tune it can deprive a person of his membership of Parliament (6).
15. Thing handed over as security (6).
18. Be flaccid to become a die-hard Tory who learns nothing (5).
20. Inland sea in Kazakhstan hiding a Japanese coin becomes a military store (7).
22. Lordly loose overcoats (7).
23. Person appointed to decide a challenge to a juror (5).
24. Travel about from place to place with a ripe regent (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Strike gently the darlings with certain projecting arms of a machine (7).
3. Newspapers for compulsory enlistment in armed service (5).
4. Sting (anagr., 6).
5. Two-wheeled covered cart (7).
6. Large quantity of paper concerning a short manuscript (5).
7. Betting on figures is out of date (4, 7).
8. Books to be given to the most successful travellers (4-7).
14. Pacify a monkey who swallowed some peas (7).
16. He attends to teeth (7).
17. The person who moves from one place to another swallowed a donkey (6).
19. Leg in the fire on the hearth (5).
21. A silly material (5).

Continuing . . . DON'T LOOK NOW

from page 23

Apparently it was for Jennifer. That evening—before, during, and after dinner—her eyes sparkled, her smile flashed, she bubbled with enchanting enthusiasm for the yellow-billed whistlers and the gro-beak something else.

"Shore birds," she said. "I don't suppose you ever see shore birds. Too bad. There isn't anything as beautiful as a gull wheeling around above the beach."

Pete thought there was something six times more beautiful sitting across the table from him—a vibrant, glowing creature, radiant in misty blue chiffon. Not that clothes made the woman in Jennifer's case; even in the flotsam and jetsam of her early-morning, bird-watching costume, she turned his knees weak. Everything about her was exquisite, including the soft curve of her lips, between which issued fact after fact about everything that ever flew under its own power.

He had once gone out with a girl who was mad for the poems of Robert Service; but in the normal course of events she ran out of poems. It didn't look as if Jennifer would ever run out of birds.

During the next two weeks he tried, with conspicuous lack of success, to divert her single-minded channel of thought. "Tell me about yourself," he might say, and Jennifer would answer. "Well, there's not much to tell. I've been bird watching since I was ten."

He could discuss insurance, fall-out, Mort Sahl, and Jennifer would pay beguiling attention, argue, or agree—up to a point. But then, in some mysterious way, she would suddenly be talking about the habits and coloration of the greater shearwater. Every stream of conversation returned, somehow, to this headwater—birds. And just as a chance victim of South Eurasian blight begins to discover other victims of South Eurasian blight on every side, Pete now found himself hemmed in by bird life.

Why didn't he say to Jennifer, "Look, bird watching is at the bottom of my list. Birds are next to the bottom. I never see anything through those damn binoculars except my own eye, and anyone who gets up at five o'clock in the morning is crazy or sick. But you are a living doll, and you fill me with enthusiasm, so let's talk about that." He did not say this because Jennifer would probably belabor him with her bird book, cry "Fraud," and take up with a canary breeder.

AS it was, she regarded him fondly as a colleague in the cause, and even allowed him to kiss her in the shadowy recesses of the stuffed-bird display in the Museum of Science.

"Let's get out of here," he said. "This is no place to kiss a girl, here among the owls."

"What better place," Jennifer said softly, "for us?"

Meaning, Pete supposed, that if they happened to share an interest in marine vegetation, all their tender moments should be under water. And there were tender moments. They held hands, sitting in the back row at Audubon Society meetings. They clung together, briefly, outside the birdhouse at the zoo. And they sat at a secluded table in Blinstrub's, against the back wall, away from the glare of the dance floor, and talked about government bird sanctuaries and thought about other things.

At least, Pete thought about

other things, and he was pretty sure Jennifer did, too, for in her usual flood of ornithological conversation there were long, weighted pauses.

"Unfortunately," she was saying, "you can't legislate people into concern for birds. It's not like Save Our Forests." Long pause, while she fingered a water glass and looked at Pete. "Do you think?"

"Oh, yes," he said absently, tapping a spoon on the table and looking at Jennifer.

"You mean yes, it is like Save Our Forests? Or yes, you can't legislate concern for birds because it's not like Save Our—" she trailed off and sighed, blue eyes fixed on his face—"Forests?"

"That's right," Pete said. Minutes passed.

"That's what I think, too," Jennifer agreed.

This is the time, Pete thought; but no matter how he phrased his declaration mentally, it didn't sound right. "Speaking of conversation," he might say. "Conversation is very big in Iowa." And then he could say, "You'd love Iowa." And then he could say, "I love you." For he did—no question of that.

"Well, isn't it a small world?" A hand smote Pete in the middle of the back. "Pete Wayne! What are you doing out of the tall corn?" Millard Raikie and Pete had grown up together, been pretty good friends, fought one or two bloody-nosed battles, and even then Millard had a distinct talent for showing up at the wrong time.

FROM THE BIBLE

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

—Psalm 27:1.

Pete saw—was sure he saw—Jennifer's face fall as Millard pulled up a chair from another table, his eyes bright with the special pleasure of seeing an old friend in a new place. It looked like the wrong time, as far as Jennifer was concerned, too.

Millard was in plumbing supplies; he was travelling through Boston; he had a wife and a son and pictures of both; he hadn't been back to Iowa in almost ten years. "But I don't expect it's changed much—just corn and crows. Unless you've killed them all off. Deadeye?" Jennifer raised her eyebrows.

"Fastest gun in the West—when it comes to crows. Remember how we used to sit on your dad's barn and watch you pick 'em off with the twenty-two?"

"Have a drink, Millard," Pete suggested hastily.

"No, thanks. We used to name 'em," he explained to Jennifer. "The crows, I mean. Named 'em for the truant officer or the geometry teacher. 'Pick off Miss Bassett, Pete,' we'd say, and p-tow! Down she'd go! Or 'Pick off Ugly Emma.' That was Emma Duckworthy," he told Jennifer. "She was one of those good-hearted girls, but homely! Scrawny and straggly-haired, and her teeth didn't meet. 'Pick off Emma,' we'd say, and down she'd go. Yes sir, Pete was a whiz with a twenty-two."

"Yes, I can see that he was," Jennifer said coldly. "My, I had no idea it was so late. I have to be up at five o'clock," she told Millard. "I'm a bird watcher."

And as Matt pushed his

chair back, "Oh, don't bother, I'll get a cab. You and your friend must have a lot to talk about." Then she marched out of the restaurant.

The next morning was misty, moist, and miserable. Pete's alarm clock let him down, and it was almost five-thirty when he arrived at the trysting place, to find the Early Morning Observers already scattered on their appointed rounds.

He found Miss Bagg first. "It's not a very good morning," she said by way of greeting. "My binoculars are all steamy."

Pete commiserated with her and looked around for Jennifer.

"But," Miss Bagg went on, setting her lips in a thin line. "I don't think people should let the weather affect their personalities. I think people should be cheerful no matter what, don't you?"

PETE agreed,

trying to look cheerful.

"I don't know what's the matter with her," Miss Bagg sighed.

"Her" could be only Jennifer, and she did indeed look far from cheerful when Pete found her sitting on a bench under a dripping linden tree.

"Well," she said, "it isn't Quick-Draw McGraw, the Scourge of Iowa."

"Now, Jennifer—" He sat down beside her—"I want to explain about that. You don't understand about crows in Iowa. In Iowa, crows aren't birds; they're a menace to a man's livelihood. It's not sensible to sit and watch an army of crows eat up a whole field of corn. You have to shoot crows."

"Rocky Mountain stormy petrel!" she said scornfully.

"All right. So I'm not a bird watcher. Is that a crime? Lots of people aren't bird watchers."

She turned to face him, her eyes blazing with deep female fury. "Ugly Emma!" she flung at him.

"What?" "Ugly Emma Duckworthy! Goodhearted but homely. Scrawny and straggly-haired, and her teeth don't meet!"

"What's that got to do with anything?" Pete asked, bewildered.

"So I remind you of your cousin Emma!"

"I don't have a cousin Emma!" Oh, he thought, what a tangled web we weave. "That was just—just—"

"I believe the term is a Freudian slip. You look at me, and you think of this Emma. Why not Joyce or Betty? But no, Ugly Emma. And all the time I thought what a charming, barefaced liar you were, copying things out of my notebook and making up Rocky Mountain birds; but I didn't care, because a girl doesn't want to spend her declining years with a barn swallow."

"I couldn't possibly look at you and think of Emma Duckworthy! When I look at you, Jennifer, I can't think at all. I get tongue-tied and brain-twisted."

"Or tramping over the Public Garden with Amanda Bagg, or putting peanut butter on the window sill."

"Jennifer, Jennifer." He took her in his arms, bear coat and all. "Bird Girl, shut up a minute."

Her stocking cap dropped to the ground; Pete's binoculars dropped to the ground; and the birds, ever alert for a handout, descended en masse at their feet.

"Pete," she whispered in his ear, "don't stop kissing me, and don't look now—but the birds are watching us."

(Copyright Barbara Robinson, 1962)

Window on the Square

The time for a decision has come . . .
part three of our fascinating serial

By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

HAVING undertaken the care of nine-year-old JEREMY, son of LESLIE REID, 22-year-old MEGAN KINCAID finds herself caught up in the uneasy atmosphere of the Reid house in Washington Square. She attributes this to the tragedy of the death of Leslie's first husband, DWIGHT, who two years ago had, as the newspapers claimed, been accidentally shot by his son, Jeremy. Dwight was a brilliant New York District Attorney esteemed by the New York citizens, who are building a Memorial Home for homeless children in his honor. After his death Leslie marries his elder brother, BRANDON.

Jeremy, moody and difficult, is unpopular with his mother and the children's governess, THORA GARTH, while his eight-year-old sister, SELINA, is pampered. Setting out for a walk one day Jeremy runs away from Megan and when she and Brandon go in search they find him huddled in the unfinished Memorial Home, but he leaves quietly with them. Megan is friendly with the children's tutor, ANDREW BEACH, who invites her to supper one night. He chats about the Reid family but warns her to be careful of Jeremy. When she returns home she finds Jeremy in bed reading a book on Egyptology, a subject which also fascinates his step-father. The story of the god Osiris particularly interests the boy, as Brandon has a fine statue of Osiris in his library. Later that night Megan discovers Jeremy sobbing bitterly in his father's room. Brandon appears and orders him sternly to go back to bed.

In spite of his cold manner Megan knows she is becoming attracted to Brandon, although resenting his seemingly unsympathetic attitude to his wife. Megan is surprised when the usually haughty Leslie, meeting her at church, confides in her how envious Brandon has always been of Dwight. On her return from church Megan tells Brandon how glowingly the minister had praised Dwight when speaking of the opening of the Memorial Home which is shortly to take place. Brandon makes no comment and abruptly brings the conversation to an end. NOW READ ON:



Megan and Brandon skated happily on the pond while Jeremy and Selina followed.

THE following day, on the very heels of the snowstorm, New York was enveloped in an unusually early freeze. Before the snow had time to melt the temperature plummeted and a sharper foretaste of winter was upon us. The sub-freezing weather held for several days, and on the afternoon before Brandon Reid was to take his wife upriver to visit her mother he paid an unexpected call upon us in the nursery.

I had scarcely seen him since our interview, but evidence of his plan to put Jeremy into my hands had been made clear. Miss Garth was casting dark looks in my direction. She was crosser than ever with Jeremy, yet, until the signal was given to put me in full charge, I did not want to stir her to further opposition by the objections I longed to express.

While I bided my time I planned the history lessons we would do together, Jeremy and I. Andrew, I'd found, was good enough when it came to American history, but he had little interest or knowledge in the ancient world. So I intended to open to Jeremy's bright mind more of the subject of Egyptian civilisation. So far his state of apathy had not lessened and he would sit for hours huddled over the pages of a book he did not read.

That afternoon when his uncle strode into the nursery the boy was lost in his own troubled thoughts and did not look up. The rest of us stared in surprise, for I had never seen him set foot in the nursery before. He left the door open so that draughts from the hall cut through the warm stuffiness and Miss Garth shivered pointedly, edging a shade closer to the fire.

"How can you breathe in a place like this?" he demanded. I half expected him to stride to a window and fling it open and I would have welcomed a cold blast of fresh air. "This is a day to be outdoors. How would you like to go skating in Central Park, Jeremy?"

Selina squealed at the suggestion and demanded to go, too, but Jeremy did not look up or answer. I sat in silence, waiting uncertainly for whatever was to come.

"What of the ice?" Miss Garth asked. "There has scarcely been time for it to freeze, Mr. Reid."

"I've checked, of course," Brandon Reid said impatiently. "Get the children into their warm wraps, Miss Garth. We'll leave as soon as they're ready."

I believe the governess would have liked to refuse, but the master of the house was in no mood to brook opposition.

When I glanced again at Jeremy I was ready to bless his uncle. A faint stirring of

interest had come into the boy's eyes, and he had pushed the unread book away. When Brandon pointed a finger at him and said, "Hurry up, boy!" Jeremy followed Selina and Miss Garth willingly from the room.

Once they had gone Brandon Reid stared at me with a light of challenge in his eyes.

"I shall need you to help me with the children, Miss Megan. Garth is too old for skating, if she ever learned. You are able to skate, I presume?"

I felt a sudden eagerness in me, though I tried to answer sedately, "I learned to skate when I was very young, sir."

"Then into your things at once," he ordered. "You've been looking pale lately. We'll get you out in the cold and whip some color into your cheeks."

I still had the skates I had used as a girl and I had sturdy shoes to fasten them to. I put on my warmest dress and wrap and wrapped a green muffler about my neck. Then I went downstairs to find the others waiting.

Miss Garth was with them and I saw that her mouth was set in tight disapproval. When Mr. Reid went out the front door to see if the carriage was ready the children hurried in his wake. The governess raised the heavy lids of her eyes and looked at me without evasion.

I will never forget the sense of shock I experienced as she turned her dark gaze upon me. Her look was one of pure malevolence. Thora Garth did not merely dislike me. She hated me and I knew in that moment that if the opportunity ever came she would do me harm. Yet no word was spoken between us. She simply stared at me with that ill-intentioned gaze. Then she turned and went upstairs.

I ran down the steps to join the others in the carriage, shaken more than I wanted to admit. Quite suddenly I did not like the prospect of being left alone in that house with only the children and Thora Garth for company.

Overhead that day the sky was the color of wet ashes, but the air was clear and cold. Gradually with the house behind us and Brandon Reid's electric mood growing contagious, I began to throw off my sombre misgivings and regain the earlier sense of excitement that had filled me over this outing.

Even Jeremy began to enjoy himself. His uncle was making up for the disaster of the matinee, and I knew I would have a happier boy to work with when the Reids left on their journey tomorrow.

Certainly we could not have asked for a

more thoughtful escort that afternoon nor one more amiable.

While Jeremy and Selina put on their skates, Brandon Reid knelt to fasten mine to my shoes. His touch was surprisingly gentle, and I sensed in him an eagerness to please me that I would never have expected him to show.

The ice had been newly opened for skating, and its gleaming surface spread smooth and cloud-white from shore to shore. In the beginning we set off with Mr. Reid skating hand-in-hand with Selina, and Jeremy with me. But Selina's efforts required a slow patience that Brandon lacked, and before long we had changed partners. Jeremy, who had been taught to skate by his father, seemed willing to take Selina in hand and set his speed to her capability. Before I knew it Brandon Reid had drawn me away and we were striking out for the far curve of the pond, our hands crossed, our glides well matched so that we moved smoothly as one.

For this little while I was content. I looked neither backward nor forward, but gave myself into his sure hands and let him guide me as he would. For this one afternoon I would exist in a world of snow and

ice, suspended away from all the problems of my life. Or so I foolishly thought.

There was a change in Brandon Reid that I did not attempt to weigh too closely. I knew only that he was not the mocking, impatient man who had taken us to the matinee as a joke. It was as if he, too, had shed the smothering atmosphere of candlelight and violets that pervaded the house and had become at once a more natural and a kinder person.

When we reached the far curve of the pond I could have wished for an endless horizon that would never require us to turn back. Though that wasn't possible, I held to my dreaming state, my hands secure in his as we rounded the curve and started toward the place where we had left Jeremy and Selina. Before we had skated far he slowed our glides and drew me toward the bank. I sensed that he, too, was reluctant to return and that these moments were ones of blessed escape.

"Here's a place where we can stop and catch our breath," he said.

Up the nearby bank a few skaters had gathered about a chestnut vendor. We

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climbed the bank and Brandon Reid bought a sack of chestnuts that warmed our hands as we shelled and ate them. Standing somewhat apart from the others, our skates balancing us in deep snow, we felt as if we were quite alone.

As I watched the skaters on the pond below, sliding past in the thickening grey light, I became aware that my companion was not watching the crowd or the chestnut vendor. His attention was upon me, and there was no unkindness, no criticism in his look. I had the feeling that in some strange way we had become friends this afternoon.

"Don't think I'm unaware of all you're doing for us, Megan," he said quietly. "You've brought something into that house that is making itself felt. We've had little of kindness for each other, and I'm sure Jeremy has suffered for it. Perhaps this day of skating will get you off to a better start with him. Has he forgiven me, do you think?"

"Oh, yes," I told him quickly. "He would forgive you almost anything. It was good of you to think of an outing. Good for both children."

"And for you, Megan? Good for you—as it has been for me?"

HE held my eyes with his own, and yet I could not read his full meaning. Or perhaps I did not want to. I looked away, suddenly perturbed. He thrust the sack of chestnuts into his pocket and took my mittened hands in his. In spite of the sharp, cold wind that blew upon us I felt the warmth of his hands through wool and longed to let my own hands clasp his as warmly.

I stepped back quickly and nearly lost my balance. My companion laughed and steadied me. The moment was past, and I did not know whether I felt relief or regret. "We'd better return," he said, and we went down the steep bank together and started toward the far end of the pond and the shelter. When we rejoined the children we found that Selina was growing cold and ready to start home.

In the carriage Brandon gave them the bag of chestnuts, and they occupied themselves with shelling and munching on the long drive downtown from the park. It had begun to snow again, and once I saw Brandon glance up at the filmed sky with a look so unhappy that it stabbed me to a pity I had



Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

never expected to feel toward Brandon Reid.

The next morning I awakened to the realization that this was the day when I must meet my responsibilities.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid left early that morning with Selina. Miss Garth, having been informed that all control of Jeremy was to be relinquished to me for these few days, slept late and arose sulen. But there was nothing so alarming as malevolence in her. She was pleased, she told me tartly, to have Jeremy off her hands, and she wished me well with him in a tone which implied her wish that everything possible would go wrong.

Jeremy was up and restored again, and I began to devise ways in which to keep him busy. There were, of course, the lessons with Andrew in the morning, and I sat through them, often working out the wrong answers to arithmetic problems, much to Jeremy's amusement. Andrew took his cue from me, and we were more frivolous than usual about lessons. I believe we all enjoyed the change, and that it was good for Jeremy.

Miss Garth did not appear at lunchtime, so the meal went well. By the time Andrew left the house, Jeremy was cheerfully ready to interest himself once more in the gift he planned to make for his uncle. I had never asked him what it was, but now he told me about it voluntarily.

When we were again in the schoolroom he brought me the book I had purchased on Egypt and showed me the picture of a statue. The figure wore a wide, flat collar of the type so often seen in Egyptian paintings and sculpture.

"I'm making a collar for the Osiris head," he told me, his eyes shining. "I'll need more of those steel beads you gave me, and I'd like some other beads of the same shape and size. Perhaps in green, and a few red ones, too. Mr. Beach brought me the wire, and it's just right for making the collar stiff."

He showed me the plan he had drawn with colored crayons on paper and the work he had painstakingly commenced. I was happy to give him my unmitigated approval and promise him the beads.

This seemed a good time to urge upon him an interest in making gifts for his mother and Selina as well, but this suggestion left him indifferent.

"Selina likes silly things," he said. "And my mother has everything she wants. When she wishes something new, she buys it. So there's no use trying to give her anything."

I sensed that his resistance was due to more than the difficulties he named, and I insisted quietly that some sort of gift for his mother must be thought of. I made various suggestions, but he shrugged them all aside.

Later, when we were engaged in a game of chess, he made one of his unexpected capitulations.

"All right—I'll make a gift for my mother if I can think of something," he offered. "Perhaps if I went to her room and looked around I would get an idea of what to make. Will you come with me, Miss Megan?"

The notion did not appeal to me, but he had already slipped from his place at the table.

We went downstairs together, and Jeremy led the

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way first into his mother's small boudoir. The heavy green velvet draperies that hid the door to her bedroom were drawn across the opening, and before we could approach them a sound reached us from the room beyond. I realised with a start that someone was moving about in Leslie's room.

Jeremy put a finger to his lips. "Hush," he warned. "I know who it is. She does this sometimes when my

head a quick toss that sent the pins flying, and her hair came down in thick profusion about her face and shoulders.

I did not like the glow in her eyes or the smile on her lips as she watched her own image. But when I put a hand on Jeremy's arm to draw him away, I could feel his resistance. I did not want to betray our presence by a struggle, and as I hesitated, the woman in the green gown swooped toward the bed table and picked something up in her hands. As she turned toward the lamp that burned

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 12.

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, orange, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, purple, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, purple.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 23-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, grey, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

mother is away. Come and look."

Before I could stop him, he went to the doorway and parted the velvet curtains to a narrow slit. Puzzled, I stood behind him and looked through upon an astonishing scene.

Miss Garth had her back to us, and she was dressed in one of Leslie Reid's beautiful gowns. It was a green satin, and, as she moved before us, I caught the scent of the violet spray she had used lavishly upon her person.

For a moment I stood shocked and frozen, watching her in something like horror, unable to draw myself away from the sight. As I stared she picked up the full pleated skirt of the underdrape, turning and dipping before the long mirror. She gave her

Hearty action could be positively disastrous until the 24th. If you can survive this stormy passage, calm waters lie ahead. Will favoring winds. Act on Monday, and continue calmly.

A bad week financially, romantically, and emotionally until the 24th. But conditions improve, and a wonderful run of fortunate aspects lies ahead. Time to forge forward.

Until the 24th you could rapidly see-saw through changing conditions, mostly adverse. Seize important plans and ventures, and tread warily. After the 24th conditions favor you.

Strong and continuous adverse influences focus on family life. If employed, conditions on the job could be under stress. But from the 24th on, good fortune awaits you.

If you are contemplating acquiring new possessions or investing savings, don't—until the 24th. Then you may act confidently, because the stars are in happy mood for a time.

Your capacity for hard work and worry will be tested. If you meet obstacles or opposition, relax until the 24th. Ground lost could then be regained, and much progress is promised.

If you can keep your equilibrium the week could end in your favor. Consider, however, until the 24th. Comes a whirlwind of happy influences which offer top-level success.

Until the 24th conditions are bad for everyone—but particularly for you. However, you are tough and tenacious. Once you make the rapids, the current is with you.

Strong adverse influences until the 24th affect everyone. You are one of the lucky ones least influenced. However, you could meet with setbacks. After 24th, great success can be had.

Like Sagittarius, you should emerge from this week's aspects less battered than most. Rely on your never-failing caution. From the 24th very favorable influences prevail.

This is your week—that is if you patiently wait until a nasty concentration of adverse aspects breaks up on the 23rd. From the 24th on, there is a long run of lucky stars.

Your life is under heavy adverse pressure until the 24th. Use caution and keep everything above board. The nasty patch gives way to a long period of happy influences.

on Mrs. Reid's dressing-table, I saw that she held the double miniature Leslie had shown me on my first visit to this room.

Miss Garth's back was still toward us, and I could not at first see her face, though I knew she was studying the twin portraits—or one of them. Slowly she turned with the framed miniatures in her hand, and now I could catch her expression. It was the warm, glowing look of a woman in love, and my sense of shock and horror increased. This time I bent warningly to Jeremy and put pressure behind my grip on his shoulder.

Somehow I managed to get him quietly away, and we did not speak until we had returned upstairs.

The thought came to me that in Jeremy's hands lay a frightening power to wound and humiliate Thora Garth. For all my distress at what I had seen, an uneasy pity toward the woman moved me. She had gone too far along the road of daydreaming, and sure disaster lay in the course she followed.

Back in the schoolroom Jeremy returned calmly to the chess game as though nothing untoward had occurred. A lecture on the evils of spying would have little effect, I knew, but at least I must express an attitude.

"I don't think it's fair to watch anyone who doesn't know she is being watched," I told him gently.

JEREMY shrugged and began a triumphant move across the board with his red queen. "Garth is crazy," he said. "Crazy as a witch."

"She certainly isn't crazy," I insisted. "You must never say such a thing about anyone."

"Why not?" His dark eyes met mine almost insolently. "It's what they say about me. But Garth is a lot crazier than I am."

I leaned toward him across the board. "Listen to me, Jeremy. Miss Garth must be a very lonely woman. Especially now when your mother and Selina are away. I expect she feels at home with your mother's things, because she took care of her when she was a young girl."

"You don't know what she's like," Jeremy said carelessly, unconvinced by my feeble logic. His main attention was still for the game. Deliberately he moved his queen and said, "Checkmate," ending the contest.

I sensed that further argument would not reach him just now and cast around in my mind for something cheerful to do with the rest of the afternoon. It was then an inspiration came to me.

"Let's have a tea party in my room, Jeremy. I can heat water on the hearth in my little kettle, and I've some biscuits I've been saving for a special occasion."

He seemed to like the idea, perhaps because I had never before invited him into my room. He helped me with the fire, and we soon had smoke and flames writhing up the chimney. I spread a cloth of Irish linen over the table and set Jeremy to work putting out the blue Lowestoft traset. When I opened the tin of biscuits Jeremy took pleasure in arranging small cakes on a plate.

While we made our preparations I told him of the morning I had gone to church and of the fine things the minister had said about Dwight Reid. Everyone else avoided any mention of his father's name to Jeremy, and I felt this to be unwise. It could only add to the burden of unspoken guilt the boy carried. He listened somewhat warily to my account.

"Miss Megan," he said when I finished, "if there's an opening ceremony for the Home, do you think Uncle Brandon would permit me to go?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't go," I told him recklessly, since I had no knowledge of how his uncle might react to this suggestion. "Anyway, it's a month or more away, so we needn't worry about it now."

Absently, he put the cover back on the oblong biscuit-tin. "I must go," he said, and I wondered what expiation such an act might signify to the boy.

We did not mention the matter again that day, however. To distract him I went to the mantel where Richard's carousel sat and while the

water heated in a kettle hung over the coals I wound the toy and set the tiny horses and sleigh to whirling as the music-box played. Jeremy's eyes brightened as he watched and I sang the old nursery tune for him in French.

He was clearly fascinated, but when I would have taken the toy from the mantel to let him see it more closely, he put his hands behind his back, remembering what I had forgotten.

"I'm still being put—that is, I'm still paying a penalty," Miss Megan," he said. "I mustn't touch it."

I set it back on the mantel, deciding then and there that this toy would be my Christmas gift to Jeremy.

When the kettle had boiled we enjoyed our little party to the full. Jeremy looked so contented that I wished his mother and uncle had been there to see him. There was nothing wrong with this child that new interests, patience, and a little loving kindness would not cure.

I told him something about Richard, who had owned the carousel, and there was an easing in my own heart for the telling. Finally I drew out a book of fairy tales that had belonged to me when I was little, and from which I used to read to Richard. Jeremy seemed delighted at the prospect of being read to, and I realised with a pang that he knew nothing of the companionable experience of reading aloud.

I had found a favorite of Richard's. The tale was the one of the ugly little toad whom no one could love until the kindness of a beautiful maiden freed him from enchantment and he became again a handsome, shining prince. Jeremy made not a sound until the last word was read. Then he turned toward me and I saw a mist in his eyes.

"Even while he was a toad," Jeremy said, lost in wonder, "he found someone to love him. Someone who didn't mind how ugly and warty he was."

IT cost me an effort to speak in the matter-of-fact manner I knew I must adopt. I wanted to kneel on the hearth beside him and put my arms about him, but the gesture must not come too soon or it would be suspect and thus rejected.

"I think it was quite natural," I told him. "The girl in the story was kind and she could see past the toad disguise to the fine prince he really was inside."

Jeremy nodded. "But first there had to be something first for her to see. What if there hadn't been anything at all? What if he were wicked clear through?"

The lump in my throat was unbearable, and while I sought words to reassure him a rapping sounded on the door.

I went to open it and found Miss Garth on the threshold. She was dressed in her brown merino, though the breath of violets still clung to her person. Color rode high in her cheeks, and she was furiously angry.

The warmth and gentle happiness of the little room

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage in case of rejection.

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A PERFECT HOME

Matt believed in an ordered life,
but Ellie and the rest of the family
found it stifling . . . a short story

By ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

It wasn't really late, Ellie Goodwin decided. Perhaps other wives could meet earlier trains from the city, perhaps Matt's work took so much of him that he spent less time with his family than other young husbands, but she had no valid cause for complaint. He was beside her at last in the spotless blue station-wagon, his strong and angular profile as familiar as his affectionate banter, and the world wasn't coming to an end because most of the other commuters had arrived an hour or two before.

Down the length of Highland Lane the street lights were just winking on, but the tangled sycamores arching over the wires hadn't yet merged into one tree, and the sky beyond still showed primrose traces of sunset. It was early evening in the country, a relaxed and pleasant time of day. Why, then, should she feel the tension rise inside her as each turn of the road brought them closer to their own driveway, their own home?

On this quiet sub-suburban street the pavement was frayed and pitted, and she drove carefully, weaving to skirt the more visible bumps. Without turning her head she could feel his eyes on her, and the approval in his voice was obvious as he said, "Sweater and tweed skirt. Color of autumn leaves. Ellie, I'm so glad you're not one of those women who wait at the station wearing curlers and treader pants."

Of course she wasn't, not after ten years of marriage to Matt Goodwin. Sometimes her days were disorganised — today, for example — and a small voice told her it might be a comfort to meet him just the way she found herself at 7.15, without bothering to change. Other wives did it, but other wives had other husbands.

"Do you realise," he went on, "that you're the first person worth mentioning I've kissed all day? That I've been almost ascetic for eleven hours straight?"

She should have been warmed and pleased by his cheerful voice. Even if Matt always brought home a briefcase full of work, he left his business irritations in the city, and for that she was grateful. Matt, she wanted to say, oh, Matt, couldn't it be so wonderful? We have everything here, and if just once we relaxed and took the time to realise how lucky we are . . . but those were the thoughts that never broke into words.

She managed a smile, murmured some meaningless phrase—the pocket change of married conversation—and concentrated on her driving.

Half listening to his happy animation, she watched the small familiar landmarks glide by on either side. Here an accidental clump of asters grew inexplicably about the base of a telephone pole, and just over the rise of a dying elm came into view, top first, so that she saw the gaunt limbs as a bird would from the top downward.

Matt's voice reached her distantly. "In my lunch hour I whistled at a girl like you," he was saying. "She had your dark hair and a proud way of walking. I followed her for a whole block, but no dice."

Well, in this block some child, flitting from interest to interest, had left a tricycle lying on its side at the end of a driveway. Boys and dogs had improvised a short-cut through the lilac hedge where the road

curved, and the picket fence at the white colonial on the corner was weirdly striped with crayon.

She slowed as she approached their own turnoff, wondering for the hundredth time which were the misfits—the Goodwin family or these comfortable, easygoing neighbors who fed their pets at table and let their grass grow until it hid the croquet balls and abandoned toys.

She swung the station-wagon sharp left, cut the motor, and coasted up to the garage. "Matt," she began, "there's something—" She couldn't go on. It was better, she knew, to tell him now, tell him before he found it out by chance from Rick or from someone in the village, but the eye-narrowed, possessive way he looked over his three acres stopped her short.

Their lawn, of course, was smooth and level as a tennis court. Not a wagon or a bicycle, not so much as a toy or a ball marred its symmetry. Only a pair of robins still tacked back and forth under the sprinkler (thank heaven she'd remembered to turn it on), cocking their heads as they listened for the tiny sounds of earthworms and beetles. It's too perfect, she thought. It's a midtown terrace transplanted to the suburbs, as glossy as the background for a fashion photograph, and maybe it was her fault from the beginning.

Maybe she shouldn't have persuaded Matt that a boy needed country air and country space to grow in. Matt had been at home in the manageable city. Disorder appalled him, and the perfectionism that was no more than a challenge in a four-room apartment became a compulsion on three acres of riotous mortgaged greenery. In theory, country living was fine for a seven-year-old like Rick; in practice, the Goodwin family might just as well never have made the move.

He couldn't have been reading her thoughts. Nevertheless, she started when he asked, "Where's Rick? Why isn't he out getting some of this fresh air?"

"He's doing his homework." It's the truth, she told herself defensively, even if it isn't the whole truth.

"Still?" Matt paused on the polished doorstep, briefcase and evening paper tucked under his left arm. "Heaven knows they give them little enough homework in second grade, but that little has to be done as soon as he gets home. He understands that."

"Oh, he does, Matt," she said, "but this afternoon was different. Our schedule sort of fell apart."

Tyres crunched on the bluestone gravel, and a car swerved into the driveway behind them. "Everything O.K., Mrs. Goodwin?" It was the local policeman, the only policeman on the evening shift. "They told me you found him all right, but I thought I'd stop by to make sure."

Matt turned slowly. "Found who?"

She couldn't postpone it any longer. "Rick was lost," she said. "He didn't come back from school till a half-hour ago, and we were all out looking. But he's all right, Matt, believe me. Nothing happened."

He stared at her for a moment, then waved at the police car. "Everything's O.K.," he called. "Thanks for asking." He jiggled his key impatiently in the lock of the front door. "How could he get lost?"



"I had a dog like this once," Matt said, almost as if talking to himself, as Rick waited to run off again.

he asked, his voice taut. "The school's only a few hundred yards away."

"I don't know. Children wander. Here, let me try."

"Rick's not supposed to wander. He knows he has to come straight home from school . . . Darn this lock! It gets stiffer every day."

"Did it ever occur to you, Matt," she asked, "that we're the only family in a ten-mile radius to lock its front door? Other houses the children drift in and out like migrating butterflies."

"And you ought to take a good look at some of those other houses," he said as her heart sank. "Mud tracked on the hall rugs, finger marks around the light switches — children need order and discipline, Ellie. They have to learn it young." He swung the door wide. "Tell Rick I want to see him."

"Don't be too hard on him. He's awfully sorry."

"I'm sure he is. But seven's old enough to obey, especially when the rules are for his own protection."

He stood in the hall watching as she ran up the stairs. Over his shoulder a voice from the living-room said, "Planning to convene a court-martial?"

He turned and looked at Ellie's father, grey-haired and dapper in a checked sports jacket. Like Matt, he was city bred, but from the start of his visit he had found the country a constant delight. Now he had even begun to dress like a gentleman farmer, and Matt expected any day to find him wearing jodhpurs and chewing speculatively on a blade of grass.

"I just want to know what happened," Matt answered. "I gather the whole town had to turn out to hunt for one thoughtless boy."

"There weren't more than 10 of us at any one time," said the old man. "You won't learn much from Rick, though. His story's dramatic, all right, but not completely convincing. Not unless you're will-

ing to concede he might have been deputised by the governor to track down a panther that was terrorising the community."

Matt frowned. "He lied about it?"

"Not really. When we finally found him over in the woods I guess we backed him into a corner with so many questions he had to invent his way out."

"A lie's a lie," Matt said, "particularly when it's used to escape punishment for disobedience."

Ellie's voice preceded her down the stairs. "Rick's coming as soon as he washes his hands. Matt, I already told him you wouldn't punish him."

"You had no right to. I don't want him to get the idea he can do as he pleases when he pleases."

The old man looked at him quizzically as they entered the living-room. "Didn't anyone ever take you aside and explain the facts of life?" he asked. "A million and one things can distract a seven-year-old boy on his way home from school, but the beautiful part is that most of them are harmless."

"Most of them. Even out here, though, there are streets to cross, and cars, and people we don't know anything about. There's an orderly, safe way to do things, and a disorderly."

Now that the need for concealment was gone, some of Ellie's tension disappeared. "Maybe Father didn't make it very clear," she said, "but a child that age has his own interests and, Matt, an orderly schedule just isn't one of them. He could have discovered a little brook, and naturally he'd have to see where it led."

"It might have been a stray cat," her father said. "I remember cats used to take me up all sorts of fascinating alleys. A cat can easily become a panther. On the other hand, he might simply have followed a pebble he was kicking. That takes hours, that pebble-kicking business."

To page 28

"Then why make up such a ridiculous story?"

"He probably decided the truth wouldn't sound reasonable to grownups," Ellie said. "Don't you see, Matt, if he told us he was kicking a pebble, someone would have asked him what for, and then he'd have been stumped. Children don't do things for a reason. They do them because they're fun."

Matt's eyes were troubled. He slumped into an armchair and spread his hands. "I'm not against fun, Ellie," he said almost pleadingly. "You know me better than that. But without rules and order and logic, everything just falls apart."

There wasn't any use prolonging the discussion. She could tell that Matt was unhappy—unhappy with his own firmness, but unable to abandon it. "If he promises faithfully to come straight home from school and report to me every day from now on," she said, "will that make it all right?"

MATT nodded, and she was touched by the relief in his eyes. He hadn't wanted to punish Rick, she knew that; it was as if he were punishing himself for allowing a hint of the unmanageable, a touch of chaos, to peep over the horizon of their lives.

She crossed the hall to the pantry door, leaving it ajar so she could hear Rick when he came down. More often than not his abruptions were sketchy, limited to the readily visible portions of his anatomy, and she wanted to make sure he invited no further discipline. Voices drifted from the living-room, but she paid little attention at first. Her father and Matt enjoyed their pre-dinner conversations.

They were men, she knew, who would rather talk than eat—and Matt unwound with talk the way other people did with cocktails. She busied herself sliding the casserole from the oven, and slicing squares of butter into an ice dish. She was reaching into the refrigerator when she heard Matt say, as if it were a subject to which he was returning after a long interruption, "Even so, truth's about the most important lesson a boy can learn."

"Stuff," her father said promptly. "It isn't important at all."

"How do you figure that?" She could hear Matt's pipe tap against the rim of the wastebasket; he would never be so untidy as to use a clean ashtray or the fireplace.

"If it were that important we wouldn't lie our heads off all day long—you, Ellie, all of us."

"This is interesting," Matt said, spacing the words out as he drew on his pipe. "I'm no George Washington, but I didn't think I was that deceived."

"Started right after breakfast. Probably would have been sooner, except it takes you a while to get up steam in the morning. As I remember, the phone rang just as you were leaving the house. I could hear you saying, 'Oh, hello, George. I was going to call you, only I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to go over your petition.'"

Matt snorted. "That was George Twombly, out on Shadyside Road. He's a zoning nut."

"Were you going to call him? Truthfully?"

"Of course not. But it made him feel better."

"The way Rick hoped his story would make his mother and me feel better. And you hadn't been gone ten minutes when in walked that faded blonde with the bracelet, the one who's been in Mexico."

"Mrs. What's-her-name, from Foxhollow Street? Ellie can't stand her."

Continuing . . . A PERFECT HOME

from page 27

"Maybe not, but they kissed each other like prizefighters touching gloves, and the first thing Ellie said was, 'Darling, I'm so glad to see you.'"

"A social phrase," Matt said. "No deception intended."

"I don't suppose Rick really thought his panther would fool anybody, either."

After a moment Matt asked, "What was your contribution to this orgy of falsehood?"

"Me?" said the old man. He chuckled. "I was supposed to trim the grass along the path before you got home, but I discovered a slight backache."

"O.K.," said Matt. "You've made your point. But what's the answer? Do we let Rick run loose, heaven knows where, and tell us nothing—or whatever happens to come into his mind? Do we let this whole establishment go to pot without any rules or discipline at all?"

"Oh, no. One extreme's as bad as the other. What parents need more than anything else, it seems to me, is a sense of proportion."

Footsteps sounded on the stairs and a crash from the landing shook the walls of the house. "Rick!" Matt called.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to jump? That's why we have steps—so you can take them one at a time."

"I'm a paratrooper!" came a child's voice. "I'm bailing out!"

Ellie felt a plate lifted from her hand and looked up at her father. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked. "I'm not sure I made any impression at all."

Her first impulse was to deny the existence of a problem, and her second was to reply that anyway it was her affair. She could hear Matt explaining with tight patience, "You can pretend to be a paratrooper outdoors, but you're in the house now, and you're just coming down to dinner."

"Turn the spotlight on fantasy," the old man said, "and watch it wither. Ellie didn't Matt ever learn to play?"

"Way back in school," she said, "when I first knew him, he was the most happy-go-lucky boy you can imagine. Energetic, but disorganised. All his family were. They had a house full of dogs and cats and gymnastic equip-

He worked in the day and studied at night." She smiled ruefully. "If I hadn't taken the initiative, I don't suppose we'd ever have married."

"Dogs," said her father. "That's interesting. Cats, too, eh?"

"All sorts of pets. I remember there was a raccoon that used to retrieve marbles and wash them, of all things. But ever since then Matt's been racing against something—time, disaster, whatever it is. He wouldn't have a dog in the house now, and as for practising the cornet . . ." She stepped and straightened slowly. "Or would he?"

"It's an interesting thought. Maybe it could stand a little exploration. Here, let me give you a hand with that platter."

Matt kept his promise, as she had known he would. All

don't we have our coffee in the living-room?"

"No coffee for me," said Matt. "When I came in I noticed there was a bad stain on the porch railing. I thought I might sand it down and slap a coat of paint on it before I tackle the contracts in my briefcase."

"Don't try to do everything tonight," Ellie said. "If you have to sand it, go ahead, but Father can finish the painting tomorrow."

"Now, Ellie," her father protested. "Remember my back?"

"A few strokes with a paintbrush aren't going to kill you. Besides, you can limber up by helping me with the dishes."

"Betrayed," the old man moaned. "Sold into servitude by my own flesh and blood."

"You ought to stand for a while after dinner, anyway," she said, winking enormously. "Good for the digestion."

HAZEL by Ted Key



Hazel can be seen on
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;
Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays;
Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays;
Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

through dinner he never mentioned the lost afternoon, and when he spoke to Rick there was no hint of anything but affectionate interest in his voice. Only once his tension showed. They were just finishing when he asked, "What did you do at school today?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Nothing at all?"

"Arithmetic. Spelling. Junk like that," Rick brightened. "There was an auto accident at the corner. Boy, you should have seen it! There must have been fifty policemen."

"Fifty?" Matt's eyebrows lifted, and the lines reappeared on his forehead.

Rick said in a subdued voice. "Well, one policeman, anyway." He swallowed painfully. "Can I be excused?"

Matt put his hand on Rick's arm and said, "No, tell me about it. Nobody badly hurt, I hope?" He's really making an effort, Ellie thought. Maybe Father got through to him, after all.

The boy shook his head. Suddenly he seemed uninterested. "They just locked bumpers, that's all. It wasn't much of an accident, I guess."

His grandfather threw his napkin on the table. "It was a shambles," he said. "Blood and feathers for miles around, and cops by the dozen. Don't let anyone tell you different, boy. You were there."

Ellie rose hastily. "Why

in the village and a lot of farms on the outskirts, but some of the things we need may not be so easy to find."

"Anything for the cause," he said. "Now let's get these dishes done. Standing doesn't improve my digestion a bit."

Country evenings change only with the weather and the seasons. The streetlights were winking through the tangled sycamores and the sky was huff with the afterglow of sunset as the blue station-wagon, not quite as immaculate as Matt would have liked, skirted the pot-holes down Highland Lane.

Wild asters still glowed about the base of a telephone pole, and over a rise in the road the topmost branches of a dying elm came into view. Nothing was new, except for the faint barnyard aroma that clung to the inside of the car.

"How did these feathers get in here?" Matt asked.

"I can't imagine," said Ellie, "unless they're from the fantails." She pushed a lock of hair from her forehead.

"Pigeons?" Matt looked puzzled. "Why were pigeons shedding feathers in our car?"

"They got scared and sort of fluttered around when they saw the hamster. I had to put him in here while we were getting his cage ready. He had a sore nose."

"Wait a minute," said Matt. "You've lost me. What hamster, and why was his nose sore?"

"I don't really know what hamster," she said. "He doesn't have a name yet. And your nose would be sore, too, if the cat scratched it."

They passed the hole in the lilac hedge and the white picket fence with the crayon scrawls, and as they swung into the driveway the look of perplexity on Matt's face deepened to utter astonishment. "Good heavens," he said, "what's that?"

"You mean that plumpish beast on the grass?"

"That, as you say, plumpish beast." His jaw was set.

"That was Grandfather's idea. Someone told him sheep are wonderful for keeping a lawn trimmed, and with his bad back . . ."

"His back's as strong as a wrestler's. He hasn't felt so fit since the Spanish-American War."

"I was going to return it," she said apologetically, "but then I thought, what if it had lambs? They'd look so cute, gambolling, or whatever lambs do . . ."

Her voice trailed away. It isn't working, she thought as she coasted up to the garage. It's been too long, and the only place he wants to see lamb is in a stew. From the side of the house came a confused yapping, and Rick burst into sight in pursuit of a nondescript puppy. The animal had a gargoyle face, enormous paws, and a long slender tail that waved like a bullwhip, but Rick was in love.

He didn't even notice the car until he almost collided with it; and then, standing before Matt with his shining eyes still on the ludicrous dog, he said, "Gee. Thanks. I mean, for the pup and the rabbits—"

"Rabbits too?" said Matt. His face was expressionless. "Where's your grandfather? I have a notion he's behind this." The squirming dog licked his hand, and slowly, reluctantly, his fingers spread out to scratch the floppy ears. When he spoke again his voice was distant, as if he were talking to himself. "I had a dog like this once. The ugliest pooch you ever saw. He used to follow me to school . . ."

"Grandpa's shooting in the garden, but he says the rose-bushes get in his way." Without further explanation, Rick and his yelping companion were gone.

Matt watched them disappear through the hedge. "Quite a zoo," he muttered. "Most of them can be taken back," Ellie said hopefully. "All but the goldfish, and they're no trouble at all."

"Goldfish!" Was it her imagination, or did he sound a little less rigid? "I haven't seen a goldfish in ages. I thought they went out with antimacassars." He left his hat and briefcase on the grass and strode toward the garden. For the first time in two years, Ellie noticed, he was taking a direct route across the grass instead of following the curving row of slate flagstones. As he turned the corner by the porch he ducked, falling to one knee, and Ellie saw a brightly feathered arrow wobble over his head.

"No," Matt cried. "No!" He got up and ran forward. "Sorry." It was her father, not at all apologetic. "Slight mistake."

Ellie hurried toward them in time to hear Matt say, "Of course it was a mistake. How do you expect to hit anything if you use the pinch draw?"

"Huh?" A huge straw target, Ellie saw, was propped against the porch railing. "What do you mean, pinch draw? I backed into the rope that's all. Talk about them!"

Matt was at her father's side now, slipping the quiver off his shoulder. "Here," he said, "let me show you. First of all, don't tip the bow. Keep it vertical. See?"

The old man nodded dubiously.

"Now, the grip. Never, never grab the arrow between your thumb and forefinger. You have to use what they call the Mediterranean draw—rest the arrow between the first and second fingers, and pull steadily . . . right . . . back . . . to . . . your . . . chin . . . there!" A loud whistle, a thwack, and the arrow stood vibrating in the target's red ring. "Hey!" he cried. "Seven points! Not bad for the first shot in—how many years?"

HE looked at the target and at the bow in his hand, then smiled. The lines were fading from his forehead, Ellie noticed, and he handed back the quiver almost negligently. "Ah, what's the difference?" he said. "This isn't a tournament. Shoot them whichever way comes easiest." He strolled toward the house.

He had almost reached the steps when Ellie called, "Want your briefcase? You left it on the lawn."

"I'll get it later—there's nothing too pressing in it. Ellie, where can I find the key to that old trunk in the attic? The one where we packed those odds and ends when we moved out here?"

"As I remember, it isn't locked. Why?"

"My cornet's in there. I thought I'd see if I could get a tune out of it. Probably take a week's practice before I can even produce a beep."

Welcome home, she thought, oh, Matt, darling, welcome home, and aloud she said, "Oh, Matt, just a minute—"

She hesitated. "What is it, dear?" His smile was gentle and relaxed; in his tone there was no apprehension.

"Two things. When you wash for dinner use the downstairs bathroom, will you? The turtles are temporarily in the bathroom basin."

"Turtles in basin. Check. What else?"

She took a deep breath and said, "Rick saw a bear in the woods today. A bear."

"Why not?" he answered, laughing. "Anything can happen in the country."

(Copyright)

OUR 30th ANNIVERSARY CAKE



OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN made this anniversary cake and decorated it with wildflowers and animals for our 30th Anniversary.

THIS magnificent celebration cake marks the 30th Anniversary of The Australian Women's Weekly. It is based on a fruit cake recipe which won a £500 prize in our second cookery competition in 1939.

Known widely as the "Boiled Whisky Cake" because of its unusual approach of boiling whisky, sugar, and butter together to make a caramel, this rich, dark, fruit-laden cake is still our most popular request at Christmas time.

Here is the recipe as it was originally printed.

BOILED WHISKY FRUIT CAKE

One pound butter beaten smooth with a spoon; add 1lb. coarse brown sugar. Mix well, then drop in 10 eggs, one at a time. Beat for 10 minutes, then add 1½ wine-glasses whisky (boiling hot, prepared according to recipe below).

Then add 3lb. prepared fruit mixed with 1½lb. plain flour which has been previously sifted.

Fruit: One pound seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. dates, ½lb. cherries, ½lb. almonds. Then add ½lb. prepared citron peel shredded in thick discs.

Bake 5 hours in a slow oven.

Recipe for Boiling Whisky: Put one heaped tablespoon of sugar and 1oz. butter into a saucepan to brown. When very brown, take off fire and add 1½ wine-glasses whisky.

Let it simmer until dissolved, and add to cake.

ALMOND PASTE

One and a half pounds icing-sugar, 8oz. almond meal (or ground almonds), 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sherry, lemon juice.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, stir in almond meal. Make well in centre, add beaten egg-yolks and sherry. Mix to firm dough, adding little lemon juice if mixture is too dry. Knead into smooth ball. Roll to shape and size required, using icing-sugar to stop paste sticking to board, fingers, and rolling-pin.

When not in use, keep mixture covered so it will not dry out or form crust. Almond paste is a preservative, adds flavor, and also gives a good smooth base for the outside fondant icing.

COVERING FONDANT

Half dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water, ½lb. glucose, 1oz. solid white shortening, 1 teaspoon glycerine, 2lb. icing-sugar, 1 egg-white.

Soften gelatine in water. Place glucose, shortening, glycerine in saucepan; slowly heat until just boiling, add gelatine, stand 5 minutes. Sift 1½lb. icing-sugar into basin, make well in centre, add egg-white, cover over with icing-sugar and gradually stir in hot glucose to make soft paste. Turn on to board, knead in remaining icing-sugar. Roll out, shape on cake as required.

MODELLING FONDANT

Use half quantity soft fondant and one quantity of following: One teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon solid white shortening, 3 dessertspoons water, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar.

Mix gelatine and water together, add shortening, and stir over a low heat until

gelatine dissolves. Cool, stir in icing-sugar.

Knead this mixture and the soft fondant well together until thoroughly mixed. Keep mixture covered while modelling flowers because icing dries out quickly. Color mixture with food coloring as required. Dust small quantity icing-sugar or cornflour on fingers.

Recipe for simple covering fondant can be used in place of modelling fondant if desired, but it does not produce as fine a texture or dry as quickly, and petals are more inclined to droop or sag.

Cake decorations

Base: Using No. 4 writing tube, pipe series of slightly side-curving dots round base of cake, allow to dry, then pipe design of tiny gumnuts and leaves in between dots. No. 0 writing tube and brown royal icing are used for gumnuts. Begin at base with tiny circle, and continue piping in built-up ever widening circles until small cone shape is achieved. Two-tone green and brown icing and a No. 16 leaf tube make the tiny leaves.

Sides: While covering fondant is still soft, pinch out basic design with large curved clippers. Allow fondant to dry thoroughly, then accentuate curves with series of tiny dots along raised fondant, and tiny curve and dot decoration on each side, using a No. 0 writing tube and shades of rust, brown, and yellow royal icing.

For base and side decorations see picture page 30.

Tree Trunk, Koala, and Birds: Select design of tree trunk, bear, and birds (from greeting cards or calendars). Draw or trace on greaseproof paper to size desired. Cut out

outline shape with sharp-pointed scissors.

Roll fondant out as thin as possible. Place traced design over, and carefully mark outline with pins and sharp-pointed knife. Do not use pencil, as lead marks fondant. Remove tracing, complete cutting of fondant. Remove excess, leave design to dry thoroughly.

Using concentrated and diluted food coloring and fine brushes, paint design on to fondant, blending and mixing colors to give desired effect.

Allow to dry, then place in position on cake and pipe on fine stems and leaves with brown and green royal icing.

Floral Spray: Details for modelling flowers are given on pages 30 and 31. Allow all moulded flowers and piped flowers and ferns to dry thoroughly before assembling in spray across corner and down front of cake.

Secure some flowers with dab of royal icing underneath. Those on wire can be stuck straight into fondant.

Leave fern and wattle sprays until last so these may be added to give a softening effect or better shape to design.

Celebration Writing: Use royal icing softer than usual for lettering decoration. Unless used to this work, practise on separate surface first until free-flowing style is acquired.

Make sure thickness of writing tube (No. 0 or 1) and size of letters are in keeping with rest of design. Allow to dry thoroughly, then use silver paint very sparingly with a very fine brush over lettering.

Note: Silver paint is not edible, but only a very small quantity is used, and guests do not often eat this type of decoration. It is not advisable to use it on children's cakes.

Continued overleaf

OUR 30th ANNIVERSARY CAKE

Making the wildflowers

● Directions for modelling the wildflowers shown in color on page 29 begin below.

FERN

Choose three pieces fine wire of slightly varying length (approx. 2in.) and group together to form spray. Twist together at one end to keep in place. Royal icing, colored green, with touch of brown or black, and No. 0 writing tube are used to

pipe a series of elongated dots or "tear drops" along wire stems for fern fronds. Pipe tiny dots at tip of stem, progressively larger ones toward base. (See diagram at right.) Wire can be black, brown, or covered green, depending on type of fern and colors used for flowers.



WATTLE

Arrange wire stems in groups of three as for fern. Use yellow royal icing and No. 0 tube to pipe clusters of three dots along stems. Use more pressure at base of stem for large blooms and less toward top to resemble unopened buds. (See diagram below.)

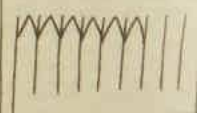
Tiny balls of yellow fondant, lightly brushed with egg-white and dipped in yellow-colored sugar or jelly crystals, threaded on to wire while soft, may also be used.



FLANNEL FLOWERS

Roll out small portions of white fondant thinly and cut into oblong strips approx. 2 x 1 1/2 in. Then cut 10 1/2 in. slits along one side of each strip, point each petal by cutting corners with small, pointed knife. Mark vein in each petal with back of knife. Mould pale green piece of fondant to marble shape and size, damp lightly with water, and wrap petal section round turning cut edges out, folding in under section to resemble flower. Dry thoroughly, and give a pin-cushion effect to centre with series of small dots piped over with pale grey-green royal icing. Tip each petal with pale green coloring. (See diagram below.)

Form buds by leaving petals closed over centre round section, some lightly closed, others with one or two petals opened back slightly.



CLOSE-UP of base and side decorations shown in color on previous page. See directions for making, page 29.



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£822 million worth of processed foods a year! Almost eleven million people take a lot of feeding. Their appetites keep 113,000 people employed in the Australian Processed Foods Industry. This is quite apart from the thousands producing meat and other basic foods in primary industry. Australia produces an enormous quantity and range of processed foods. Supermarket shelves and freezer cabinets are stacked with Australian canned, pre-

served, packaged and frozen foods. We are fortunate that, in a world where many go hungry, Australia can produce more than enough food for our needs. You keep things this way when you continue to buy Australian-made products. So when you're shopping look first for quality and value in Australian processed foods. The wise Australian buys Australian.



Inserted by ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF MANUFACTURES OF AUSTRALIA.

BORONIA

Colors of fondant can vary with taste, or brown with yellow centres. Roll small piece of fondant over end of child's paintbrush or thick knitting needle and proceed as for Christmas bells. Cut 5 or 6 round top, point each petal by pinching lightly between forefinger and thumb. Color as desired. Allow to dry. Prepare flowers in various stages of opening, together with some buds. Attach wire into base of each. Arrange in spray groups, twist ends of wire together, bind them with strip of fine green tissue-paper. (See diagrams on right.)

For stamens can be attached to centre of each flower and secured with a little royal icing if desired.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Using orange-yellow fondant roll large marble-sized portion into tubular piece around end of No. 5 or 6 knitting needle. Twist gently so open end is widened to resemble bell. Remove needle and with sharp-pointed scissors cut tips to form 6 petals. Allow to dry thoroughly then use scarlet coloring to paint outside, leaving tips of petals orange-yellow. A faint touch of green on each petal tip gives a more realistic effect. Pipe white royal icing in bell centre, stick on long yellow stamens.



Form flower buds by shaping long pieces fondant round knitting needle. Mark top with knife tip to show petal sections, paint with scarlet and green as for open flower. (See diagrams above.)

CHRISTMAS BUSH

These are prepared in similar manner to boronia with scarlet red icing. Use slightly smaller piece of fondant and cut 4 or 5 petals at top. No stamens are necessary, and it is better to keep wire stems shorter and use length and form a thicker mass instead of a spray.

Shape leaves from thin pieces of green fondant and arrange on wire in groups of three. Place behind flower sprays when arranging on cake. (See diagrams below.)



GUM BLOSSOMS

Using a creamy yellow fondant, roll small marble-sized pieces until smooth. Select a slightly deeper shade for flower stamens which have round heads and are obtainable from millinery stores and large departments specialising in flower-making equipment. Cut stems to approx. 1 1/2 in. long. While fondant is soft, stick in stamen stems until surface resembles a pin-cushion. Long-pointed tweezers make this task easier. (See diagram below.) Set aside until fondant is dry, then attach to cake with little royal icing.



WARATAH

Select piece of deep pink fondant and mould into half dome shape with base about shilling size. Set aside to dry, then pipe all over with series of drawn-out dots of royal icing in same shade. Dots toward centre of dome are small and gradually become larger toward base. (See diagrams at right.)

Using same-colored fondant, roll out small pieces until very thin, cut elongated petals with sharp knife. Smooth off edges, twist each petal so it will dry in a graceful shape, not stiff and straight. Cut and mould about two dozen petals for each flower. You make 8 or 9 tiny ones to sit in close to centre and 8 or 9 in two sizes so 2 rows can be arranged round outside.

When dry, place centre section on small piece waxed paper in rounded patty-tin. Arrange rows of petals



round centre using egg-white or royal icing as adhesive. Cupped shape of patty-tin supports petals while drying. Paint with scarlet coloring if darker shade is required.

Leaves (deep green touched with black) can be cut from rolled strips of fondant. Pinch out edges with tweezers for realistic prickled effect. Mark veins with back of knife before fondant dries.



RINSO TALKS WITH
MRS. D. WILLIAMS
BLACKWOOD, S.A.

"I find
Rinso's
suds work
wonders"

"I've got to hand it to Rinso suds," says Mrs. Williams. "No matter how big my wash, Rinso gets everything beautifully white and bright."



"My family just loves a picnic — and so do I. But what a wash I have to face the next day! I don't have to worry though. The tougher the dirt, the better Rinso suds work."



"Rinso gets things beautifully white, that's for sure. It's because Rinso's suds are so much richer — gentler, too. I feel Rinso is really taking care of my wash."



"The washing up's under control — as long as Rinso's handy. The girls like the way those rich suds swish up — and I can count on sparkling dishes in no time."

The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash and

... RINSO has the
richest suds of all!

For extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash, you need plenty of good rich suds. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash — and Rinso has the richest suds of all. They work harder, last longer. So take a tip from Mrs. Williams and most other Australian women — next washday get that extra whiteness, extra brightness with Rinso's suds... the richest suds of all.

Rinso is the Only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines



Z.386.WW/JPC

Page 31

The keynote is styling 'MAYFAIR' by ASTOR

with the marvel of 'TRU-VUE' picture realism

Introducing the most 'looked at' furniture you'll ever own, matched by performance features never before possible—including exclusive 'Tru-Vue' picture that ends reflection and glare from any angle,

built-in antenna switching, automatic brightness and contrast, pre-set fine tuning, illuminated channels. The picture is matched by rich hi-fi sound with breathtaking tone and reality. Presented in

an exciting new approach to cabinet styling... truly fine furniture in its own right, furniture that brings lasting beauty to magnificent entertainment! Furniture that says Australian TV has come of age!



'Mayfair' 23" Barclay. Superb design. Features duo-speaker hi-fi sound, a choice of Walnut, Mahogany or Maple timbers, plus all genuine 'Mayfair' features. It includes the marvel of 'Tru-Vue', ASTOR exclusive, that gives you all the picture, clearer and completely without reflections.



'Mayfair' 23" Console. Beautifully proportioned, combines the warmth of natural timbers with fine filigree metal and genuine gold plated controls, matched to a picture that is all picture.



'Mayfair' 23" Lowboy. Slim contemporary lines, the sparkling yet practical beauty of selected timbers in mirror-finish Polyester, discreet touches of gold trim, make this Australia's loveliest Lowboy.

'Mayfair' TV-Radio-Stereogram. Combines the magic of 'Tru-Vue' 23" picture, the brilliance of hi-fi stereo record entertainment, and a world of radio enjoyment, all in one long slim line of loveliness. On-top controls, dust-proof record storage compartment, full 4-speed automatic changer.

It's an **ASTOR** that's the difference

FINE PRODUCTS OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LTD.

DREAM HOUSES:
a five-page feature

HOME OF THE FUTURE



• The two houses on this and on following pages are true dream houses — the first gives a glimpse of the sort of home we may live in next century; the second realises the dream of a man to build a modern home with materials salvaged from homes of last century.

THE exciting and revolutionary house of the future, named "Century 21," was designed in the United States for exhibition at the Seattle World Fair last year.

It proved such a popular attraction that a similar house has been built in Australia to the same design.

To be shown first at the Daily Telegraph Sydney Homes Exhibition at the Sydney Showground, it will be open to the public from June 21 to 29. Later it will be exhibited in other States.

Originally designed and built by the Douglas Fir Plywood Association (U.S.A.), the house has been built in Sydney by the Australian Plywood Board.

"Century 21" is built around a central atrium, or courtyard, and features an unusual shell-type roof.

All the rooms in the house are round, and there are no conventional windows. Light is admitted through huge glass areas set into the shells which form the roof.

All inside and outside walls, the roof, and the floors are made of plywood, and the beams carrying the roof structures are boxed plywood. A fibreglass dome covers the courtyard.

To clean "Century 21," the housewife merely plugs a feather-light hose into a wall outlet and a built-in vacuum machine whisks dust and dirt away through a hidden steel tube.

An electronic device controls all lighting

and appliances. Music, messages, and the sound of the doorbell can be played into any room of the house through a "communications centre."

Plastic water pipes used last longer and are cheaper to maintain than metal pipes.

A built-in coffee machine produces a brew in 12 seconds. The kitchen tap cannot drip, and the sink, which is made of porcelain on steel, will last indefinitely.

A gadget in the kitchen minces, slices, and grates food — and even sharpens knives.

Air-conditioning, which removes practically all dust, pollen, and bacteria, maintains any temperature desired.

The circular garage has an automatic electronically controlled door which looks like part of the wall. It slides soundlessly into a false ceiling.

Building blocks of the future are expected to be smaller than those of today, and "Century 21" was designed to almost fill an average sized block.

The semicircular plywood outdoor structures provide complete privacy and give added recreational space.

The Australian version of "Century 21" contains the most up-to-date furnishings, materials, and appliances available.

When the Sydney exhibition has closed, the house will be dismantled and moved to Melbourne for the Spring Ideal Homes Exhibition starting August 29. From Melbourne "Century 21" will be moved to the Adelaide Homes Exhibition opening February 21, 1964, and then to the Brisbane Homes Exhibition on April 10, 1964.

"CENTURY 21" photographed at night to show the spectacular effect of the shell-shaped roof. Walls without windows give complete privacy.



THE KITCHEN in the home of the future is designed for beauty and contains every imaginable appliance. MORE PICTURES OVERLEAF.



CIRCULAR bedroom and combined study area seen from central courtyard in "Century 21." Light comes through windows set into roof shells.



DINING-ROOM is snugly panelled and has red rug on plywood floor. The circular dining-table and four chairs follow the curved lines of the room.



For the
joy
they
give...

...spoil them with
Peek Frean's

CHOCOLATE VARIETIES

When you're buying something special for your family *only* the best is good enough! Peek Frean make the *real* thing . . . seven varieties with a really generous measure of rich pure eating chocolate . . . and with a mighty nice variety of tempting fillings. *Question:* Which Peek Frean chocolate variety for your family? *Delightful solution:* Start by trying each of these three from the Peek Frean range and please *everybody*.



CHOCOLATE WAFERS: Dainty cream wafers, generously covered with pure chocolate for an extra treat!



CANDY CAKES: A delicious cake base smothered in pure chocolate and topped with fluffy marshmallow and chopped glace cherries!

"TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

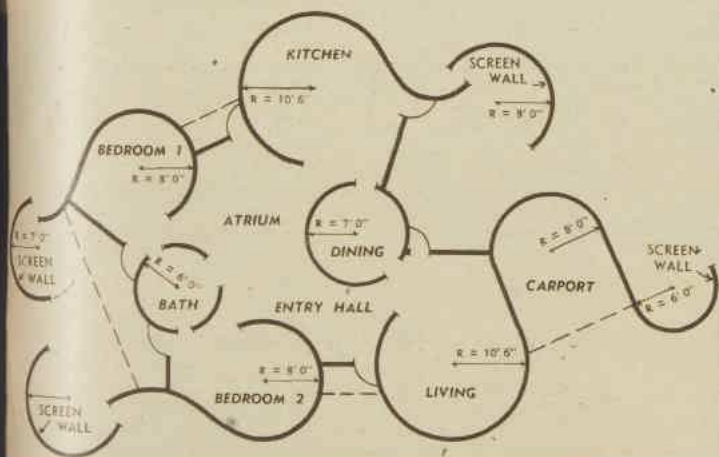
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COURTYARD (above) of "Century 21" has an indoor garden under a fibreglass dome. All rooms lead from this central area—an idea borrowed from the ancient Romans.

EXTERIOR daytime view of the house of the future (below) shows how the semi-circular exterior structures shield recreational areas around the house. Inset is the floor plan.

For **HOUSE FROM THE PAST**, turn to page 36



The concentrated
liquid blue
that never
streaks!



—in the plastic squeeze pack.

So nice to handle—no sediment

Every woman knows that, whatever comes or goes in new detergents, powders or anything else, blue always adds still more whiteness to whiteness. But do you know this about Bluo? Bluo is the only liquid blue without sediment — a clear blue that never leaves streaks. So money saving!



Longer lasting too!

XLO
SPONGE CLOTHS
...extra absorbent



STAINED-GLASS panels on each side of the front door are 135 years old. The curving cedar staircase, although newly built, is in keeping with the traditionally designed house.



SPIRAL STAIRCASE leads from garden to modern swimming-pool. Mr. Faul developed this area of the garden some time before he found the exact staircase he was looking for.

A HOUSE FROM THE PAST

THE baroque mansion that is now Fernleigh Castle began in 1874 as a small stone cottage which was converted and enlarged in 1892.

Among the many celebrities who have lived there is Dame Nellie Melba, who leased the castle during World War I.

In 1953 the spacious grounds were subdivided and the castle became an exclusive private hotel.

Mr. Faul, who years before had determined one day to live either in the castle or as close as possible to it, bought a piece of the land that was once the tennis court.

The home he has built for his wife and daughter Lindsay combines the old and the new with great success. It stands proudly alongside the castle and has almost as much history within its walls.

The bricks used for the walls came from one of the oldest residences in Paddington, and those for the garden walls from a 135-year-old cottage once owned by William Charles Wentworth.

An old house in Potts Point, erected in 1826, provided the stained-glass panels on each side of the cedar front door and also the 130-year-old tiles which decorate the fireplace in the living-room.

This fireplace, of white marble, was bought from the owners of Fernleigh Castle, dismantled, and carried piece by piece into Mr. Faul's home next door.

Another marble fireplace came from Glenhurst, an old home which formerly stood in Darling Point.

Glass door handles and some doors are from an old hotel in Brighton-le-Sands, and a spiral staircase which leads from Mr. Faul's house to his swimming-pool came from the old Coogee Aquarium.

The proudest possession of the Faul family is a magnificent stained-glass dome, framed in beautifully carved cedar, which is set in the ceiling above the landing on the curved staircase.

Moving this dome from a 92-year-old house in Potts Point was the most difficult part of the construction.

The Faul family spent six months searching for materials before they began to build their dream house.

Now complete, the house retains the old-world charm of its materials while providing the modern conveniences of a beautifully fitted kitchen and several bathrooms.

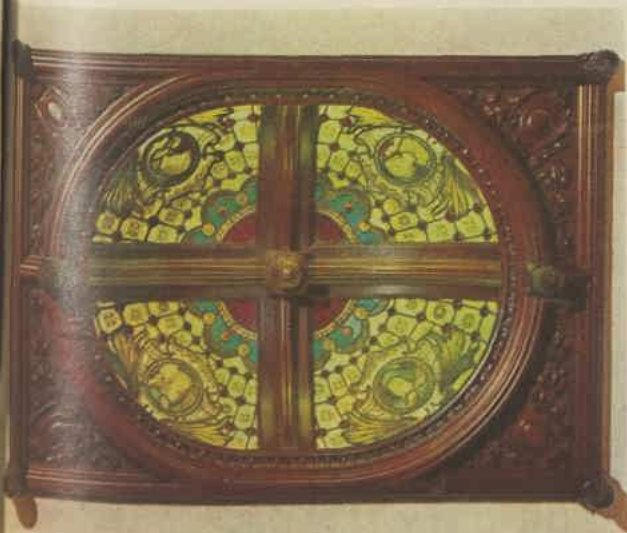
● A boyhood love for a regal old castle in Sydney's suburb of Rose Bay and a desire to preserve the charm of earlier days by using materials from old historic homes led Mr. Dick Faul to build the lovely home (shown on these pages) in the castle grounds some 30 years later.



MARBLE FIREPLACE (above), which came from Fernleigh Castle, is the central attraction of spacious living-room.



ELEGANT columns, wrought-iron railings, and lovely old sandstone bricks give the exterior of the house (left) the charm of last century.



DOMES of stained glass framed in beautifully carved cedar (left) is set in the ceiling at the top of the stairs. Concealed lighting accentuates colors. The dome was moved intact from a 92-year-old house.



BALCONY leading from an upstairs bedroom (right) is used by Lindsay Faul to view the imposing Fernleigh Castle next door. All pictures by staff photographer Barry Callen.

Of
course
it's
ASTONISHING



Mt. Ruapehu

—it's
NEW ZEALAND

Ever swum in a warm crater-lake in mid-winter? Sun-baked when the snow's on the ground? These are the kind of unusual things you can do on a New Zealand holiday. On a short drive from Mt. Ruapehu you can see cold and hot lakes, thermal blow-holes, boiling waterfalls, awesome rapids, the world-famous geothermal power project. There's so much to see and do every day in nearby New Zealand. And now's the time to see and do it. For a limited season, inclusive holiday prices (accommodation and transportation) are reduced by as much as a third.

*Complete 7-day holiday from Sydney. For detail of other itineraries including holidays commencing at Melbourne and Brisbane, see your Travel Agent or the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, 14 Martin Place, Sydney (Phone 25-3941) or C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth St., Melbourne (Phone 67-6621)

HOLIDAY FOR ONLY *£79.17.6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 19, 1963

EXTRA WARM...but half the weight

MOHAIR COAT WEIGHS A MERE 26oz.

● So light you won't know you're wearing it — this dashing coat with turn-back cuffs knits up quickly in mohair.

Materials: 28 (32, 34, 36) balls "Panda" Italian Bayadere or Moutline Mohair; 1 pair "Panda" 12in. needles No. 0; medium crochet hook; tease brush; 2½yds. silk for lining (optional).

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust (actual measurement will be 6in. larger across back to allow for fullness of coat); length from top of shoulder, 37½ (39, 39, 39) in.; length of sleeve seam, 10in. (all sizes) when completed.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Y.o.n., yarn over needle; t.b.l., through back of loop.

BACK

Using No. 0 needles, cast on 78 (82, 84, 88) sts. Work in following patt:

1st Row (wrong side): Yarn to front, sl. 1 purhise, * yarn to front of work, sl. 1 purhise, y.o.n. (forming a loop over the sl-st.), rep. from * to end of row. (Make sure yarn is loose round last st.)

2nd Row: * K 2 tog. t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

These 2 rows complete the patt.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 24 (25½, 25½, 25½) in. or required length, ending on wrong side of work. Cast on 28 sts. (all sizes) loosely at end of next 2 rows for sleeves—134 (138, 140, 144) sts. Cont. in patt. for 7in. (all sizes).

Shape Sleeves and Shoulders as follows: Cast off 5 (7, 6, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 20 rows. Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off 2 (2, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 20 sts. (all sizes) loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 0 needles, cast on 37 (39, 40, 42) sts. Work in patt. as back until work measures 24 (25½, 25½, 25½) in. or required length, ending on wrong side of work. Cast on 28 sts. (all sizes) loosely at beg. of next row for sleeve—65 (67, 68, 70) sts. Cont. in patt. for 7in.

Shape Sleeve and Shoulder as follows: Cast off 5 (7, 6, 8) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) every alt. row 10 times, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes) at neck edge of next and every alt. row 4 times in all, at the same time cast off 2 sts. (all sizes) at armhole edge every alt. row 5 times. Cast off 2 (2, 4, 4) sts. on following alt. row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shaping at opposite ends.

CUFFS (2)

Using No. 0 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work in patt. until long enough to go round lower edge of sleeve. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side. It is advisable to line coat. Cut lining to shape of back and two fronts, allowing ½in. for seams. Machine lining tog. Sew upper sleeve and shoulder seams of coat neatly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press all seams. Using a medium crochet hook, work 2 rows of d.c. round neck and lower edge, working 1st row on right side and 2nd row on wrong side. Work 2 rows on front edge in same way. Work 1 row from right side round fronts, neck, and lower edge, then work another row from wrong side over last row. Insert lining. Attach cuffs to lower edge of sleeves, join and roll back on to right side. Brush if required.

ALL-OCCASION TOPCOAT (right) is rich in glamor, and light on cost. It is just half the weight of a similar coat in winter tweed. Directions are complete above.





so much luxury for so little cost

Wonderful way to step into a wonderful day: a tingling bright shower, then the luxurious caress, the subtle yet lingering fragrance of Johnson's . . . the softest, finest powder in the world. You're relaxed; wonderfully refreshed, with an after-shower gayness that lasts all day. No wonder so many women choose Johnson's as their own personal talc. Johnson's is so certainly, so wonderfully Best for Baby, Best for You, yet amazingly it costs so much less than others.

Johnson's BABY POWDER



Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about a reader's antique piece of furniture.

I have a Chippendale mahogany tallboy about which I would like some information. — Mr. Gerald Digby, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Your tallboy is a rare 18th-century piece, but the term "Chippendale" is a misnomer.

The tallboy was first made in England early in the 18th century, pre-dating the Chippendale period. This practical piece of furniture, a double chest of drawers, was also known as a "chest-upon-chest." It was a development from the chest on a stand, and continued in use throughout the century to be replaced gradually by the wardrobe.



This rare English tallboy, owned by Mr. Gerald Digby, of Glen Innes, N.S.W., is early 18th century.

Early tallboys, such as your fine example, stood on plain bracket feet; the ogee bracket foot only became popular toward the middle of the century. Originally they were of veneered walnut and were undoubtedly influenced by a Dutch prototype. After the introduction of mahogany in the 1720s, it was not long before English cabinet-makers were producing excellent specimens in the new timber.

In Australia, many fine pieces of 18th-century English furniture are

described incorrectly as "Chippendale."

Thomas Chippendale (1718-1779), the illustrious cabinet-maker, was born at Otley, Yorkshire, and was known to be in London by 1748. Shortly after this date he was established in St. Martin's Lane at the sign of "The Chait," where he remained until his death.

Chippendale has gained worldwide fame for his book of designs, "The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers Director." He

collated from various sources the designs and illustrations used in the book, but was not always the inventor of styles attributed to him. His publication served to popularise a style and develop a fashion for what, all too frequently today, is falsely labelled Chippendale.

★ ★ ★

On a pottery bust I own are the words Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Published March 12, 1858, R. Stephenson is printed in one corner and E. W. Wyon F. in the

other. — Mrs. S. P. McIlveen, Bundaberg, Q'ld.

The bust is mid-Victorian and was made by the celebrated Wedgwood and Sons pottery firm. E. W. Wyon was one of the most famous 19th-century medallionists. His designs are well known to the numismatic (coin) collector. Your piece appears to have been designed by Wyon and modelled by R. Stephenson for Wedgwoods. The date and year indicate the time the model was first potted (published).



TASTE THOSE MUSHROOMS!

Tender dew-fresh mushrooms!

Taste them in every rich sip of Continental brand Mushroom Soup!

Only Continental has such a luscious mushroomy taste. Only Continental uses such luscious, tender mushrooms — picked dew-fresh at their very best to make the richest mushroom soup you ever tasted. So full of goodness! You cook Continental brand Mushroom Soup to its home-made goodness in minutes! Taste that goodness tonight. Serve the soup with the most luscious mushroom taste: Continental brand Mushroom.



Home-made soup in minutes. Serves 4

Taste them in every mushroomy mouthful of EGG AND ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

A delicious new recipe with Continental brand Mushroom Soup ingredients

1 pkt. Continental brand Mushroom Soup
2 cups (16 oz.) milk 6 hard boiled eggs
salt, pepper
1 medium can asparagus spears

Method: Make up soup as directed using only 2 cups water and 1 cup milk. Then add the other 1 cup milk. Cut eggs into lengthwise wedges. Arrange in a casserole dish. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Drain asparagus, arrange on top. Pour over soup. Bake in a moderate oven (350° Gas, 400° Electric) for 20 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 4 portions

Look for the recipes on the back of every Continental pack

Taste the home-made goodness of

Continental soup

BRAND

HOME HINTS

Each of these tips sent in by readers wins a £1/1/- prize.

Keep toddlers' favorite bath toys tidy by putting them in a colored plastic mesh shopping bag pegged to the shower rail or hook over the bath with a spring clothes peg. They will drip dry without leaving puddles on the floor. — Mrs. R. F. Stand, 23 Tasna St., Launceston, Tas.

When your transistor radio battery has almost run down, put it in the oven after you have finished cooking. Leave it there, with the oven off, for half an hour, turning two or three times. You'll get quite a bit more listening time from it. — A. Hulton, 77 Cumberland Ave., Cumberland, Adelaide.

To weatherproof wood or cardboard labels, dip them into hot, melted paraffin wax after writing names on them and before taping to plants. — Miss A. R. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

Quick and easy caramel custard: Put one or two caramels in the bottom of the pie-dish before pouring the mixture in for baked caramel custard. (The number of caramels can be varied to the size of the dish.) Cut up one or two caramels into small pieces for a bottled custard and put them in a saucepan with cold milk. By the time the milk boils the caramels will have dissolved. — Mrs. E. Smith, 64 Brett St., Waratah, N.S.W.

WINTER CASSEROLES

● Wintertime is casserole time — when the family can look forward to straight-from-the-oven dinners served steaming at the table.

THESE handy meals-in-a-dish are economical in time as well as ingredients.

Prepare and cook a double or treble quantity — eat one now, freeze or refrigerate the remainder for the day an afternoon-tea party, golf, or shopping makes an extra claim on your time.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used in all the recipes.

SHEPHERD'S PIE WITH MINTED-POTATO TOPPING

Two cups cooked, chopped meat (beef, lamb, pork, or veal), 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 small green pepper (finely chopped), 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cups stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons flour, 1 cup small, cooked carrot rings, egg-yolk.

Heat butter in saucepan, stir in meat, green pepper, and onion; cook over low heat approximately 10-15 minutes, or until vegetables are well wilted. Add parsley, chopped mushrooms (which have been sautéed separately in little butter 5 minutes), salt, pepper, nutmeg, and sauce. Stir in hot stock and flour, which has been blended with little cold water. Cook, stirring occasionally, until gravy thickens; simmer 15 minutes. Turn into well-greased casserole dish, add carrot rings.

Drop potato mixture (see below) in spoonfuls over meat, smooth into rounded shape. Cut carefully back and forth across potato mixture to form lattice pattern. Brush with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in hot oven until potato topping is golden-brown, about 20 minutes. Garnish with mint sprigs.

Potato Topping: 6 potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint leaves.

Peel potatoes, cut in quarters, cook until tender. Drain well, mash. Scald milk with mint leaves, add potatoes, beat until light and fluffy, adding butter gradually. Use a rotary beater for very creamy potatoes.

SAVORY LAYERED-VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Six potatoes peeled and sliced thin, 4 chopped tomatoes, 5 carrots thinly sliced, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 2 onions thinly sliced, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable oil.

Place potatoes in shallow, buttered casserole. Mix together remaining ingredients, except water

and oil. Spread in an even layer over potatoes. Carefully pour over water. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes, then pour oil over vegetables. Continue baking further 10 to 15 minutes.

CURRIED RICE WITH MUSHROOMS

One pound mushrooms, 5 tomatoes, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic (mashed), $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice mixed with 1 tablespoon melted

butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons curry powder, pinch nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Peel and slice mushrooms and tomatoes. Melt butter or substitute in casserole in oven, add garlic and mushrooms; cook 10 minutes. Spread over base of casserole, cover with layer of sliced tomatoes, season to taste with salt, pepper. Spoon curried rice mixture over, dot with tablespoon butter. Combine breadcrumbs and grated cheese, sprinkle over surface to cover top. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Continued on opposite page



CURRIED RICE WITH MUSHROOMS is simple to make, and inexpensive when mushrooms are plentiful and prices low. See recipe at left.



Every Bushells Flavor-Bud is a



RAREBIT CASSEROLE, a savory supper dish cooked in individual ramekins. (See recipe on opposite page.)



These are the Flavor-Buds in Bushells Instant Coffee. There are thousands in every spoonful.



Bushells Flavor-Buds change to drops of perfectly-brewed coffee the instant you add boiling water.

You know you're drinking coffee when it's Bushells. Bushells Instant Coffee is pure, roaster-fresh coffee expertly percolated . . . sealed in tiny Flavor-Buds.

Fish Dish wins £5

A RECIPE for an unusual moulded fish ring filled with prawns and mushrooms and topped with a rich creamy sauce wins this week's £5 prize for Mrs. F. Kelaher, Gibbons St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

All spoon measurements are level.

MOULDED FISH ROYALE

One 16oz. can salmon, 2 slices stale bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

cream, 1 packet frozen flounder fillets (or use any fresh fish fillets desired), 1lb. fresh or frozen prawns (shelled), 4oz. mushrooms (sliced), 2oz. butter, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 2 egg-yolks.

Drain salmon, remove skin and bones, then flake it. Crumble bread, add to salmon with salt, pepper, unbeaten egg-whites, and cream. Cut thawed fillets in half, cross-wise, and arrange overlapping in greased 8-inch ring-tin alternating narrow and wide ends. Bring fillets

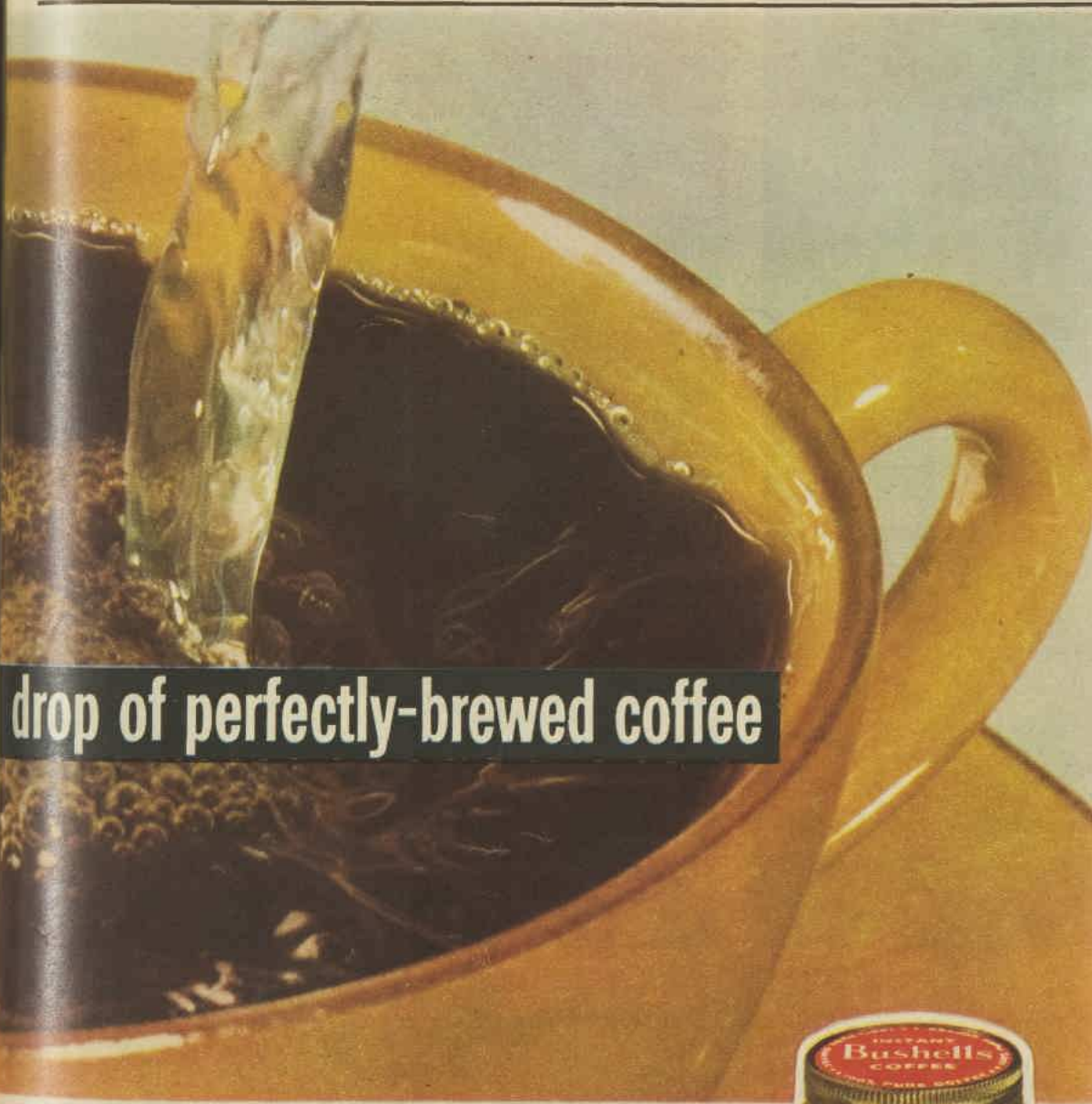
about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. up inside of tin to allow for folding over. Spoon salmon mixture into lined tin and fold fillet ends over to cover salmon. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Saute prawns and mushrooms in melted butter and keep hot.

Combine white sauce and sherry, gradually add beaten egg-yolks. Stir over low heat until hot. Remove mould from oven, tilt slightly to drain off excess liquid. Unmould on to serving-plate, spoon hot sauce over ring, fill centre with prawns and mushrooms.



MOULDED FISH ROYALE—an ideal dish for a dinner or luncheon party. See recipe at left.



drop of perfectly-brewed coffee

The moment you add boiling water Bushells Flavor-Buds burst into life...and become drops of perfectly-brewed coffee. Enjoy Bushells... the Instant that IS coffee.



WINTER CASSEROLES

Cont. from opposite page

BRANDY-BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE

Two large cans baked beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar firmly packed, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong coffee, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, 4 slices bacon.

Mix together in saucepan brown sugar, coffee, vinegar, mustard, salt; simmer 5 minutes. Alternate layers of beans, hot brown sugar mixture, and sliced onions separated into rings, in casserole dish. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove cover, pour brandy over, top with bacon cut in large squares. Continue baking, uncovered, further 15 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

RAREBIT CASSEROLE

Four cups diced, cooked potatoes, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, parsley.

Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter in saucepan; remove from heat, blend in flour, salt, pepper. Stir in milk and water gradually, cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese and Worcestershire sauce, stir until cheese is melted. Combine potatoes and olives in well-greased casserole or individual ramekins, pour cheese sauce over. Toss breadcrumbs with melted butter, sprinkle on top. Bake until crumbs are golden and potatoes are heated through. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

SAFFRON-TOMATO FISH

One pound sole or flounder fillets (fresh or quick-frozen), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 2 onions, 3 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon saffron, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup boiled or steamed potato balls (or boiled potatoes cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. dice), 2 green peppers, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked fresh or quick-frozen green peas, sliced olives.

Heat oil in saucepan. Add thinly sliced onions; saute gently 5 to 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomatoes, water, saffron, salt, pepper, bayleaf; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Place fish fillets in well-greased casserole. Arrange potato balls, thinly sliced green peppers, and peas round fish. Pour tomato sauce over; cover. Bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 30 minutes. Garnish with sliced olives.

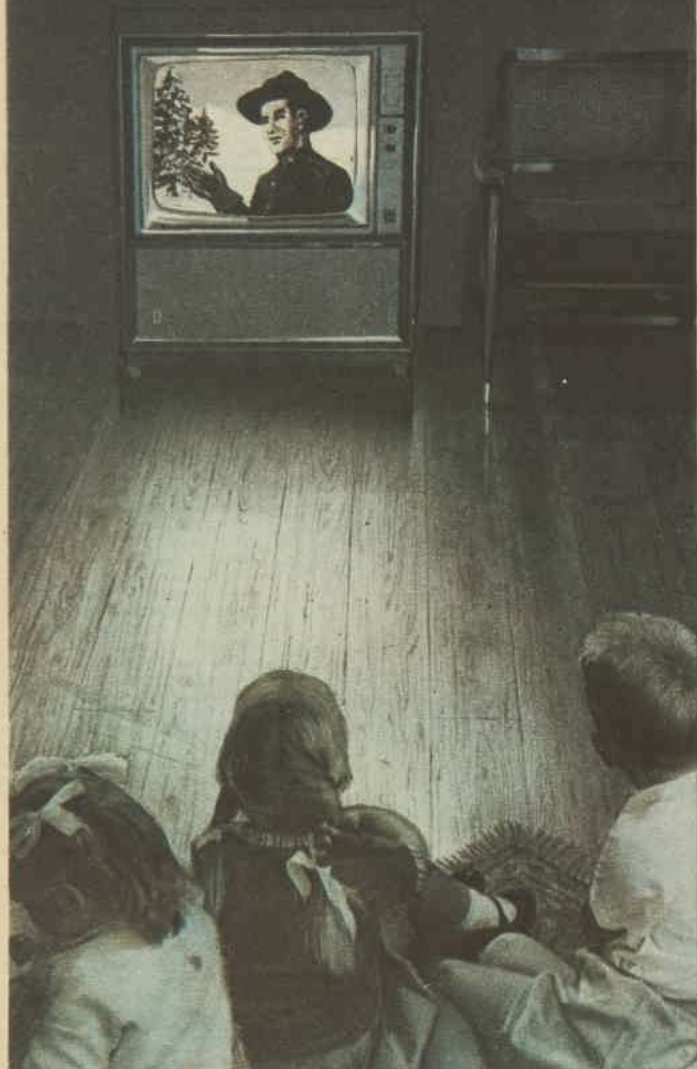
ITALIAN MACARONI-STEAK CASSEROLE

Two pounds tender steak, salt and pepper, 1 cup finely grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 4 cups cooked macaroni, 2 tomatoes, finely chopped parsley, oil for frying.

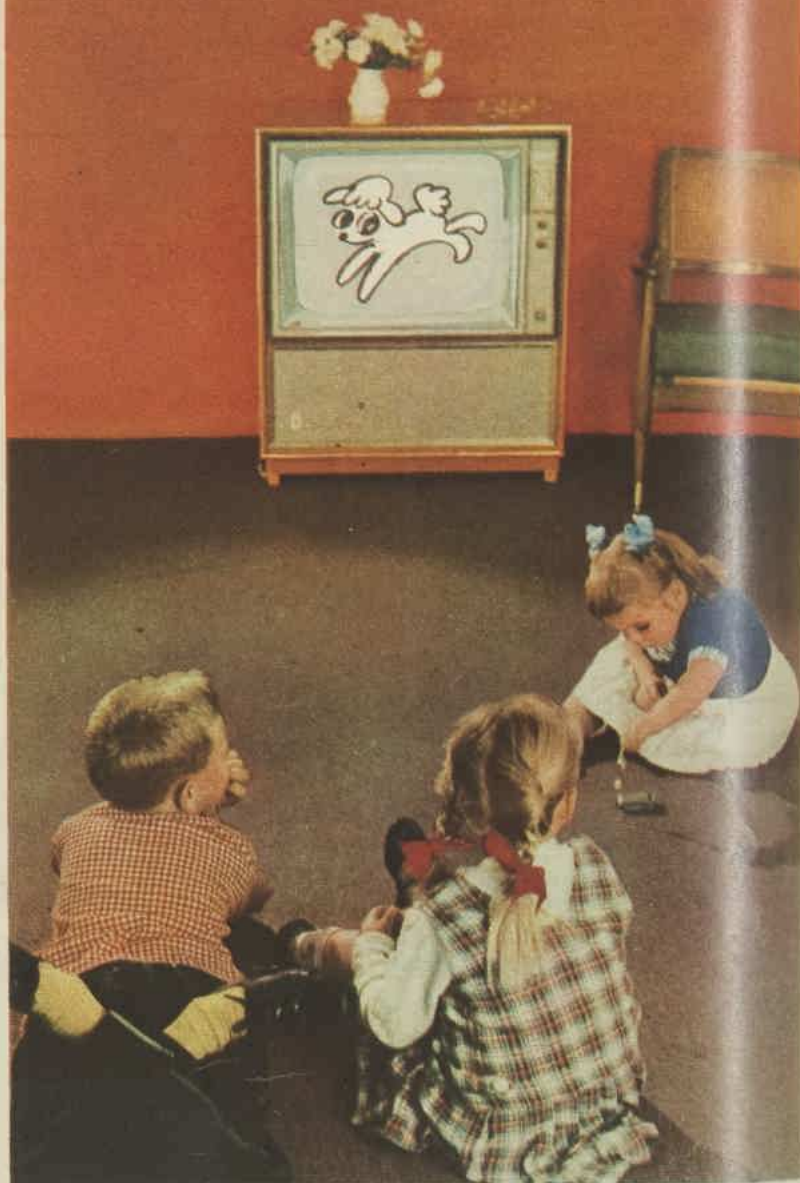
Cut steak into one-inch squares. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cheese; dip steak pieces in remaining half, then in beaten eggs and breadcrumbs. Drop steak pieces into hot oil, a few at a time, cook 1 minute; drain.

Place well-drained macaroni in greased casserole, season with salt, pepper. Arrange steak pieces over top, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Slice tomatoes, arrange in overlapping circle around casserole; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, or until heated through. Sprinkle with parsley.

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With so many problems already, how would it be possible to cope? . . . a tender short short story

Another One

By Lesley Conger

THIS, Meg felt, was her gesture of final defeat. She opened the stepladder and climbed up, teetering precariously, leaning forward and groping with one hand along the top shelf of the closet. The box was there where she had put it two years ago, and it was covered with dust. She magged it out and then she sneezed.

Maybe I'll fall, she thought viciously, but she only wobbled and clutched at the edge of the shelf for support. Nothing happened except that the safety-pin that held her jeans together flew open.

Anyway, it wouldn't matter. Meg suspected resignedly that she was too healthy to be damaged by falling from a mere stepladder. I could fall from the top of Mount Everest, she thought, and still be in the same condition.

She stepped down backward, put the box on the floor, and took a deep breath while she refastened the pin. It held, but not with any conviction, and she regarded it a moment with distaste, pushing her curling hair back from her smooth brow and taking another deep, deep breath. All right, all right, she said silently to herself, it's no use fussing.

Ordinarily, Meg Flanders was not a sloppy young woman given to pinning her clothing together. But she had sneezed ten minutes before while doing the laundry, and at the climax of the sneeze there had been an ominous pop! and then a feeling of ease and relief around her middle. She had stood there, leaning against the washing-machine while the button from her jeans rolled implacably under the refrigerator, and she had had to face it, the inevitable and inescapable fact. She had pinned herself together and carried the stepladder to the closet with lips firm set and a glare of determination in her usually soft-looking eyes.

Now she dusted the box, took it into the bedroom, and put it on the bed. It was neatly labelled in crayon. MAT. CLOTHES, it said, and they were all inside: the checked smock, the rayon print dress with the elasticised waist, the U-fronted grey skirt and its boxy matching jacket, the slacks with the drop front and six buttons, and the baggy shirt she had retrieved from one of Joe's frayed-collar castoffs.

There was also the hideous and enormous coat of good brown material that she knew made her look as though she was enveloped in an Arab's tent. Her mother had bought it for her, saying it would be the most useful of all her maternity clothes . . . and the most shapeless, Meg had thought at the time.

Meg stood looking down at it all and then she burst into tears.

It was good to cry. She had kept herself from crying for nearly four months, pretending it wasn't true, trying to forget it, being quietly desperate. But now the tears ran through her fingers, and her narrow shoulders trembled. No, she whispered, but there was no denying it. No. No.

Then she turned, hearing the slap, slap of bare feet behind her. "Aren't you asleep?" she asked, her voice shredding in her rough, tight throat. "You haven't really had a nap—"

Bridget was two and a half, with tousled thistledown hair and eyes as unflinching as a kitten's.

"Whassa matter?" she asked Meg solicitously. "You hurt yourself?" She stood there sturdily, her legs apart, her panties drooping lopsidedly beneath her fat little stomach. Still, there was something wistful about her. Meg bent down and held her close, feeling strands of the child's fine hair clinging to her own damp cheeks.

Bridget smelt deliciously of sleep and baby powder, and Meg gently kissed the rounded cheek, just a little crinkled with the mark of the pillow.

"No, I didn't hurt myself." Meg cast about for some explanation for her tears, but Bridget was satisfied and squirmed free.

"Where is my boys?" she asked.

"Outside on the swings." The twins were too old for naps, not old enough for school. Meg listened a moment and could hear Kevin shouting, "Watch me!" and then the metallic clanging of the rings on the gym set. "Run and get your clothes," she told Bridget. "Maybe Kev or Colin will push you on the swing."

Bridget nodded cheerfully and trotted out of her mother's bedroom. In a few seconds she was back with her play-clothes, which Meg put on, tied a bow around her hair and, dropping a kiss on her head, said, "Now off you go and I'll call you soon for milk and an apple."

Two o'clock and the laundry still not done. Meg picked up the maternity slacks and held them out in front of her. She'd have to press them right away and put them on; the laundry would have to wait. And she'd meant to do some sewing today—only sewing was such a chore when you had to put it all away between times. She'd had a sewing-room once—now it was Bridget's bedroom.

And where would they make room now? What was left? Even now the twins were bursting the seams of their small room, and Bridget's was no bigger than an outsized closet. "The place is too small!" Meg wailed aloud. "Even if I wanted another one, where would we put it?"

Of course, at first it wouldn't matter, Meg thought cannily. A little new baby doesn't need much room. Just a corner is enough—but she didn't want another baby. Look at her; two in the afternoon and the laundry not done and the shopping still ahead and Bridget just a toddler; why, the twins alone would drive you ragged with their firecracker energies; and to start all over again: nappies, oil, immunisations, teething, training—Meg squeezed her eyes tight shut in protest. Oh, no! She took the slacks and Joe's old shirt and fled to the kitchen and the ironing-board.

The slacks smelt faintly damp, but she pressed them firmly into shape, making neat creases down the front. She certainly felt much more comfortable when she took off her jeans and slipped into the slacks and old shirt.

"Comfortable, but not very attractive," she muttered as she looked at herself in the mirror before going out to pile the children into the car to go to do the shopping.



"Bridget just had a nightmare about her bear being stolen," Meg said as she put her head on Joe's shoulder.

Meg welcomed the night with a yawn and pulled the covers up to her chin. Then she raised her head so that Joe could slide his arm around her shoulders.

"Love you," Joe said tenderly, as indeed he did say every night when they were on their own for the first time since the night before.

"M-m-m." She turned her head and pressed her mouth against his neck.

"Tired?"

"Worn out," she answered. The boys had fought over who was best at turning somersaults. Bridget had got lost at the supermarket and had wept bitterly for half an hour because there were no carts left with baby seats in them. The pump on the washing-machine had refused to work and she'd had to empty it bucketful by bucketful. And after the laundry was all hung out it had begun to rain.

"I can't move a muscle," Meg declared. She lay there, believing it because she had said it; and then, with a bound, she was out of bed and into Bridget's room just before Joe's feet had hit the floor. The child's piercing shriek still hung in the air, it seemed, when Meg came back and fell laughing on his shoulder.

"She had a nightmare," she said, rolling over and putting her head back on Joe's shoulder. "Somebody taking her new panda bear away. Oh, Joe, she was so darned cute with her hair sticking out all over, hopping mad and still fast asleep!" Meg sighed. "She's such a darling," she said, relaxing dreamily.

Then, as she lay there, still and smiling, she felt it suddenly and for the first time.

"Joe!" she whispered urgently.

His hand pressed warmly against her. His hand, her sheltering flesh, and inside the tiny beginning, the scrap of humanity fluttering with life. Meg felt strange thinking of it—this part of both of them, alive and

growing, not caring whether it was wanted or not. It would grow, nevertheless, as if it had faith—that was the premise of life. Faith in me, Meg thought, in Joe and me.

"We'll have to start thinking of a name," Joe said. "Two names, that is. Lorna? Brian?"

Meg sighed a weary protest. "Oh, Joe!"

"Remember something?" Joe asked.

"What?"

"We didn't want Bridget, either."

"Didn't we?" Meg was incredulous.

"We thought the twins were enough. More than enough." Joe took his hand away, tipped her face toward his. "You cried after you saw the doctor."

"Did I really?" But imagine not having Bridget! Imagine, she thought with a tiny, unpleasant chill, imagine Bridget, the little unborn waiting with unreasoning faith—and not wanted.

"Lorna," Joe said, musing. "Still, it might be Brian. You always like what you get, you know, after you've got it."

"Joe."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. But we ought to think of four names, she thought, just in case it's twins again. And she held her hand over her mouth to stifle a giggle.

"Are you crying?" Joe asked.

"Crying!" Meg was indignant. "Why on earth would I be crying?"

Then she lay perfectly still, her arms down at her sides, and she could feel it again, the tiny life pulsing inside her, blindly expectant of welcome: a new child, quivering and growing, and waiting to be born and loved. Meg said nothing this time, letting it be only for her; she lay there and smiled in the darkness.

Tomorrow she would think of a way to make room in the house. Tonight it had been enough to make room in her heart.

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was gone in an instant. The moment I opened the door Miss Garth saw the boy and she pushed past me.

"What did you do with them?" she cried, pouncing on him. "Where did you hide them?"

Jeremy went white and sullen beneath the angry pressure of her hand upon his shoulder. He stared at her with contempt rising in his eyes and said nothing at all. "What is it?" I asked. "What is it you think he has taken? Surely you can ask him more kindly!"

My earlier sympathy for the woman had vanished, and I was ready to oppose her for the boy's sake.

"He knows very well," Miss Garth snapped. "He has taken the gold scissors and thimble that were my mother's. He has played with them before and now he has stolen them from the sewing-basket in my room. What have you done with them, you wicked boy?"

HE shrugged her hand aside and rose to his full height before her, clearly unafraid of her anger.

"Why do you try to pretend that you're my mother?" he asked coolly. "Why do you dress up in her clothes and make believe that you're young and pretty when you're really so very old and ugly?"

Every vestige of color went out of Miss Garth's face. While I stood helpless and alarmed, she gasped as if she could not draw her breath without pain. Then she reached out and caught Jeremy by the arm with fingers turned as vicious as claws. He lacked the strength to resist her, and she pulled him with her out of my room and to his own, next door.

I followed them, my anxiety rising. I had no intention of abandoning Jeremy, but the woman was in so demented a state that coping with her would be difficult.

In his own room she flung the boy from her. "Are you going to tell me what you've done with my things?" she demanded. "Or must I search your room for myself?"

He recovered his balance and would have hurled himself upon her if I had not put my arms about him, holding him back. "Wait," I whispered. "Let her be, Jeremy. You shouldn't have said what you did."

For a moment he struggled, then went limp in my arms. Together we watched as she moved about the room, pulling open drawers, looking into boxes. When she reached the bed she lifted the pillow and pointed dramatically. There beneath it lay the gold scissors and thimble. She snatched them up and held them out accusingly to Jeremy.

"So now you are a thief as well!" she cried. "Don't expect to escape without punishment this time. Your uncle shall hear of this when he returns. A thrashing is what you have coming to you, and a thrashing you will get!"

"My uncle will not thrash me," the boy said tensely. "He wouldn't dare. Nor will you."

Her eyes, glazed by rage, searched the room as if to

Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 26

find some means of punishing him. They fell upon the collar Jeremy was making for his uncle's Christmas gift, with loose beads and wire strewn around it.

With a spiteful slashing gesture she dashed the collar from the table, scattering beads over the carpet.

"Trash!" she cried. "Worthless trash!"

Jeremy escaped my arms and flung himself to his knees where he could pick up the collar. Over the shimmering circlet he stared up at Miss Garth.

"When I find the gun," he said in a low, deadly voice, "I will kill you, too."

The woman looked at him and the crazed fury went out of her, replaced by sudden fear.

"I'll not stay in this house tonight!" she gasped. With the scissors and thimble clutched in one hand, she fled from the room and I knew she was truly frightened.

Silently I knelt beside Jeremy, helping him pick up the scattered beads. They were small, and the loose ones had scattered widely. I held to my silence until his harried breathing quieted and some of the trembling went out of him.

"I think the collar hasn't been damaged," I said. "And we've found most of the beads. I'll get you more tomorrow."

He emptied his own hand into the empty candy box that served to hold them and did not answer me at all.

While Miss Garth had behaved in an outrageous fashion, the boy was at fault, too, and I could not let his threatening words pass without comment.

"Why did you borrow her things?" I asked softly.

He gave me a troubled look. "I don't know," he said. "Do you think it's because I am what they say I am—mad?"

I COULDN'T endure his white, solemn expression and I made a move to put my arms about him. He stepped back at once, rejecting the gesture.

"Of course you're not mad," I went on as reasonably as possible. "All of us do foolish things we're sorry for afterwards. The next time you feel like doing something you know is wrong come and tell me first. If we talk it over together, perhaps you won't want to do it after all."

"How can I tell you when I'm going to do something like that when I don't know ahead of time myself? How can I not say dreadful things when I don't know I'm going to say them? Like what I said about killing her."

"You didn't mean that threat," I assured him. "She upset you and you wanted to pay her back."

He looked straight at me, his eyes cloudy with emotion. "Once I made a threat like that and I meant it," he said.

So unsettled was the look in his eyes that I shivered involuntarily. At once he

noticed this evidence of weakness.

"You're afraid of me, aren't you?" he said, dark triumph in his voice. "You're afraid of me, too!"

I suppressed the shiver and shook my head firmly. "Of course I'm not afraid of you, Jeremy. I'm never afraid of someone I trust."

For a moment longer he stared at me; then his thoughts seemed to turn inward: I knew he was slipping away and out of my reach,

his book aside and stood beside my chair.

"Miss Megan," he said, "will you please lock me in my room tonight?"

I considered the suggestion soberly and felt the quick beating of my heart beneath my calm reception. It seemed a dreadful thing he suggested. Why should he need forcible restraint when Garth, with whom he was angry, was not in the house tonight? Or did he fear a return to his father's room and a repetition of the wild hysteria of sobbing he had indulged in once be-

back for the bedclothes, but stayed where he was, staring at the mattress.

"You won't mind sleeping on the floor, will you?" I asked. "It will be like something from a story — like camping out."

I glanced at him and saw that he was watching me in a queer, tense way.

"What if I try to hurt you in the night?" he said.

I took his hands and held them lightly in my own. Somehow I even managed what sounded like a laugh.

"Jeremy, you are only a little boy. I'm much stronger and bigger than you are. I won't let you hurt me, and I won't let you hurt yourself. There, now — that's a promise."

FOR once I had found the right words. The heavy load of anxiety seemed to slip away from him. He gave me a smile that was strangely sweet, and I knew that for the moment he had given me his complete trust. Again I held back an impulse to catch him to me and let him know the feeling of arms that loved and protected.

Though Jeremy slept quickly, I could not fall asleep at once. I lay listening to his light, even breathing and thought about the incidents of the past few days. Of Brandon Reid and his apology to me, his change of attitude. Of yesterday, when we had skated in Central Park and everything between us had been strange and different. My hands knew again the pressure of his, warm despite the cold, and I grew warm again remembering. Such thoughts frightened me because of my very willingness to indulge them. I pulled my imaginings up short and chose another course.

With Mr. Reid on my side, wonders might now be achieved with Jeremy. Miss Garth, of course, should be kept away from the boy. He must be left wholly to Andrew and me.

When my thoughts turned to Thora Garth, it was with sick distaste. Yet I could not entirely condemn her. If Jeremy was caught in a web of circumstances he could not overcome, she, too, was similarly trapped.

Had Thora Garth allowed herself to indulge too long a fantasy that would now destroy her? Which of those two miniature portraits had attracted the fervent expression I had seen on her face? To what extent did her dressing up in Leslie Reid's gowns mean an identification with Leslie, so that she might share vicariously experiences her mistress had known?

These thoughts were not conducive to sleep, and again I tried to change their course. It was of Andrew I must think. He was the one person in this house I could count on. At least he spoke the truth as he saw it, even though his words might sometimes sting and bite. He was fooled by no one. There was a sharpness to his view that cut through to the secret self a man might hide beneath pretences. Or a woman.

I know he disliked Brandon intensely. I know he pitied Leslie. Garth he simply detested and tormented. Yet I suspected that he would understand very well if I told him what Jeremy and I had seen today.

It must have been long past midnight when I, too, slept. When a clock struck three I came wide awake. I could no longer hear the rhythm of Jeremy's sleep and I turned quietly in the bed so that I could look out upon

the cold, still room. Between me and the window something moved, and my breath caught in my throat. The boy was up, silhouetted dark against the snowy light beyond. Softly, almost stealthily, he was moving toward my bed. A thrill of unreasoning terror left me weak and breathless. Fear that this was not the harmless child I had claimed. This was a boy who was given to violent urges and who had once deliberately killed.

"Jeremy?" I managed his name between stiff lips.

The relief in his own voice was very great. "Oh, you're awake? I'm sorry if I awakened you. I was so cold—I couldn't sleep."

I flung back my quilts and carried one of them to his pallet. "Lie down quickly and let me put an extra cover over you. You'll be warm soon. There's nothing to fear."

My voice soothed him, and he slipped beneath the covers, snuggling down into warmth with the sigh of a very young child. I knelt beside him, holding his hand until his shivering ceased, and I sang once more the music-box song in French.

There was only peace in this room, the snow gently falling beyond my window, and no fear in the Reid household.

The following days were blissfully uneventful. Miss Garth stayed away, and there was no word from up-river.

Lessons progressed well during Selina's absence, and Jeremy seemed to work with a will that surprised Andrew. Once or twice I found the tutor looking at me in a speculative manner as though he were almost ready to give ground a little when it came to Jeremy.

After Andrew had gone, the afternoon hours belonged to us, and Jeremy and I started our studies of ancient Egypt. The boy's mind was eager and intelligent.

SOMETHING occurred during this period that encouraged me more than anything else. One afternoon Jeremy came to me in the schoolroom where I was reading and dropped something into my lap. I put my book down and saw that it was the green silk I had made for his sister. He spoke to me almost fiercely.

"I felt like cutting it up! See, I put the scissors in my pocket and went into Selina's room to get the dress and cut it up."

"But you didn't," I said. He shook his head violently. "No! I remembered what you said about coming to tell you when I felt like doing something wrong. So I brought it to you instead. And here are the scissors, too."

"That's fine," I assured him. "Now we can talk about what made you want to hurt Selina. You're fond of your sister. You wouldn't truly want to injure her, would you?"

"They took her with them when they went up-river," he said. "I like my grandmother and she likes me. But they left me at home."

I nodded my understanding of his feelings. "It's true they took Selina with them, but that isn't her fault. Besides, you enjoy being with me, don't you?"

"Uncle Brandon never wants me around," he said, putting his finger on the true source of his brooding.

"I want you here," I told the boy. "I'd have been terribly lonely if you had gone away with the others."

When I returned Selina's dress to him with complete trust, he took it proudly to bed.

To page 56

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yet I could not bring him back.

We had supper alone in the downstairs dining-room that night, for, true to her word, Miss Garth had left the house.

How empty the house seemed. Not only because Jeremy and I were alone in the upper storey, but also because Brandon Reid was away. The vigor of his presence always filled the house and gave it life.

When bedtime came, Jeremy startled me. He put

fore? I knew he still had the key to the room, for I'd seen it in a box on his bureau.

Quickly I sought for a counter suggestion. "I've a better plan than that," I told him. "Come and help me and I'll show you."

He followed me doubtfully into his own room and watched while I stripped his bed.

"Now then," I said when the covers were off, "you can help me with the mattress. It's too heavy for me to manage alone."

What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Help me and you'll see," I said.

He took one end of the mattress, and I led the way. With a little rearranging of the furniture, we were able to spread it out on the floor near my bed.

"There!" I said. "This is where you may sleep tonight. We'll keep each other company, since there's no one else upstairs in the house."

He did not answer or come with me when I ran

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By RUD



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Pretty luncheon cloth and matching serviettes cut out to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Cloth, 36in. by 36in., price 18/6, plus postage 2/- extra. Serviettes each 11in. by 11in., price 1/11, plus 6d. postage. Set of one cloth and four serviettes, 26/2, plus postage 2/6.

No. 823. — CHILD'S PYJAMAS. Cozy all-in-one pyjamas available cut out to make in pink, blue, and white flannel-ette. Price 1 to 2 years 19/6; 3 to 4 years 21/2. Postage 2/6 extra all sizes.

* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP



DS514. — One-piece dress with a belted waistline. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.
DS515. — One-piece with semi-fit silhouette. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Requires 2 3-8 yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.
Send pattern orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THESE two easy-to-make wool dresses were chosen in answer to numerous requests in this week's fashion mail for a semi-beltless design and for a waisted dress. Paper patterns for the designs are available in stock sizes. Under the illustrations are details.

"Could bone-colored accessories be worn in winter as well as in summer?"

In reasonable weather, bone accessories can be worn all year round.

"I have bought some scarlet wool to make a two-piece outfit for country wear. Please suggest a suitable style. I am married, and aged 23."

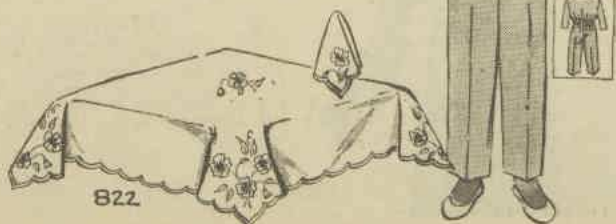
I suggest a classic-cut, long-sleeved shirt-blouse worn with a matching skirt finished with a centre-front inverted pleat. The pleat will give the effect of a culotte skirt.

"Would kimono or set-in sleeves be best for a topcoat? I would also like to know the correct coat length being worn."

I advise a set-in sleeve. Looking toward spring fashion, sleeves are neatly finished, especially under the arm. Current skirt-lines are short and will remain that way; they hover at knee-cap level, or are slightly longer. I consider the correct length for a coat is 7in. to 1in. longer than the garment it is worn over.

"Could you please suggest an outfit that could be worn in the daytime and in the evening? I am SW fitting and in my late thirties."

The amount of material mentioned in your letter would be sufficient to make the best all-purpose design I know — a dress and matching jacket. If you decide to follow this idea I suggest you have a sleeveless sheath and easy-fit single-breasted jacket finished with three-quarter sleeves.



CHILD RAISING: RAFFERTY RULES

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● *Being an expert at absolutely nothing, I have always had a humble, knee-dipping awe of the REAL expert, especially child-care experts. I yield to none in my respect for them, but as the years creep on and I get to know more children I sometimes wonder if they're not suffering from a basic misconception.*

THEY advise one to treat a child with tolerance, understanding, and patience. This the good parent does. But how many children treat their parents with tolerance, understanding, and patience?

Look around you, count them on the fingers of one hand, and you'll soon be asking yourself just why it has to be so one-sided.

That is why I say: Parents of the world, revolt! Why shouldn't you be able to talk without interruption? Why should you accede to every high-pitched demand? Why should you work your fingers to the bone for them and get nothing but back-chat in return? They don't feed and clothe YOU, do they?

It's the permissive-parenthood boys who have made counts of us all. Don't bruise the infant psyche, they implore. What about adult psyches, hey hey?

Think of the Mums and Dads who will never grow into happy, well-adjusted middle-age because of what the little ones did to the nice, relaxed marriage they once had.

Even in America the permissive stuff is on its way out. After a good long look at the end product, parents are beginning to renege. And good enough, too, because American children were the worst in the world.

I met many abroad, and as I observed them kicking their perfectly charming parents in the ankle and screaming for more candy I would think: the future, and the atom bomb, in THOSE hands?

This little honey didn't sweeten anyone . . .

One I observed at even closer range. A guest in my London flat, this little honey got off to a brisk start by dropping my front-door key down the lavatory, then, amid gales of merry laughter, she up-ended a packet of soap-powder out of a first-floor window on to the land-lady.

The landlady did not think this funny (this is probably THE understatement of the decade) and we moved soon afterwards.

I would hate to think that Australian children are drifting this way, but this fit of brooding is brought on by subtle signs that they are.

Watch any 5 o'clock children's programme on TV. Watch these little poker faces as they line up for free goodies at the end of the show.

Does the camera record gracious smiles, words of thanks? Very few.

Remember when children were nice to have around? Remember when you could invite a tribe of them indoors and they wouldn't dream of touching your fruit bowl, your biscuit barrel without invitation?

It doesn't stop there now. I have known little pets who are convinced they have a divine right to the contents of your refrigerator. (You wanted to keep that ice-cream for dessert? Oh, crazy twisted you!)

Personally, I am not too proud to fight back. Word has gone round the younger set that this Mum is not as other Mums, and that any passing ten-year-old found with his head in her refrigerator will get a running kick at his other end.

This Mum is not craven or broken, but a Mum of spirit. As children respect a worthy adversary, this has paid golden dividends.

I finish sentences without fear of interruption. Children who had been rending the air with shrieks for icy-poles lapse into an embarrassed silence when I appear. They dig out "pleases" and "thank yous" they haven't used for years.

Because I feel we adults should stick together, I am passing on the secret of my success, which is simply: FIGHT DIRTY.

Why not? They do. The average child has weapons the average adult never dares to use. Noise, persistence, tears, and sulks are all pretty good tactics, but the most powerful weapon is shame.

Most parents are defeated by the devilish tot

If I kick up a fuss in public, the devilish tot decides, if I shame them good and loudly, they're sure to break. And most parents do break.

They may hiss "Wait till I get you home" through clenched teeth, but if it's a long way home, they've had it.

Why wait till you get them home? Allow me to contribute here a fascinating incident I saw in the very centre of Paris.

A respectable bourgeois family were being harassed by a small screaming child in their midst. Papa stopped dead, seized his youngest, took down the lad's trousers there and then, and whacked the small pink bottom with a will.

"Encore?" he asked, standing him back on his feet. Junior didn't require an encore.

"Good, then kiss Papa," said the small fat Papa benignly. He was kissed and the incident forgotten, presumably, by all but me.

This on-the-spot retribution may have a lot to do with the flawless behaviour of most French children.

"Fight dirty" with children and you have a chance

FIGHT DIRTY. Don't let them shame you. Bring a hot red blush to their cheeks.

When my son was seven he was misguided enough to try to shame me into buying ice-cream by acting up in the street. I stood right where I was and sang three verses of "My Darling Clementine." He's not going to risk that again.

Have you ever met those children (not yours or mine, of course) who vent their displeasure on the whole adult world by kicking at the nearest adult kneecap?

Their mothers usually say: "Look, I'm terribly sorry, but Johnny is going through a stage right now."

But don't let Johnny get away with it. It's bad for him.

Decoy him outside, kick him sharply on his own knee, then stroll back into the living-room whistling.

Johnny will accuse you, loud and piercingly clear, but

who'll believe him? Goodness, nice grown-up ladies like you don't kick little boys.

FIGHT DIRTY. It's the only way.

Do your children refuse to eat their vegetables? Very well, eat their dessert. This is a great improvement on the old "If you don't eat your vegetables, you get no dessert."

When they balk at their meals, simply put their dessert on the table, declare you have waited as long for them as manners will allow, and start eating.

As you reach the bottom of your own dessert plate they will quiver (perceptibly) with alarm. Their spinach will disappear in fast, regular scoops.

Assist the intake by saying airily, "Ah, if there's anything better than one serve of peach pie, it's two serves of peach pie." Or "You know, I have never had QUITE enough strawberries and cream!"

"Clean plate, clean plate!" they will cry, and plunge forward to rescue their dessert before your restless spoon can sink home. You will never have to eat their dessert more than once, I assure you.

Do you have trouble getting them to school on time? I had a dear friend with this problem. The effort it took her to get her children up, washed, clothed, and fed before 8.15 was such that it would remove any zest she had for the new day.

Her boy was very bright in some ways, but a tendency toward keeping one foot in Spain and the other on the planet Venus slowed him up from time to time, especially in the morning.

He was capable of sitting, as nude as a newt, on a pile of clean clothes she had just given him and crying, "I can't find anything to put on."

Being downright adorable wasn't helping Mum

His sister had her wits about her, but was given to sitting in her nightie and crooning to her pet rabbits for hours at a time.

Obviously, it was time for their mother to switch to Rafferty Rules. Being straight and clean and fair and downright adorable wasn't getting her anywhere at all.

"Are you with me?" she said, one morning, as she whipped their blankets off. "Good. I do not care if you are late for school today. Are you receiving me? I repeat: I do not care. Your clothes are on that chair. Your breakfast is being cooked."

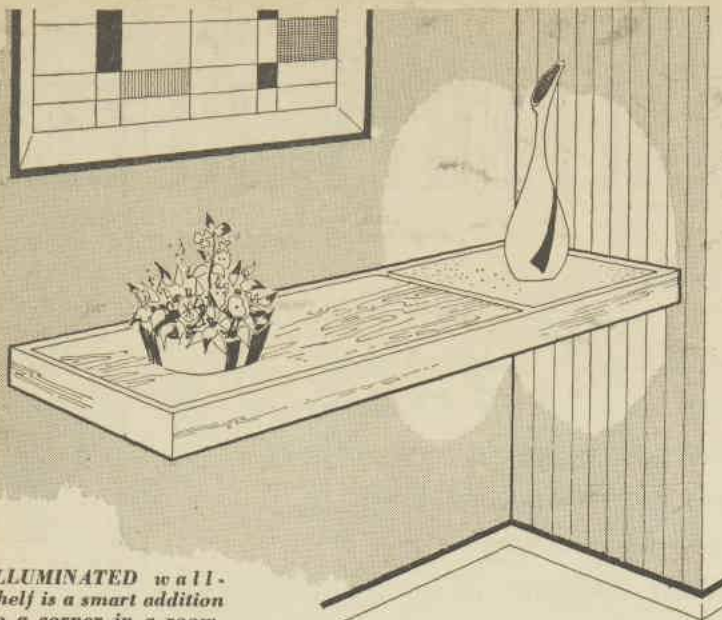
"If you are late it will get cold. I DO NOT CARE IF IT GETS COLD. When I finish my own breakfast I am going back to bed with the paper and a cup of coffee. Over and out."

They turned sleepy, trusting smiles on her, resumed the languid tempo of their day, and got to school at 11.15. They were very short with her when they got home, and there was some talk about rotten old mothers who made their poor little kids late for school.

Indeed, there was some debate as to whether they'd let a certain rotten old mother kiss them goodnight after what she'd done.

But the R.O.M. did notice that they set their own alarm clocks for a change. For 5 a.m., as it turned out.

Ah, well, Rafferty Rules or no, you can't win 'em all.



ILLUMINATED wall-shelf is a smart addition to a corner in a room. It is 50 1/2 in. long, 13 1/2 in. wide, 4 1/2 in. high.

MAKE A DISPLAY SHELF

● Here's a snappy way to highlight glassware or sculpture — on a shelf with a lighted panel.

THIS easy-to-build wall-shelf would lighten a dark hallway corner. It can also be made as a free-standing unit on one wall.

If the shelf is to fit into a corner, fix by screwing through the plaster into the timber studs. If attaching to a brick wall, fit screws into masonry anchors inserted in the wall.

Where a corner is not available to support two sides, attach shelf to wall along back edge and support at one end with a ready-made metal leg.

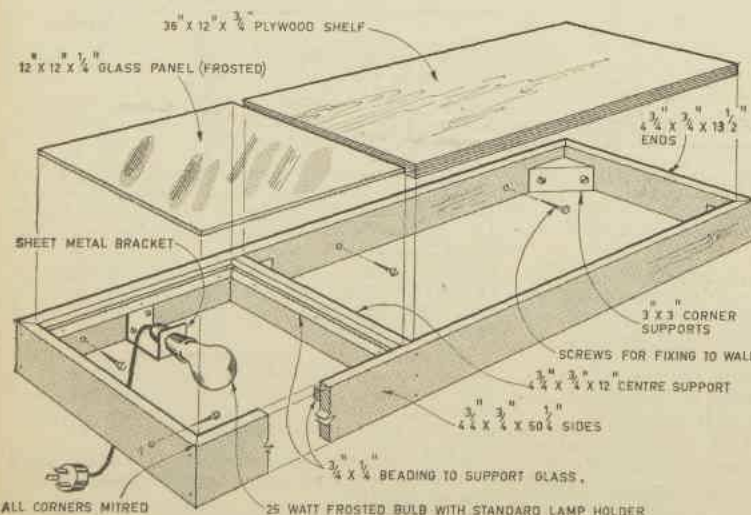
LIST OF MATERIALS

Frame: 12 ft. of 4 1/2 in. x 3 1/2 in. Pacific maple.
Top: One piece 36 in. x 12 in. x 3/4 in. plywood.
Glass panel: One piece 12 in. x 12 in. x 1/4 in. frosted glass.
Beading: 4 ft. of 3/4 in. x 1/2 in. beading.
Lamp support: One 2 in. x 8 in. x 18 gauge aluminium strip.
Lamp: 25-watt frosted bulb complete with standard lamp-holder.
Plus nails, screws, glue, and plastic lacquer.
Approximate cost of materials, £3.

TO MAKE SHELF

- First cut shelf sides and ends to required length as shown in diagram below. Mitre corners using mitre-box.
- Cut centre support to required length as detailed on diagram.
- Cut 3/4 in. plywood shelf to size.
- Glue corners, nail frame and shelf together. Punch all nail heads and fill with plastic wood.
- Cut corner supports from scrap timber, then screw and glue in position.
- Cut beading to support glass panel and nail in position.
- Order frosted glass panel to suit opening.
- To hold lamp, make a sheet-metal bracket from 2 in. by 18 gauge aluminium or brass strip. Cut hole to take lamp-holder by drilling a series of small holes and filing to suit. Screw bracket to inside back.
- Fit 25-watt frosted bulb with standard lamp-holder into position.
- Rub woodwork down with glasspaper, fill with ready-made filler, and apply two coats of clear liquid plastic. Rub back between coats with steel wool.

NEXT WEEK: How to make a tailored lampshade



CUTAWAY DRAWING reveals all the measurements and materials needed to build the shelf. It's an interesting project for the handyman.

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● One of the most fascinating things about groups of birds or animals is the establishment of what the psychologists call the "peck order."

PUT a group of young pullets of the same age together, and in a very short time a peck order has been established. A is the top-dog who can bully any bird in the group; B can be bossed by A but can boss all the rest; and so on down to poor timid Z who cops it from all the other birds and has no one on whom she can take revenge.

Although the phenomenon takes its name from the bird kingdom, it seems to apply just as rigidly among animals.

There's a firmly established peck order among our four cats, with slightly flexible by-laws to take care of special circumstances like motherhood.

The order seems to be based initially on seniority. Melisande is the Number One boss, so secure in her position that she can afford to treat with lofty disdain outbreaks of spitting from the other two females if they've just had kittens and motherhood has temporarily gone to their heads.

Number Two in the hierarchy is Vanessa, who underlines her position by batting Plum over the head at feeding time.

Plum is Number Three under normal conditions, but regularly sinks to the lowly fourth position when Bobo has kittens and suddenly feels free to tear into him and remind him that he's only an old neuter and that she has become very important while the litter lasts.

The interesting thing is that no peck order operates among the kittens — male or female, Siamese or alley, off-spring of top or bottom dog, they're all on an equal footing.

The day the tipsy cow ruled the herd . . .

ONCE saw a wonderful example of the way alcohol can affect the peck order in animals.

As a schoolgirl I used to stay on a farm where an uncle of mine had seven cows. Six of them were fairly conventional-looking, but the seventh was a curious mixture of chestnut and white blotches, a big rangy, ungainly looking cow.

She was called Molly and the others gave her a wretched time. She was always the last allowed through a gate, the last to get to the trough, and the first one horned away from the feedboxes.

One day a neighbor of my uncle's arrived with a couple of hay-fork loads of ensilage in his truck. This had been made in some special way that made it particularly potent. I can remember the fermented smell of it was very strong.

The two of them went into ecstasies over it: rubbed it through their fingers and sniffed it and tasted it.

When the neighbor was leaving he tossed the pile of ensilage over the fence into my uncle's cowyard and nobody noticed that Molly was in the yard.

By the time the other cows brought themselves in for milking, Molly had eaten the lot and was slightly high.

Suddenly she found she was no longer frightened of all the cows who had bullied her for years. She barred the way to the yard and refused to let them come in. She was using her horns so energetically that they weren't game to face her and just stood in a solid, puzzled mass at the open gateway.

After a time she found this boring, so she horned her way violently through them, kicked up her heels, and careered down the paddock and up the hill and away off into the distance, with the rest of them, catching the spirit, flat out after her.

Twenty minutes later she led them in again, going first through the gate and first to the feedboxes herself. By next morning the effect of the ensilage had worn off and the status quo had been restored. Molly came in last, was horned out of the way by all her superiors, and must have had quite a hangover to contend with as well.

How the "peck order" works at home

THERE'S usually a peck order, though a more subtle and changeable one, among children in a family.

We go through stages where Kay always sides with Mike against Diana; other stages where Kay and Di join forces to keep Mike down; and even occasional brief ones where Di and Mike gang up together against Kay.

At the moment it's K. and D. v. M., which drives Mike to try (rather successfully) to behave loudly and objectionably enough to deal with them both.

At these times I can sympathise with him up to a point. It's a bit hard on him when his two older sisters adopt their less-than-the-dust attitude toward him.

But I'm likely to lose sympathy and patience when in the midst of an argument conducted at the top of their voices I hear Mike address Di as "you useless fat sinking surge."

I pointed out to Mike that this was not the way to speak to one's sister.

"It's a simple statement of fact," Mike said, still smarting from the fact that his masculinity had once more been affronted by Di's using her extra strength and poundage to hold on to him when he wanted to get away.

"That's debatable," I said, "but, anyway, it sounds horribly unpleasant, and anyone hearing you say it is going to criticise you, not Di."

"O.K., I won't say it if you don't like it, but I'll go on thinking it," Mike said amiably.

This afternoon I came home to find a note in Mike's terrible handwriting propped on the sink. "Gone to football," it said. "U.F.S.S. rang. She's got a detenshun and a reherse — won't be home till six."

The "detenshun" and the "reherse" seemed to point to Di, but the initials had me bluffed until I remembered the argument a couple of nights before. You can't win. I've merely fixed this rude description of Di in his mind by arguing against it.

MAKE THIS MOUTH-WATERING 'COFFEE-WALNUT CAKE'

6 ozs. TULIP, 8 ozs. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon instant coffee.
Beat Tulip until soft, add sugar gradually and beat again till creamy. Beat eggs until foamy and gradually beat into margarine and sugar mixture. Stir in sifted flour and salt then carefully fold in the coffee which has been dissolved in boiling water. Spoon into two 8-inch sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 mins. COFFEE CREAM ... 4 ozs. TULIP, 1 tablespoon instant

coffee, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or sherry, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, extra walnut halves.
Beat Tulip and coffee powder together until soft and creamy. Gradually add lemon juice or sherry and icing sugar in alternate amounts until desired consistency. Fold in chopped walnuts and use as both the filling and topping for the cake. Decorate with walnut halves. For special occasions use one and a half times the above quantities to make a three-layered masterpiece.



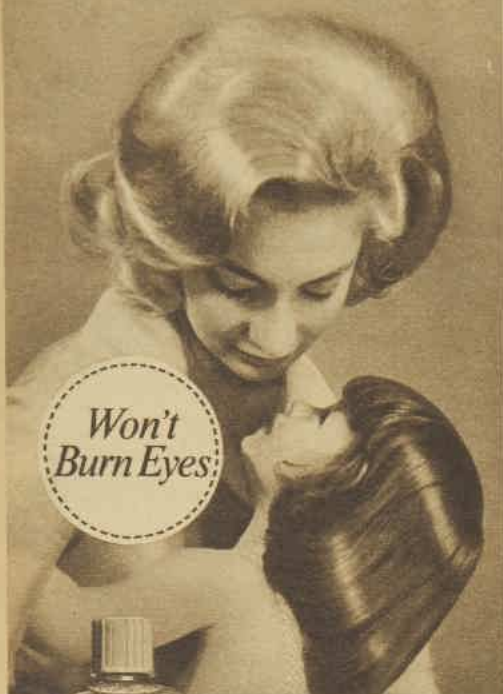
What a thrill when you open the oven!
...You can always depend on Tulip!

TULIP

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Burn Eyes



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

HINTS FOR THE LAZY GARDENER

● Even the lazy gardener can have a garden that is a delight to himself and the envy of his hard-working gardening neighbors.

HOW depressing the perfect garden is to the lazy gardener—emerald-green lawns, crowded flower-beds ablaze with color, carefully tended prize blooms.

When he returns to his own miserable little patch he is in the depths of despair. The lawn is brown and scraggly. The few flowers are pathetic mockeries. Blight and disease are ascendant.

Take heart, you lazy gardeners. The remedy needs only a little planning and initial effort.

Start with the lawn. Nothing sets off a garden better than immaculate lawns. But think of the work.

When it is cut it still needs trimming—and of course aerating, and fertilising, and dressing, and watering, and de-anting, and de-cricketing, and de-weeding, and and and ———.

Dispense with the lawn.

Lay—better still, have laid—stone crazy paving. There is no out-



GAZANIAS form a brilliant carpet of color on a rock shelf. They thrive in poor soil and need little care.

lay for a lawnmower or its maintenance, top-dressing or re-sowing, so eventually you will have saved enough to cover the cost of the paving.

Gardening Book—page 158

Now clearly you're not aiming at a stone desert. So leave flower-beds and pockets among the stone, either formal and symmetrical or arty and irregular in shape and situation.

Don't be misled into buying roses. They'll depress you. They need a lot of pre-planting and after-planting care, unless you're lucky with one of the hardy small-flowered ramblers.

But flowering trees and shrubs need little attention and go on flowering for years, making a wonderful background. Some—for instance, oleanders—bloom nearly all the year.

Bougainvilleas were created for the lazy gardener. Give them plenty of space and they will grow to enormous size and dazzling color.

Shrubs which can be planted in groups in beds or singly in pockets include rosemary, lavender, ceratostigma, ochna, marguerite daisies, pelargoniums, agatheas, cuphea. Add hydrangea cuttings in shady corners.

The busy gardener would shape these regularly, but the lazy gardener can neglect them, only cutting them back and shaping them when they are too straggly.

For the flowerbeds you want something that will require the minimum attention. Annuals are out! You've got to replant them every year. But balsams are excellent. Small, delicate-looking flowers in shades of red and pink with fresh green foliage, they are quite hardy and tolerant of soil and situation.

Just stick slips in the ground and keep them moist and they will grow. No hoeing, no planting, no care—and they grow so thickly that weeds don't get a look in.

French marigolds are another standby. They resist blistering heat, and seed freely. It requires only a small packet of seed to start the cycle. Better still, beg some ripe seed heads from a friend.

Japanese anemones, shasta daisies, perennial phlox, and agapanthus make hardy, handsome clumps. You might have to weed some of them out in three or four years, but enthusiastic gardening friends could be invited to help themselves, and so do the job for you.

Alyssum seed scattered once will provide permanent self-sowing ground cover.

Mesembryanthemums, available in varied colors, shapes, sizes, and foliage, will give a lot of pleasure for no effort. They grow from slips and rapidly trail over walls or spread over the ground, carrying masses of brilliant flowers.

A rock garden is well within your capabilities. But remember it should look like a natural outcrop with pockets of soil, not like a dump of discarded giant's teeth.

Nurserymen can offer a wide choice of easy-cares for rock gardens.

Don't overlook succulents, which grow very easily from a slip or even a leaf and stand infrequent waterings.

Ferns, good as space occupiers, multiply and require no attention.

A word about trees. Some people spend a vast amount of energy gathering up fallen leaves. Don't do it. That's only for the energetic! Let them lie on the ground. The wind will blow them on to your flowerbeds and you'll have applied compost with no effort on your part.

—JOHN PRANGNELL

Gardening Book—page 159

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

For many years
Bethal
have proved
their worth
in relieving
ASTHMA
fast!



Bethal
Tablets

Bethal Tablets have been well tried and proven by thousands of thankful people. They've found over the years that Bethal Tablets do give quick, blessed relief from Asthma attacks. Your breathing passages are cleared of congestion... you can breathe freely again and stay that way for hours. Relieve your Asthma now by taking the best-known, most widely-used de-congestant of all... reliable Bethal Tablets.



Tried & Proven
Bethal
TABLETS

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6
from your family chemist today



Bethal Tablets also bring wonderful relief to Catarrh sufferers! And they've done just this for many people over many years.



Fighting fit
for
Winter
fun...

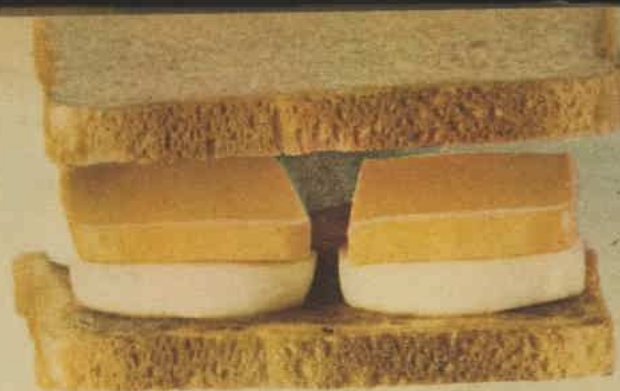
it's marvellous what a difference **MILO** makes!

These woodmen don't spare themselves or the trees. They've energy galore... make fun of family "fatigues"... because MILO tonic-food won't let winter get them down. Bedtime cups of chocolate-flavoured MILO make deliciously soothing nightcaps for all the family. They sleep warm and relaxed; wake up a-glow with energy, because MILO is a food-drink that replaces energy-reserves as you rest. Serve MILO every winter's day (and night). It's marvellous what a difference MILO makes.



ALL THE GOOD THINGS MILO GIVES
Malted Cereal—for energy and body tone.
Vitamin A—to build resistance, promote growth.
Vitamin B—promotes appetites and improves digestion.
Vitamin D—helps the body absorb minerals Calcium, Magnesium and Phosphorus.
Iron—helps keep blood healthy.
Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus—aid development of strong bones and teeth, steady nerves.

Tomorrow... start your family on this helpful new lunch plan



MONDAY: Fill buttered white bread sandwiches with Vegemite, slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and hard-boiled egg.



TUESDAY: Split a crusty bread roll, butter and fill with lettuce, Greenseas Tuna, slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and tomato.



WEDNESDAY: Fill buttered white or brown bread sandwiches with Vegemite, lettuce and shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese.



THURSDAY: Fill buttered wholemeal bread sandwiches with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, tomato and strips of celery.



FRIDAY: Split a bread roll, butter and fill with lettuce, slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and cucumber.

The 5 Day Lunch Plan—the Kraft Cheddar way

A delicious lunch for every week day . . .

built on better-slicing Kraft Cheddar.

What does your family eat for lunch? Do they enjoy a *solid* lunch that gives them the nourishment they need during the day? It's easy to make sure . . . with the Kraft Cheddar 5 Day Lunch Plan! Planned by nutrition experts . . . delicious lunches you *know* they'll like. And better-slicing Kraft Cheddar provides the protein, vitamins and minerals that make *certain* the family are "eating right". Pack them a sustaining lunch tomorrow . . . with the Kraft Cheddar 5 Day Lunch Plan.

There's more goodness to give them with **KRAFT CHEDDAR**



Kraft Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition — there's a size right for your family.



INFORMAL conversation pit (above) has oak-framed cork-topped platforms around hearth.

CONVERSATION PITS... a new way of living

● In modern homes, "the pit," as it is commonly called, lends itself to informal living, easy conversational atmosphere, and friendly entertaining.

CONVERSATION pits, introduced several years ago in America and Europe, are currently being seen in many contemporary Australian homes.

And holiday-makers travelling to ski resorts this winter will notice them in the new lodges.

For they are not just another design gimmick, but have many practical advantages.

Besides presenting a new level in seating, they cut the need for free-standing furniture to a minimum.

No little tables for lamps, ash-trays, and drinks are necessary — the surrounding floor becomes one big table.

Other than curtains and a couple of pictures, such a room requires only one or two large plants or pieces of sculpture for decoration.

The result is a clean, uncluttered look that is part of a world-wide architectural trend.

A conversation pit can be made to work for you, too.

Under the seat cushions, deep storage cupboards will hide suitcases, toys, linen, etc. Doors can be hinged to

lift up beneath cushions or to open out at floor level.

The area can also double as extra sleeping space if there's an overflow of house guests.

And with a barbecue built right into the fireplace you don't have to leave the warmth of the fire to do your cooking.

The wide brick hearth provides ample space for cooking, serving, and just sitting.

Seasonal changes

Conversation pits are easy to decorate around.

Just switch cushion and accessory colors for a complete change of outlook from winter to summer.

Choose cool blues, greens, and turquoises in linen or nubby cotton for hot weather, changing to warm reds, oranges, and yellows in corduroy, velvet, or plain textured wool in winter time.

Conversation pits need not be restricted only to new homes. Provided ceilings are high they can be built in to old houses. A false floor is constructed above the old, leaving a recess around the fireplace to build in seating, with a couple of steps leading down.

OFF COLOUR?

Take this special laxative for only 3 nights — and watch the wonderful difference!

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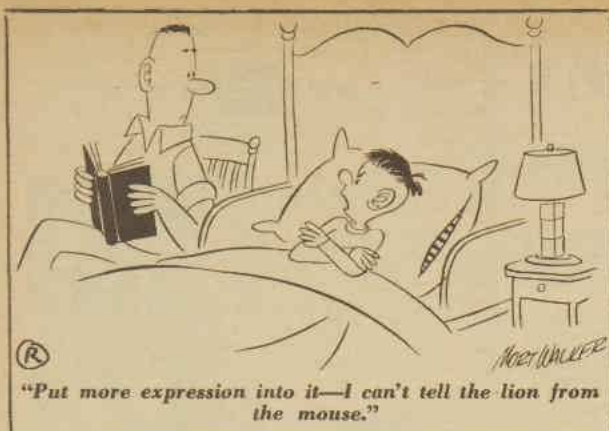


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THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN



"Put more expression into it—I can't tell the lion from the mouse."

Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 46

room, having vanquished temptation. I was pleased with him and told him so.

Once or twice the subject of the Dwight Reid Memorial Home came up. During lessons one morning Jeremy asked whether the date of its opening had been set, and Andrew knew more about the matter than I. There was some dispute, he said, about the setting of the exact date, due to the continued opposition of Brandon Reid. At once Jeremy wanted to know why his uncle did not like the idea of a home that would take care of some of New York's homeless chil-

dren. Andrew told him curtly to work at his lessons and leave grown-up affairs to others. I sensed that the tutor was holding something back, and I wanted to know more about the matter.

When Kate served Jeremy's ten-o'clock chocolate and biscuits in the nursery and the boy left us for his recess, I brought the subject up again.

"Is there something wrong about this memorial for Jeremy's father?" I asked. "I keep hearing about

Mr. Reid's opposition and the obstacles he seems to be putting in the path of the opening. What does it mean?"

Andrew shrugged. "Preserve me from a curious woman, Megan. Why should I know any more about it than you do?"

"I think you do know more," I countered.

"If you want me to guess," he said, "it could be that he's afraid of further publicity. Afraid of having the papers rehash the old scandal."

"I suppose there's the risk of involving Jeremy again," I agreed. "We can't blame him for wanting to avoid that."

Andrew left his books and went to the blackboard. I had a feeling that he was concerned about something more, something I did not understand. When he turned to me again he had his impatience in hand and spoke to me more kindly.

"Like your friend, Miss Garth, I've taken to feeling trouble in my bones," he said. "She seldom opposes Mrs. Reid in anything, but she's as dead set against this memorial as Reid is himself. She and I have both been smelling disaster in the wind. And when it comes, Megan, I'd like to see you away from this house."

"Why aren't you trying to get away yourself?" I asked.

"I can take care of myself," he said.

THERE was a sudden harsh note in his voice that surprised me. He seemed deadly serious now, with no mockery in him.

On impulse, however, I asked another question, one that I had asked myself many times without finding an answer.

"What puzzles me most of all is how Leslie and Brandon Reid came to marry. They seem to have so little—"

He broke in without waiting for me to finish. "I should think her appeal for a man like Brandon Reid would be clear enough. Why shouldn't he have been caught by her beauty?"

"But if she still loved her first husband—then why would she marry his brother?"

"Perhaps she had her price," he said carelessly. "Or perhaps he had his. Who can tell?"

I thought his attitude callous and was sorry I had questioned him. He laughed at the look on my face with one of his sudden returns to good humor.

"What a prim expression you wear, Miss Megan? You want to hear criticism only in a direction you choose. When I suggest that the master is less than perfect you turn your head."

That afternoon, when Andrew had gone and we had done our lesson on Egypt, the idea came to me that before his mother and uncle returned I ought to arrange some sort of festive occasion for Jeremy. Often I regretted his lack of friends, but there was nothing I could do about that for the time being. Miss Garth had indicated that mothers in this area did not want their sons to play with Jeremy Reid. What had happened, even though it was considered an accident, left them fearful about him as a playmate for their children.

When we came into the downstairs hall after our walk, I made my announcement. "By the way," I said, elaborately polite, "I am giving a little dinner party this evening. Master Jeremy, and I would like the pleasure of your company. Though perhaps I shouldn't invite you formally, since you must be the host in your uncle's absence."

He looked at me in such amazement that I had to laugh.

"I really mean it, Jeremy. Come along and let's see what can be managed."

We went into the dining-room together and I rang for Henry. We would, I informed him, not daring to look straight into that haughty

To page 57



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Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

ber, omit our early supper tonight. Instead we would dine at eight, with candlelight and the best linen and silver. And Jeremy should have the privilege of choosing the menu.

Henry surprised me. He did not so much as blink an eye. "Yes, Miss," he said. "I will see that everything is properly prepared. May I suggest that Master Jeremy consult with Cook concerning the menu?"

I agreed that this would be wise and we ran down to the kitchen. I warned Jeremy that he was to wear his best suit that evening and I spent as much time with my own dressing as though I had been going to a real dinner party.

In my room I took out my second good dress, a gown I had seldom worn. It was not altogether in style, but Jeremy was hardly likely to notice. The faillie was a soft wisteria color with black velvet banding for a trim. The bodice was cut with a square neck and the sleeves came just above my elbows.

SINCE I had no fine necklace, I adapted a black velvet band to wear about my throat and pinned to it a gold brooch studded with tiny diamonds. Dangling jet earrings of my mother's matched the velvet band, and I pulled back the dark curls over my ears to reveal the fall of jet. I was both pleased with my image in the mirror and wistful at the same time. It seemed rather a waste that there would be only Jeremy to see how I looked in my finest of feathers.

I forgot such foolish thoughts, however, when I went to call him in come downstairs with me.

"This isn't our grand entrance," I said. "This time we'll just run down and check to see that everything is right."

Jeremy scarcely listened, for staring at me. "You look different," he said. "You look beautiful. But I like you the other way, too."

This was as fine a compliment as I had ever been paid, and I thanked him sincerely. We ran downstairs hand in hand to the dining-room.

The silver gleamed, and the best crystal was in evidence. Tall, white candles were ready in every holder, still unlighted. Henry's one apology was for lack of a centrepiece of flowers at such short notice. Jeremy frowned over this. Then he glanced at me shyly.

"Your brother's carrousel would make a lovely table decoration, Miss Megan. That is, if—"

"A wonderful idea!" I cried. "Run upstairs and get it. You may touch it tonight, since this is a special occasion."

I would light the candles myself, I thought. Tonight candlelight would not mean Leslie Reid and the scent of violets. I lit a taper and had reached toward the first candle when I heard a key turn in the lock of the front door.

I blew out the taper and remained where I was, looking across the glittering table toward the open door to the hall. Steps came in the direction of the dining-room, and a moment later Brandon Reid appeared in the doorway.

"I see you are expecting guests," my employer said gravely. Then, before I could offer the slightest explanation, he turned and went away.

I stood beside the table, fingering the taper in my hands, wondering whether Leslie had come home with him, wondering what course I must now take.

As I pondered a course of action, Jeremy came into the room, the carrousel held carefully in both hands, and apprehension on his face.

"Uncle Brandon is home," he whispered. "He just went into the library. Does that mean we can't have our party?"

I made up my mind. "Of course it doesn't," I said. "You stay here

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and I'll go upstairs and speak to him."

I caught up the wisteria silk of my skirt and flew up the stairs. As yet no fire had been lighted in the library and the door stood open. Across the room Brandon Reid leaned upon a windowsill, staring out over Washington Square. I tapped upon the open door and he called to me to enter.

The room was grey with the winter light of early evening, illumined only by a dim radiance from the

hall and reflection from the lighted square. Nearing him I saw that his gaze was fixed upon the scene outside. There was a strangeness in his face, the look of faraway vision in his eyes.

I coughed gently to make him aware of my presence, so that he started and looked at me.

"Oh, it's you, Megan," he said. "I hope your trip went well," I began.

He seemed not to hear my words. "Do you know what I was imagining out there, Megan. Not snow in

To page 58



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1. All entries must be accompanied by 1 Rosella Soup label. This is not required in States where it infringes State laws. There is no entry fee. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish.
2. All entries will be considered and must carry the name of the grocer, together with your own name and address written in block letters.
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In My Opinion

(Use block letters)

1. Baked Fish	matches	SOUP
2. Casserole of Steak	matches	SOUP
3. Crumbed Gullies	matches	SOUP
4. Fried Fish	matches	SOUP
5. Grilled Sausages	matches	SOUP
6. Grilled Steak	matches	SOUP
7. Lobster Mayonnaise	matches	SOUP
8. Mixed Grill	matches	SOUP
9. Roast Beef	matches	SOUP
10. Roast Chicken	matches	SOUP
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Continuing . . . WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 57

Washington Square, but sun on desert sands. That blinding, burning, golden light that's like nothing else on earth. How I hate bleak city streets in the wintertime. At night the desert can be bitterly cold and sand can be harsher than any blizzard, but there's always the return of the sun to look for. Here winter's just started and there are endless grey days, endless dreary cold to be endured before spring comes.

Ordinarily I enjoyed cold weather, but his words made me shiver in my light dress. "How marvellous to have seen those sun-drenched places," I said softly.

He smiled at me, and so quickly was the chill gone from my blood that I was re-

mindful of the very sun of which he spoke.

He seemed to catch the echo of my earlier question about the trip. "My wife has not weathered her travel well," he said, and I noted a hint of impatience in his voice. "Indeed, my presence seemed to make her worse, so I decided to return alone. How have things gone while I was away?"

"Everything has gone well," I assured him. "Though Miss Garth disapproved of my handling of Jeremy and left the house. She hasn't returned as yet."

"Good!" he said. "I shall relish her absence, but don't

let me keep you from your dinner, Megan. I saw what you intended. Pretend you haven't seen me; go on with your plans."

"It was only make-believe," I confessed. "Jeremy and I are playing host and hostess. It's just a change in the routine for this one evening. Though, of course, if we'd known you were returning—"

"You'd have given up your party? What an unkind opinion you have of me. I'd be happier if you were willing to invite me as a guest."

HE was smiling again, yet almost hesitant in his manner. My nagging anxiety fell away.

"Will you really come?" I said. "And not be too angry with the liberties I've taken?"

He crossed the room to give me his arm, and the gesture was my answer. Downstairs the beautiful table awaited us. Tonight I would sit there as though I belonged, and the thought went through me as dizzily as champagne.

Jeremy's face glowed with pleasure at sight of his uncle, and he dispatched Henry at once to set a third place. The carrousel lent a touch of gay color in its place of honor in the centre of the table and, as Brandon seated me and took his own place, it caught his eye.

"What have we here?" he asked.

Jeremy explained. "It's a music-box that belonged to Miss Megan's brother. When it's wound it plays a tune and the little horses and sleigh go round and round."

"Wind it for us, Jeremy," I directed.

He picked up the toy as though it were made of glass and turned the key carefully. The gay little carrousel whirled, and the tune tinkled lightly through the room. Brandon laughed aloud and nodded his approval.

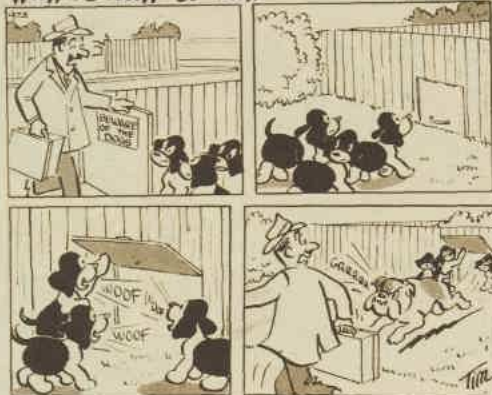
Our guest was on his best behaviour, the cold mood that had been upon him when he entered the house had faded. He entertained us with stories of his travels. He told us of the Nile and the great temples of Egypt. He called up before us the Sphinx of Giza, that most mysterious of all Egyptian monuments. The Watcher in the Sands, he called it, he said, and made us know the terrible intensity of its gaze as small human figures approached across the vast desert.

"I always feel that the eyes are commanding me," he told

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by TIM



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Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

"I go back again and again to the meaning of that look, yet I never have an answer. Even today we don't know if the Sphinx represents a god or an ancient king, or both. And I suppose we will never know what it is it asks of us."

"Like Osiris?" Jeremy said, and smiled a secret smile that made me know he was thinking of the surprise he had fashioned for his uncle's Christmas gift.

Brandon studied him for a moment. "No, not like Osiris. The Sphinx doesn't judge. It merely poses an unfathomable riddle. Perhaps the very riddle of life itself."

How strange an experience was that dinner—perhaps for all of us. For the first I was merely happy and pleased and innocent, a little like Jeremy in my enjoyment of a party dressed with care and that candlelight lay gently upon me, that the look in Brandon's eyes was flattering. I felt at ease with him, and no longer angry or resentful.

Yet how subtly my mood began to change, how inevitably my thoughts began to turn in a direction I did not want to contemplate.

Perhaps it was Brandon's comment about my dress that brought everything into focus, so that what lay beneath the surface of my mind thrust itself suddenly forward.

"That gown you're wearing, Megan—what do you call the color?" he asked me.

"Wimeria," I said, and to my ears the word sounded unexpectedly like a sigh.

BRANDON nodded.

"Yes, there's blue in the lavender, quite pale and soft. The shade makes your hair seem as black as your earrings, yet it brightens the blue of your eyes as well. It becomes you, Megan."

I dropped my gaze, less sure of myself than I had been. There was a look in Brandon's eyes that told me more than the compliment he paid me, more than I dared read. There was an eagerness in me to respond. But now, all too sharply, I was aware that I sat in another woman's place, that my hands moved among the silver pieces that were hers to touch, that the glass I drank from was her choice and not right to handle—not mine. But most of all I was painfully conscious of the fact that the man who faced me was Leslie Reid's husband.

"You're a pretty thing, Megan," Brandon said. "But then—there are younger men than I to tell you that."

"I know very few men, Mr. Reid," I told him.

"Pretty women should have men to inquire them about and admire them. What do you say, Jeremy?"

Jeremy considered the matter soberly. "Miss Megan is beautiful," he said. "She's always beautiful."

"Wisdom from the young!" Brandon laughed. But to my relief and faint regret he said no more about my appearance.

We were silent when we rose from the table, leaving Jeremy to pick up the carrousel and carry it upstairs. Brandon gave me his arm as we climbed to the second floor.

Jeremy wound the music-box again, and the little tune tinkled out cheerily as he climbed the stairs behind us. Suddenly Brandon laughed.

"Quick!" he cried as we reached the second-floor hall. "Music like this must be danced to!"

I had not time to hesitate or draw back, even if I had wished to. He drew me into his tight clasp, and we went down the hall in the quick steps of a polka. Jeremy held the whirling carrousel and watched with shining eyes while we danced breathlessly down the hall and back. When the tune ran to an end, Brandon did not release me, but held me close to him with the fierce quick possessiveness of his arm about me. For an instant my body responded of its own volition.

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Then, almost as quickly as it had happened, he let me go.

I could not look at Brandon again, for now I was frightened. Frightened more of myself than of him. As I mounted the stairs, I saw in dismay the figure on the steps above me. Thora Garth had returned. She must have slipped into the house under the cover of our gay dinner party and we had not known she was there, watching from the stairway.

Telling myself that I had done no wrong, I forced my look to meet hers, but her eyes chilled me as I went past. I did not know whether Brandon had seen her, and she did not speak to me. All her malice focused upon Jeremy.

"It's well past your bedtime," she snapped. "Does Miss Kincaid know no better than to keep you up later than the hour you should be getting your rest? Now you will be ill tomorrow. Get yourself to bed at once, young man."

To page 61



"Beef stew! Beef stew! Don't you ever turn a page in that cookbook?"



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The exclusive Gala no-tangle washing action rolls and turns clothes separately, 65 times a minute, turning clinging dirt into float-away suds. Cleansing suds reach every fibre washed by Galamatic's no-tangle washing action. Galamatic's wash is the cleanest you'll ever see.



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The Galamatic has a separate spin-dryer designed specially to **rinse** and **dry** clothes. It spins at 2,850 times a minute—much faster than any other twin-tub in Australia—and gets clothes driest quicker!

Galamatic spin-dryer gives a deep, thorough rinse to a full 6 lb. load—saves you wringing and rinsing each article by hand as in old fashioned wringer machines.



...and has all these time and money saving features:

Saves you washing time

Galamatic completes an average 12 lb. wash in 15 minutes. This is half the time that a single-tub automatic washer takes to complete the same washload. With Galamatic's twin-tubs, 6 lb. of clothes are being washed while 6 lb. are being rinsed and dried at the same time. Exclusive NO-TANGLE washing action and smooth spin-drying saves ironing time, too. Clothes are drier and have no hard-to-iron creases.



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Just set two simple automatic controls and Galamatic does the rest. It washes for the correct time, according to the type of washload.

The heater model, with thermostatic control, automatically maintains the correct water temperature throughout the wash. Galamatic will boil a heavy wash. And Galamatic switches itself off when washing is completed.



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Galamatic uses less than half the water required by many single-tub automatic machines. Hot sudsy water is saved and automatically returned to the wash bowl for a second load. Galamatic wash bowl need not be filled for a small wash load. Galamatic suits country and non-sewered areas.



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WASHES CLEANEST-SPINS DRIEST

because Gala is the specialist twin-tub

Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

With an unexpected pride of manner, Jeremy handed the key to the car and faced her sturdily.

"I have permission to stay tonight. And I will not be ill tomorrow. I am only when something has upset me."

In her anger she seemed to have forgotten the threat he'd made that had driven her from the house a few days before.

"You are a rude, naughty boy!" she said tensely. "Get to your room at once. I will deal with you there."

I could see Jeremy's new courage begin to crumble before her attack. But before I could come to his defence, steps sounded on the stairway and Brandon came running up to join us. He dis-

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posed of Miss Garth with swift, cruel words, and I listened, both in relief and distress.

"Miss Megan is to have full charge of the boy from now on," he told her coldly. "She has done very well in caring for him during this trial period. He is to take all his directions from her, and you are to give him no orders whatsoever. If my wife chooses to keep you on to care for Selina, that is her affair. The boy is my affair now, and I prefer to leave him entirely in Miss Megan's hands."

She inclined her head stiffly and went down the hall toward her own room.

Strangely, I felt almost sorry for her.

Jeremy smiled shyly at his uncle and ran off to his room.

"Are you pleased with me now?" Brandon asked. "The boy is wholly in your charge."

"Thank you, Mr. Reid. I will do what I can for him." My words sounded primly stiff to my own ears.

"What a difficult young woman you are!" he cried in exasperation. "For an evening I permit myself to be managed on every score. I give you whatever you desire, and still you look at me in that grave, disapproving way that sends me off with a guilty conscience. What are you objecting to now?"

I answered him with evasion.

"When I hear you speak so cuttingly to another, I can only wonder when you will turn words equally sharp upon me."

ONCE more he surprised me. He put out a finger and tilted my reluctant chin so that the thin gaslight touched my face. "I would like never to hurt you, Megan. But you would never be fooled by light promises. When the whim moves me, I may very well deal you a blow that seems ruthless. You will be wise never to expect kindness from me for long. Other considerations, perhaps, but not always kindness."

"Only the boy matters," I told him swiftly. "If you will be kind to him, then I shan't so much as wince if you grow angry with me."

"The bargain is made," he said. "At least for now."

Jeremy called to me, and I nodded silently and hurried to his room. I sat down on the bed beside him, and all my movements were calmly automatic. Jeremy reached up and put his arms about me. I held him close, yet even as I kissed his cheek and drew the covers over him something cold and heavy weighed within me.

Blessings never come in pairs. Misfortunes never come alone.

— Chinese proverb

When I returned to the hall she was waiting for me. She put her cold fingers on my bare forearm. I winced, my flesh shrinking from her touch.

"I saw," she whispered. "But don't imagine that you can succeed in what you intend. Miss Leslie will be home soon, and then you'll not be allowed to stay in this house—no matter what he says."

"I've done nothing that requires an accounting," I said. "I will be happy to tell Mrs. Reid every detail of this evening if she wishes it."

"Miss Garth did not answer. She folded her hands across her body and turned away. Quickly I slipped through my door and closed it tightly behind me.

I lighted no lights, but stood there in the darkness, fighting off the spell of evil

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BG315N

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that seemed to emanate from the woman. She might well cause trouble. She might threaten my very presence in this house. Yet it was not of her I must think in this sharply lucid moment. It was of the possible truth of her accusation.

I, who had never been truly in love before, had fallen desperately, foolishly in love with Brandon Reid.

When he frowned at me, I was ready to tremble; when he smiled, I yearned toward him like any mindless blossom to the sun. Yet all the while this man was married to the mother of the boy whose presence held me here in this house.

I did not sleep easily or well that night, and there was much that I could not dismiss from my mind. I kept remembering Brandon's eyes upon me—not always in mockery.

When I slept at last it was because I had relinquished the struggle

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WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

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and was ready to hug to my heart the very things that wounded me most.

In the morning I awakened to the soft and dreamy mood of a woman newly in love. A remembrance of all that was sweet held me in an unreasonable enchantment. I longed to see the face of my love, and quickly found an excuse to run down to the library. But Brandon had gone. I was not entirely sorry. Some stern sentinel in me knew that my mood was far too gentle and yielding this morning.

It was a further relief when Miss Garth, instead of Jeremy, remained

in bed, ministered to with smelling salts and physics.

While Jeremy did his lessons that morning I sat in the schoolroom, a book in my hands, making sure that I turned a page on occasion, though my imaginings were far more beguiling than the story I used to conceal them. I noted absently that Andrew was busy with paper and pencil, and that Jeremy seemed restless and not at all attentive to his lessons.

I came out of my dreamy state

to some degree when I heard Andrew speak to him sternly.

"Take your book and go to your room, Jeremy. When you can do your lesson with your wits about you, come back and we'll go over it again."

Being sent from the classroom was a disgrace. Selina was often punished in this way, but Jeremy, oddly enough, almost never. I shook my head at him in mild reproach.

When he had gone, I gave my attention determinedly to my book, not wanting the intrusion of conversation with Andrew. He made no effort to speak, but went on for

several moments working with his pencil. Then he tore a sheet of paper from his pad and held it at arm's length. The gesture caught my attention, and I saw that he was studying a sketch.

"How do you like it?" he said. To my surprise I saw that he had drawn my own face. The likeness was not a true one. I would not have expected such flattery from Andrew. He had drawn a girl who was far prettier than I, and a far softer, more yielding person as well.

"You've flattered me exceedingly," I told him. He regarded me with an uncomfortable expression. "Do you think so? I wouldn't call it flattery. The face I've drawn is not that of a particularly intelligent woman. Here, let me show you."

I sighed, resigned to an enumeration of my faults. Andrew stood beside my chair. As he bent above me, pointing with his pencil, I found myself comparing him with Brandon. How very nearly ugly he seemed at times. Especially when the saving grace of humor had gone out of him. Yet I suspected that he might be a better friend than Brandon would ever be, and perhaps more loyal, if his devotions were once given.

HE tapped with

his pencil the parted lips he had sketched in the picture. "Note the mouth," he said. "There's too much softness there, too much of giving. Again—take the eyes. Too dreamy by far. In fact, my poor Megan, what I have shown you here is the face of a woman abjectly in love."

I started to answer him indignantly, to deny and dismiss, but he would not listen.

"Do you think I'm a fool. Do you think I haven't seen it happening? Do you think they don't talk about you in this house? Not that anything else could be expected of Brandon Reid, but I'd have expected better of you."

"Talk?" I repeated the one word blankly.

"Talk!" he mimicked. "Do you think I haven't heard about your dinner party last night, to say nothing of your dancing in the hall, and the way Garth was told off. I am far from being a fool, my girl, but I suspect that you are making a very thorough one of yourself."

I could find only anger with which to answer him. "None of this is your business! Whether I am a fool or not is my own affair and of no interest to you."

Andrew subsided as quickly as he had exploded. When he spoke again there was pity in his eyes. "Poor Megan," he said. "How could you know about a man like that? Foolish you are, my dear. Perhaps not a fool, but foolish. What else can we think of a dreamer who falls in love with the grand seigneur? He is to blame. And yet it will be you who will suffer."

"If you please" — I resorted to haughty chill — "I can manage my own affairs."

"Of course," he said. "And you have that right. I apologise. Ever a temper like all blazes when it gets away from me. But it wasn't you I was angry with, Megan. It was Reid."

He held the drawing up, as if to study it to better advantage. Then he ripped it, tearing it quite ruthlessly into pieces before my eyes.

"I've shocked you — and that's fine. Perhaps if you're shocked badly enough you'll reject this softness, no matter what the temporary hurt. You'll be happier in the long run."

I could not endure his lecturing. That he had been watching me more closely than I knew, that he held me in so little esteem that he was willing to show his contempt, left me more upset than I would have expected.

"If you'll excuse me —" I murmured, still haughty, and went to the door, only to meet Jeremy returning with his lesson book in hand. I ran past him into the hall. I was just in time to see Miss Garth

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Too many women are forgetting how to— **STAY FEMININE**

● The big trouble with women in this man's world is that they all too often forget to be women.

"BE feminine!" This is my message for a lot of the women I meet. It is not the most absurd statement of the year. More and more women, it seems to me, have forgotten what being feminine means.

It's really startling how many women aren't feminine, and so many of those who have lost the feminine touch seem to be businesswomen.

To all of these lovely career girls — I'd like to suggest going back to basic principles.

I've never been to a head-shrinker, so I can't go all analytical and explain what Freudian urges have driven some of you girls into wearing pants and closing Big Deals.

All I know is, it's all pretty foolish.

For nearly 20 years I've lived in a world full of career women of all shapes and sizes. In fact, I even run a school for career girls.

Mostly, career girls are a miserable and unhappy lot. They fight it out in the market place with males and when they get home at night they forget how to be females with their own men.

Even girls who aren't actively competing with men in business often forget how to be women.

Remember the "South Pacific" song: "There Is Nothin' Like A Dame"? My vague memory tells me it contains joyful lines about nothing looking, thinking, or acting like a dame. Now women may bridle at being called dames — but you can't get away from the natural fact that, to men, they are supposed to look, think, and act like women.

The feminine woman—my

own image of the really successful and happy woman — is something like this:

She's bored by too much of the company of other women. A girl's natural companion is a boy.

She doesn't try to conquer man. Man is meant to conquer woman and she knows it. She makes gestures at telling him, but they are only that... gestures. She knows her function along these lines is to be told.

Like a cat, she pretties herself in private. She works hard at looking attractive for her man, though she isn't obsessed by fashion fads.

A big part of being female is looking the part. A feminine woman dresses to please men. She tries perfumes till she finds the one that he likes, and if he says to her, "Good Lord, where'd you get that dress?" she never wears it with him again.

A feminine woman goes in for beauty aids, make-up, frothy undergarments, chic hairdos, and the rest of the mish-mash—because she knows that's what he wants. I'm appalled at thinking of how girls might dress if there were no boys around.

You know what's unfeminine? Taking, that's what.

The truth is, a woman is meant to give. She gets her greatest pleasure from it. She gives life to children and her most basic urge is satisfied.

To sum up: Above all, the happy, and therefore successful, woman is the one who realises she is a woman. She knows that God created two entirely different species, and she means to keep it that way.

—says
Candy Jones,

the former model who runs one of New York's leading model schools.



Hair should "glow" to be beautiful

TO give the hair a glow of new beauty, the home stylists responsible for these simple, casual styles, shampooed their hair with a glow-giving type of shampoo. This made the hair look cleaner, more youthful, more radiant, revealing the full colour tones at depth as if looking into the translucence of amber or of a precious stone. The hair was silkily soft, yet more manageable, displaying the highlights in their full brilliance. The "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph let in the light and gave a glow of loveliness in just one shampoo. Note how Doreen used the Delph "Peek-In" Glow "Creamed" shampoo for her particular type of hair, whilst Ruscilla and Deanne used the "Peek-In" Glow "Clear" for theirs.



To give her hair that glow of loveliness, and reveal the beauty of the highlights, Doreen shampooed her hair with "Creamed" "Peek-In" Glow shampoo. Then to retain this beauty and enhance the highlights, Delphset Hair Spray was used to keep the softly natural waves in position.



Ruscilla gave her hair beautiful deep tones and glowing beauty with the "Clear" version of the "Peek-In" Glow shampoo, and to hold the lovely movements of this daytime style in perfect set, she sprayed her hair with Delphset Hair Spray.



A beautiful sheen and rich colour tones were imparted to the hair when Deanne used the "Peek-In" Glow "Clear" shampoo. To help in setting and to keep this casual style in position, the hair was sprayed with Delphset Hair Spray.

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come out of her room dressed in bonnet and cloak, carrying a travelling bag in her hand.

She blocked my path, and for a moment we stood face to face, neither one giving way. My heart beat more quickly as I met the dark intensity of her look.

"You are — going away?" I faltered.

"I am going up-river to fetch Miss Leslie home," she said, and swept past me down the stairs.

I went to my room and sat down in its quiet haven. The encounter with Garth had sapped me. She could not harm me with looks, however malevolent, but she could injure me viciously with words. I knew such words would now be spoken in a torrent of abuse to Leslie Reid. I suspected, too, which one of us Mrs. Reid would believe.

Yet, from this sapped and directionless state into which I had fallen, I must now begin from the beginning and rebuild myself into a woman of purpose and will. I must begin with the truth.

And what was the truth?

It was true that there had been nothing wrong last night when Brandon had joined Jeremy and me at the table. There had been only that instant when he had held me close, and I had felt a fierce exultance in him and an answering response in myself. But was not such an instant enough to destroy my usefulness where Jeremy was concerned? Would it not be better for all of us if I recognised the fact that I could not remain in this house hoping to aid him when my own heart had betrayed me into so senseless a love for his uncle?

Yet—if this was basic truth—I still could not accept it. All that really mattered was Jeremy. It was for him that I must fight to remain in this house, and not for my fatal, foolish love.

By the end of the week, when Mrs. Reid and Thora Garth returned from up-river, I had reached a state of near equanimity. If my actions had been somewhat less than innocent on the night of the dinner, my conscience was clear enough now. It was what happened from here on that mattered, and I could meet whatever Leslie Reid had to say with no sense of present guilt to trouble me.

That afternoon there was a bustle of activity about the house, with Selina flying up and down stairs, happy to be home.

About Miss Garth there was an air of triumph I could not mistake, and I knew it did not augur well for me. Yet there was no immediate summons from Mrs. Reid until the following afternoon. When Selina came to tell me that her mother wished to see me, I knew the moment had come.

I did not find Mrs. Reid alone in her boudoir. Miss Garth was there, standing watchfully behind her mistress' chair. Andrew Beach was present, too, putting away his painting things. I saw that the portrait on the easel had progressed since he'd last shown it to me. Leslie's head had come more definitely into being, and I paused to look at the picture.

Andrew's portrayal surprised me, for he had chosen to paint a woman not only of great beauty but of generous spirit. The eyes of the portrait regarded me with warm understanding as they read my heart and still forgave. I resisted a startled impulse to turn to the real Leslie for corroboration of what the portrait revealed. Instead, I glanced at Andrew. As he removed the canvas from the easel our eyes met. His expression was derisively clear. It was as if he had said, "What else did you expect?" A man who painted on commission must please his subject if he wanted other work.

But it was not Mrs. Reid's portrait that interested me most at that moment, and when Andrew had gone I turned toward the woman who had posed for it.

Leslie Reid lay back in the chaise-longue, her eyes closed, dark

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

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lashes fringed upon her cheeks. The room had been flooded with afternoon light for the sake of Andrew's painting, but now Miss Garth moved to draw the draperies and light the candles. From the bedroom she brought the tall brass candlestick and placed it on a nearby table. I breathed the scent of violets and was faintly sickened, even as my resolve strengthened. This woman held Jeremy's future in her hands and I must not be defeated by whatever was to happen now.

"Close the door, please, Thora,"

Mrs. Reid said. She opened her eyes then and looked at me. What I had expected, I don't know, but it was not this gaze, brimming with tears, that she turned upon me. She motioned me to a chair.

"You could have been my friend," she said softly. "You were doing a fine thing with Jeremy. I know that now. I must try to be grateful for your past effort." There was a break in her voice and she was silent, her eyelids closed again.

Miss Garth slid the candlestick nearer her mistress with a faint scraping sound across the table. I looked up at her and saw her eyes, bright again with triumph.

At the sound of metal upon wood, Leslie opened her eyes and went on: "You are not wholly to blame, Miss Kincaid. My husband has been given to this sort of thing before. I can only feel sorry for the woman when it happens. I doubted the wisdom of bringing you here in the first place, but I could not prevent his doing as he wished."

"You are dreadfully mistaken in your conclusions, Mrs. Reid. My

one purpose in this house is to help Jeremy. He is beginning to make some progress. It must continue."

"You should have thought of that before this," Garth put in. But Leslie was still mistress, and she raised a finger in warning, halting the governess' words.

"Can you remain in this house and live with your own conscience, Miss Kincaid?" Leslie demanded.

"My conscience is clear," I said, but I knew I was flushing.

"If you will not leave of your own accord, Miss Kincaid, there is no choice left for me but to ask you to go. Please be out of the house as soon as possible. I shall see that you have a month's additional salary and the necessary notes

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WHO'LL
WHITEN

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I stood my ground for a moment longer. "And if Mr. Reid does not choose to let me go?"

"I am afraid, Miss Kincaid, that life would become intolerable for you in this house if you remained. My husband will be leaving for Egypt soon after the first of the year. To whom would you turn for support when he had gone? Would it not be wiser for us all to accept the good you have done Jeremy and see that it is carried on in other hands? Hands, Miss Kincaid, of my own choosing this time."

Bitterly the truth of all she was saying came home to me. How could I fight for Jeremy against such odds, and without Brandon standing firmly behind me? I knew defeat and I must accept the verdict of her judgment.

Continuing . . .

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE

from page 64

"I will be gone from the house as soon as I can pack," I told her, and went out of the room.

As I passed the library on my way to the stairs I saw a light burning there and Brandon seated at his desk. At that moment he looked up and glimpsed my face. He came toward me.

"What has upset you, Megan?"

"I am leaving as soon as I can," I said. "Mrs. Reid has just dismissed me. My usefulness with Jeremy has come to an end, and there's nothing else for me to do."

I saw color rise darkly in his face.

"Wait for me here," he ordered, and strode past me out the door.

Beyond Leslie's door I could hear the sound of raised voices, the whiplash of Brandon's tone. Sickened, I went deep into the library so that I could not hear. I must wait until he returned. Then I must make my own position clear to him, and the fact that, under the circumstances, I would be blocked at every turn in my efforts with Jeremy.

So preoccupied was I that I did not know that Jeremy had come to

the library door until he spoke to me.

"May I come in, Miss Megan?" he asked.

"Come in quickly and close the door after you," I said.

He obeyed me with obvious reluctance.

"Uncle Brandon is furious," he said with relish. "I wonder if he'll break something this time. The last time he lost his temper with my mother he smashed a vase to smithereens. Why is he angry now, Miss Megan?"

I had no answer for the boy, and when he saw that I would not

discuss what was happening he moved about the room, pausing to look behind a row of books on the shelf, to open the lid of a carved humidor, and put his hand into it. I remembered the time he had seemed to be searching for something in his father's room. The pattern was repeating itself.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

He replaced the elephant's tusk on the mantel and answered me readily enough. "I'm looking for the pistol, Miss Megan. I don't know where they've hidden it. But if I keep searching, some day I'll find it."

One part of my mind recognised that the voices across the hall had quieted. The other part was caught by the boy's ominous words. Perhaps I could do one last thing for him.

"Forget the past, Jeremy," I pleaded. "The gun would only bring everything back and make you suffer all the more."

"But I don't want to forget," he said. "I want to remember it all. Always."

BEFORE

I could press the matter further, his uncle pushed open the door with a bang and strode into the room, the air of fury still upon him. He saw Jeremy and flicked a finger toward the door. The boy gave me a quick, frightened look and went away at once.

Brandon dropped into the chair behind his desk and put his hands over his face while I stood waiting in silence. After a moment he looked up at me darkly.

"Jeremy will remain in your care, Miss Kincaid," he said. "I will not hear of your leaving this house."

I answered him as firmly as I could. "I have no choice but to leave. Under the circumstances, there's nothing more I can do here."



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He threw up his head and stared at me. "Do you think I will listen to such nonsense? I'm still master here, and you are in my employ, Miss Kincaid. The matter is settled; there will be no further trouble."

This I did not believe, but while I sought for words with which to persuade him, he spoke to me more gently.

"Is it your real wish to leave Jeremy, Megan?"

I could only shake my head helplessly.

"Then you shall stay," he told me.

Once more he leaned his head upon his hands, and there was such despair in the gesture that for an instant I longed to comfort him. He spoke to me again without looking up.

"Sometimes I am afraid," he said. "Sometimes I am mortally afraid."

"Of—what?" I faltered.

"Of myself," he said quietly. "Of myself more than of any other."

To be continued

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SORAYA TELLS

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me, all the more so since from the age of 17 to 25 my life was ruled by the strictest etiquette.

In the meantime, my friend in Rome had looked at a number of houses for me, but she wished to leave the final decision to myself. Thus, early in 1959, my mother and I went to Rome, where we stayed at the Excelsior.

I knew lots of people in Rome and soon found myself the centre of a circle of admirers. For one of them, of whom much has been written, I felt a special affection, for he was always the most charming companion whether our interest of the moment be art, sport, or dancing, and he also shared my keenness for the history of painting, of which he was passionately fond. So almost every day we spent many hours together.

One morning when he came to fetch me I was struck by his paleness.

"What's the matter?" I asked with concern. "Don't you feel well?"

"It's not that, I'm absolutely all right," he said with a smile, though I was aware that something was wrong. He tried to keep his anxiety to himself, but eventually it came out.

"I got a threatening letter this morning," he said, with simulated nonchalance. "It said that I would be shot if I were to continue to be seen with you."

He showed me the letter, written in a clumsy hand and signed with a Moslem name.

"I expect it's all just a joke in bad taste," he added casually.

"In such matters there's no telling," I replied. "It might perhaps be as well if we were not to meet for a while."

"Nonsense," he replied with a laugh. "A spot of danger increases the excitement."

Next day he received another threatening letter, and this was followed by several more. Just to be on the safe side, he bought himself a revolver, but we continued to go about together.

I must say that I admired the young man's courage, for I grew increasingly nervous. I knew from experience what religious fanatics are capable of.

So finally I insisted that we go to the police, who doubted whether the letters were in fact written by Moslems. In any event we were thenceforth so well guarded that our correspondents abandoned their murderous plans.

I rented a very pretty

villa, which was located among vineyards thirty minutes' drive from Rome. While Fraulein Sagemuhl put the house in order and engaged the servants, my mother and I went to Capri for a few days.

Our friend from Rome came, too, and in no time at all rumors were circulating that we planned to marry. But only fifteen months had then passed since my divorce, and I had not yet recovered from the shock.

Any woman who has suffered from such a failure is doubly careful and thinks twice before taking on new marital commitments.

I SPENT a very fine summer in Rome. My house-guests included my aunt from Chile and two school-friends. We went swimming together or made excursions into the country.

The fact that I was now living so quietly did not, however, prevent one Roman scandal sheet from making a sensational story about just that.

The article said that I had withdrawn from the world in utter dejection, and it even went so far as to pretend that I had tried to commit suicide because my heart had

Next page

terrified by RHEUMATISM



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed the tremendous sales of Menthoids were no mere exaggeration enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope.

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or neuralgic aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 8/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

CORN PAIN STOPPED



End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, calm, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Also for Callouses, Blisters. 3/6 packet at Chemists and Stores.

D! Scholl's ZINO PADS

For every hard, irritable, itchy, sore, itchy spot.

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

See our Home Plan this week.



for HIGH SPEED cough relief look to BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL

ACTIVE TASTE MEANS ACTIVE COUGH CLEARING ACTION!

Suddenly, breathing is easier! You've cared for him with Buckley's.

And right away, the clean and active cooling taste tells how it's working: easing and clearing away the cause of his cough. And while

Buckley's soothes him, the lively medication brings stimulating refreshment. As the coughing spasms stop, he feels more than relieved

. . . he feels good. That's the active action of Buckley's!

HOW BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL WORKS to clear away the cold or 'flu cough. First, there's the cooling decongestant action: Buckley's attacks the congestion simply and directly, breaking up the tightness that causes the cough. As congestion goes, the cough stops . . . and

Buckley's next swift step is to help the system shake off the very cause of the congestion. And all the time, that crisp and active taste lingers on and on . . . freshening the throat and gently soothing the chest.

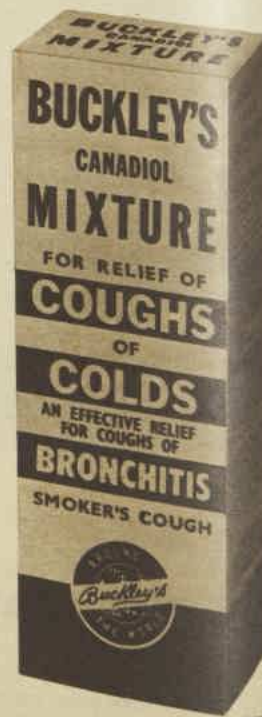
For bronchial coughs, Buckley's has no equal.

Make Buckley's your family standby, against any kind of cough.

4/9 at all chemists and stores.

the decongestant mixture
with active taste...
active action!

Buckley's is all medication.
No syrup. No sugar;
ideal for diabetics.



SORAYA TELLS

been broken. Incidentally, I have seldom felt so well and so healthy as during this glorious summer, and my relationship with my charming Roman friend had taken on the character of a lasting comradeship.

In Italy I had become aware how much I missed not having my parents close at hand. So after lengthy discussions I decided that I would have to be the one to move, and I made up my mind to come and live in Germany.

I acquired a house in Munich that corresponded more or less to what I wanted. There was only one disadvantage. I could not move into it for six months.

I spent the period travelling. First of all, friends in Madrid invited me to Seville for the Fiestas. Our circle there included the American Ambassador, John Lodge, and his wife, the Hispano-Californian couple del Amo, a few American women, and a very good-looking Spanish businessman.

We all spent a number of pleasant days together, with the result that the world was informed by cable — to our amazement — that I was planning to move to Spain with the purpose of running a date plantation in this businessman's vicinity.

The only explanation I can find for this totally misleading report is that he was still a bachelor and that we went water-skiing together. We had nothing further in common than that we both moved in the same circle.

ONE day Jane del Amo said: "My husband and I are returning to California in the fall. Why don't you come, too, Princess? We could show you all our favorite places and introduce you to lots of interesting people."

As I liked Jane very much I did not hesitate to accept her invitation. I spent the summer in Greece, Portofino, and Monte Carlo, and early in October, 1960, I flew to Los Angeles.

This journey was for me a second discovery of America. As Empress I had only seen what our official escorts had wished to show us. Now I had the chance to make my own observations.

I stayed with the del Amos at the Bel Air Hotel, and Jane introduced me to her circle of friends. The people I saw most were the Cottons, the Milners, the Brandeis, and the wives of the Hearst brothers.

They all lived in magnificent houses with swimming-pools and tennis courts, and many of them owned large ranches as well where we went riding and shooting at the weekend.

They looked after me from morning till night. They showed me the film studios and Las Vegas, took me shopping and, in fact, did everything to make my visit a pleasant one.

And at the same time they did not make any special fuss of me. I gained the impression that they would have entertained any other guest in exactly the same way. Their manner toward me was open and frank and they were completely sincere. It was wonderful to feel that at long last I was being treated like an ordinary mortal.

I noticed that among the ladies of my acquaintances there was hardly a single film actress. It

was explained to me that the stars lived a completely different life. They had to drive to the studios at seven in the morning and often did not get back from work until late in the afternoon.

These were two different worlds, but this did not mean that there was no contact between them. Well-known film people attended many of my friends' parties.

How hard an actor's life in America is I learned from the lips

of a famous TV star who was introduced to me on the ranch of my friend Virginia Milner. In America it is the custom that a single woman does not go about unaccompanied, and this star was one of the gentlemen whose duty it was to escort me.

He looked just like the ideal hero-figure whom he usually played in his films — silent, tough, and clean cut — and one felt somehow protected when he was about. It was easy to see that he would

be quicker on the draw than any villain.

The young man was so popular that all eyes were turned on him whenever we entered a public place together. I found this a blessing, since it distracted attention from myself. But as he told me, he had had to struggle for years before he got the part of a cowboy in a Wild West series and thus became the idol of the teenagers.

In March of 1961 this American came to Europe, to sell his TV films, and he visited me at Kitzbühel. From this it was concluded that there was something between us, but for me he had never been anything more than a pleasant companion.

In the autumn of 1961 I flew to America again, this time on the invitation of my friend Ruth Cotton. She had recently lost her husband and she asked me to spend a few weeks with her at her house in Palm Springs.

Cary Grant was also a guest, and we would often go riding together. Cary is a quiet philosopher who is basically, I should guess, a very solitary man.

He has discovered a method of hypnotising himself which he maintains is how he preserves his youth. Despite his endeavours to teach me his method, I have so far not yet succeeded in putting myself into a trance.

To page 69



Such a Snap! Crackle! Popping good breakfast

Nature gave Rice Bubbles* their nourishing goodness. Kellogg's popped in a crisp Snap! Crackle! Pop! — just for good-eatin' fun. Try them — soon?

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

The best to you each morning

*RICE BUBBLES IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. FOR ITS DELICIOUS BRAND OF OVEN-POPPED RICE



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Announcing NEW-Formula Lactogen specially prepared to supply baby with his essential food requirements

IMPORTANT NEW ADVANCE IN INFANT NUTRITION

Whilst Lactogen has been renowned for over half a century as the dependable infant food, the new, nutritionally balanced formula of Lactogen combines the latest in up-to-date authoritative opinion on infant feeding with the ultimate in simplicity and convenience for mother.

SEE YOUR BABY THRIVE ON LACTOGEN

The new, balanced-formula Lactogen, specially prepared from pure milk, will give him the start he needs. Essential daily vitamins are already in the formula, including the all-important vitamin C. There's no need to bother with costly vitamin additions or orange juice; they're not necessary as baby's needs are fully provided for in new, balanced-formula Lactogen.

PERFECTED FORMULA

NEW balanced-formula Lactogen is the result of long and painstaking research by experts in infant nutrition and the formula that they have now perfected conforms with leading world opinion in this field. The recommended balance of the essential milk nutrients — protein,

fat, carbohydrate — is assured with Lactogen for all normal bottle feeding either as a complement to or in place of natural feeding.

EASY TO PREPARE LACTOGEN TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF INFANT FEEDING

There are clear directions on every tin and the new feeding table (printed below) is simplicity itself. And, included in every tin is a scoop for accurate, speedy measuring.

QUANTITIES FOR ONE FEED (Five feeds daily.)				
Age	Approx. Weight lbs.	Lactogen Scoops	Water fl. oz.	Cane Sugar Level Teaspoons
0-2 weeks	7½	2	3½	1½
2-4 weeks	8	2½	4	1½
1-2 months	10	4	5	1½
2-3 months	12	5	6	1½
3-4 months	13½	6	7	1½
4-5 months	14½	7	7	—
5-6 months	16	8	8	—

NEW-FORMULA LACTOGEN SPECIALLY PREPARED FROM PURE, FRESH MILK

CORRECTLY BALANCED to ensure happy, healthy progress for your baby right through his vital early months. It is specially prepared to satisfy his needs when correct feeding is the most essential factor in his development. Make feeding time Lactogen time. You can buy new, balanced-formula Lactogen now at your family Chemist.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR OR CLINIC ABOUT LACTOGEN



New formula supplies all baby's daily nutritional needs! There are Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C and D and Organic Iron plus other vital elements to provide optimum nutrition every day.

MADE BY NESTLÉ — DEVOTED TO INFANT WELFARE

SORAYA TELLS

From page 67

During the months that followed I worked almost without interruption at this book. Then I made a trip to the Greek Islands with my friends Wanda Nicoludis and Helena Tsouglou.

One day we were seated outside a cafe by the harbor of Mycene when the yacht belonging to the Pretender to the Spanish throne, Don Juan, dropped anchor there. This was after the marriage of his son to Princess Sophia of Greece, and he was enjoying a holiday cruise through the Archipelago.

Don Juan's guests included the businessman whom I had known in Seville. When he saw us he, of course, came over to speak to us, and sat for a short time at our table. Then the whole party went back on board and sailed away.

But the next day the world Press was filled with reports about a "mysterious Spaniard" who had pursued me by sea to the easternmost end of the Mediterranean.

Later that year I decided to go to St. Tropez for a few weeks, accompanied by my friend Gloria, the daughter of Massoudi, the Persian newspaper publisher. I only knew this place slightly and I wished to find out why so many artists and crowned heads should be attracted to it.

As we could not make a hotel reservation from Munich I asked a man I knew to find rooms for us. Apparently he misunderstood this request of mine, for shortly afterward he proudly informed representatives of the Press that he and I had arranged to meet in St. Tropez.

And when he was asked whether there were tender feelings between him and me he acted the gentleman, pretending that he could not answer such a question.

This sent a swarm of reporters hot-foot to the Riviera, to cover our idyll. When they failed to locate the idyll, they began hastily to hunt for some other spicy story.

Somebody who pretended to be in the know came to their aid, and told them the "story" of my life. It seems that I was hopelessly in love with a married man and had come to St. Tropez with the sole purpose of meeting him in secret.

The sensation-mongers' appetite knew no limits. When I offered them no scandal they decided to invent one.

A German industrialist on his way to St. Raphael was arrested for speeding. They maintained that I had been seated beside him, and sent indignant cables to this effect around the world. In fact, at the time I had been sunning myself on the beach at Murenes.

While putting this on paper I can almost hear the quite legitimate question: why would someone who does not wish to be gossiped about choose St. Tropez of all places for a holiday?

The answer to this is that it makes no difference where one goes. In the summertime the journalists discover where every well-known person is spending his or her holidays, and they manage to take photographs of the most secluded hiding places. I might just as well visit a famous resort.

Despite its reputation I found St. Tropez extremely harmless.

People met at about mid-day on the beach, went water-skiing or sunbathed, and after dark ate an evening meal in the open, either by the harbor or in the Place la Poudue. If one was not too tired, one might then go dancing.

A very nice man I knew, and of whom I was extremely fond, followed me to Cannes, and the papers were soon publishing photographs and descriptions of the two of us. When we met later in Munich, and decided that our characters were too different for us to marry, this led to renewed headlines and endless speculation which were exaggerated beyond all proportion.

I felt as though a pack of baying hounds were after me and it became almost impossible for me to feel and react naturally.

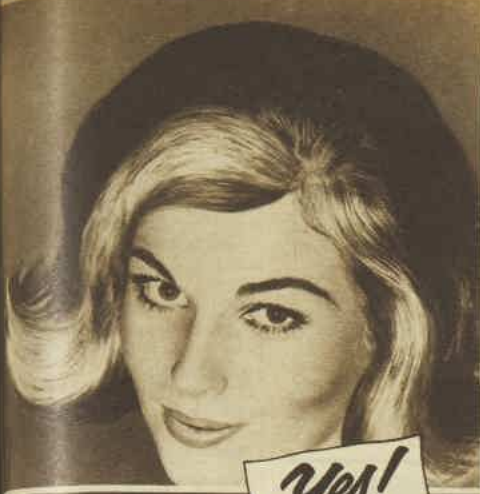
I SHALL never grasp why newspaper readers regard as sensational events which happen regularly in everybody's environment. Who could seriously describe it as unusual when a young woman falls in love while on holiday, but on returning home to normal life realises that this would not, after all, be the proper marriage for her to make?

And who can maintain without hypocrisy that in his or her own life no searching and testing is or ever has been thinkable? In the years since my divorce I have met a few men who were worthy of consideration as suitors; I do not think that this is sensational.

What was sensational were the inventions of the Press, and such irresponsibility is, to me, just as incomprehensible.

One of my wishes for the future is that the feeling for tact and for dignity may be allowed to grow in the world, so that all citizens, including those who bear famous names, may be left in peace. If my book should contribute to this it will have fulfilled its purpose.

To page 70



Yes!



go as blonde as you like!

A fascinating streak... subtle tips... or the full excitement of a true blonde—all these degrees of blonde bewitchment are yours with Napro Blonding Emulsion. 7/11 at your chemist or store.

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KEEP Cold Free

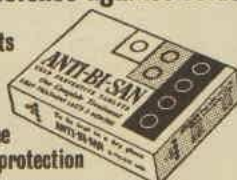
Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu. All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

So keep cold-free this winter and throughout the year. Take your Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 19, 1963

A man I knew misunderstood my request

"I recommend Actil for the extra strength."

There's no secret in Actil's proven extra strength and superior wearing quality. It comes from Actil care in quality cotton selection, evenness of yarn, regularity of fine weave, careful inspection during manufacture. Insist on Actil for Australia's best in long wearing, guaranteed quality sheeting — at your nearest store.

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LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



WHILE I was writing down these memories, I found the work a sort of liberation. For the first time I felt that I was succeeding in overcoming the past, and by so doing much has become clear to me.

I almost feel as though my past life now lay before me, itself an open book. It contains much that is beautiful — and much that is painful, but even of this I would not have missed one hour.

I do not believe that I exaggerate when I say it is precisely the most difficult years of my life which have helped to make me more mature.

I am more aware now than I used to be that external circumstances are constantly changing — as countless people nowadays know — but that, thus, a certain increase takes place within us, rather as the tree which grows with the passing season. The scenery is not identical with ourselves; it represents a task which we must solve.

Apart from the desire to achieve a perspective for myself I had another motive for writing this book, another end in view. I wanted people at last to see me as I really am.

I neither regard myself as a tragic figure, "the princess with the sad eyes" as I have often been called, nor yet as a pleasure-hungry globe-trotter. I am, quite

simply, a young woman who would like to have the right granted to all other young women of living her private life as a normal human being among other human beings.

Inherent in this has long been my wish to find an occupation. My desire for a sensible activity of some sort was all the stronger because, during my period as Empress, it was my habit to work regular hours every day.

That was why I attempted in 1961 to collaborate with the

English motor-car manufacturer York Noble. This did not work out, but I continued to look around for a chance to do something creative.

A new opportunity came my way in December, 1962, when I stayed with my friend Virginia Milner in Beverly Hills. One evening she gave a party for some of her neighbors, including the Hollywood agent Mina Wallis, a sister of motion-picture producer Hal Wallis.

We talked about the film business, and the agent suggested that I try and make a career for myself in the movies. I told her that I had received several offers since my divorce, but had always turned them down.

"That's a pity," she said. "I have got a hunch you would be very good at it."

One of the producers who had approached me in Europe had been Mr. Dino de Laurentiis. When I mentioned his name, the agent said:

"Why, Mr. de Laurentiis is in Hollywood right now. Would you allow me, Princess, to bring you together?"

Two nights later she invited the Italian producer and me to her house, and he urged me again to collaborate with him.

Almost five years had now passed since my departure from Teheran. I was tired of leading the life of a lady of leisure, and an artistic career had always been one of my secret ambitions. On the other hand, I did not want to get involved in such a venture without the most serious guarantees.

We agreed that there was no point in further talks until I had submitted to a screen test. Mr. de Laurentiis promised that the reels would be destroyed, and no one except ourselves would ever hear about them, if either he or I was not pleased with my performance.

ON March 12 last, my mother and I went to Rome. Secret precautions were taken to conceal the purpose of the trip. Mr. de Laurentiis, who usually leaves such matters to his directors, decided to supervise my test in person, and not in Cinecittà but in a small private studio in a remote part of the capital.

As an additional safeguard, we arranged to have the work done at night. One evening at 9 o'clock Mr. de Laurentiis, a few technicians sworn to secrecy, my mother, and I converged on the little studio to hold one of the most clandestine meetings Rome had seen since the age of the catacombs.

Two make-up men gave me the usual treatment, the electricians fixed the lighting, and by 11 p.m. everything was ready for my debut before the camera. The first scene to be shot was a telephone conversation, of which various slices have since been released to the Press.

Mr. de Laurentiis did not impose any written dialogue on me, but asked me to improvise my text as I went along. Since I had acquired a certain experience in holding dramatic telephone conversations in real life, this didn't prove too difficult for me.

The tests lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning. At one point, Mr. de Laurentiis subjected me to the ordeal of holding out for 20 minutes while the cameras made close-ups of my face. I was told that few stars were able to stand this sort of torture for longer than 10 minutes at a maximum.

When we came back to our hotel I was dead-tired, but while my task was finished the technicians went on right through the night developing not only my black-and-white rushes but also the color film.

Next page

SORAYA TELLS

give fresh interest to everyday dishes this new easy way!

MAGGI
made-in-minutes
sauces



You'll cook smooth, delicious sauces easily, every time!

Maggi made-in-minutes Sauces are famous in many countries. Now you can make marvellous sauces — tasty Savoury Mushroom for example — this quick, simple way. All the ingredients and seasonings are blended for you. You just empty a packet of Maggi Sauce into a saucepan of water, stir, heat — and it's ready. Tasty gravy sauces for meats, fish, eggs, vegetables, are no trouble now — with Maggi Sauces.

MAGGI made-in-minutes SAUCES

... make every dish a delicacy!

TRY ALL FOUR!



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IN THE DUMPS YESTERDAY



On her toes today

Based on a real life story.

Anne stole the show with her solo from Swan Lake.

"I'm so proud of her today," says Anne's mother.

"But yesterday she was a different girl. Wouldn't eat her dinner and was so cranky. Then I remembered Laxettes. Today she's really on her toes."

When childhood constipation upsets your family, Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Only 3/3.

BR66/1



NO COLIC FOR ME!

My mummy chooses the anti-colic teat from England

A world-famous baby health authority pronounced one teat only to be entirely satisfactory for bottle feeding—a Maw's Teat!

Maw's are made so that baby instinctively has a proper feeding action—and avoids digestive upsets. The tender softness of the pure rubber, made by the exclusive Maw's 'dipping' process, allows baby to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's cherry-shape is the most natural substitute for mother's breast. Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist has all the Maw's baby feeding needs—Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's 'little' drinks. Maw/Milton Sterilization Unit—the sure way to protect teats and bottles from germs.



Tired?

Your Blood Needs IRON for energy

Restore natural vitality. Wake up your system with a regular supply of minerals and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS combine blood-building elements in a proven formula that has helped thousands. Start on a course now. Say "goodbye" to that tired, listless feeling. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, reinforced with Vitamin B₁₂, supply the iron and mineral your run-down system needs. At all chemists and stores.

DRW11.21

SORAYA TELLS

The next afternoon in the projection-room de Laurentiis came toward me beaming. He had already had a look at the reels and was enthusiastic. I must say I got a little shock when the lights went out and I saw myself appear on the screen.

To be sure, as I said earlier in these memoirs, the duties of an Empress had required a lot of play-acting, but this was something different again. It was hard for me at first to identify myself with that young lady up there, but after a while we established contact.

Although I felt that there was room for perfection, my overall impression was better than I thought, and I gave de Laurentiis the green light to draw up a contract.

In the weeks that followed, Mr. de Laurentiis and I carefully prepared the clauses of our contract. I don't want to dwell at length on this subject, which is after all our own business, but I think I can say this:

The movie in which I will star will not be shot before the end of 1963. Several

stories are under consideration. I will be offered an opportunity to choose between at least three screenplays especially tailored to fit my personality. I will also have the privilege of picking my director and my partners.

If a scene appears unsuitable to me, I will not be obliged to play it. This does not mean that I intend to limit the range of my acting; I am ready to play a modern young woman in Paris, London, or Rome just as well as a historical figure.

But everything will be done to ensure that my movie will represent a genuine artistic effort. I am not a starlet but a mature person and will do my best to become a serious dramatic actress.

The picture will be shot in English. I won't seek refuge behind some pseudonym, but am going to appear on the screen under my first name, Soraya. I think there can be no better proof that I will engage my very self in this new career and that my effort will be a sincere one.

SOME people seem to feel that this kind of work is apt to degrade me, due to my past as an Empress of Iran. I cannot agree with them. Work, if honestly accomplished, never degrades people; on the contrary, it ennoble them.

The husband of a British princess works with great zest as a photographer, another member of the British Royal family is staging operas, an Italian royal princess is a successful fashion designer, several queens have become famous authors, and one well-known

ex-king make a good living as an aircraft salesman.

Why, then, should I, a perfectly healthy young woman, be ashamed of starting out on an artistic career?

Other critics found it necessary to warn me that, as an actress, I am bound to attract the very rush of publicity I have always been eager to avoid.

My answer to this is that the rush can hardly get worse.

As I described at the beginning of these memoirs, a certain Press has hunted me for five years and continues to do so. Since I seem to be destined to stay in the limelight, I might just as well do something constructive with my life.

Moreover, motion-picture companies usually know better how to keep their stars from being importuned than I do as a private person. I even dare hope that reporters who so far have only tried to pry into my private life may now want to interview me about my work and my plans.

All this does not mean that

I have become conceited. On the contrary, I have never felt closer to my fellow human beings than today. I have learned the art of being happy and am glad whenever I can

make a modest contribution to another person's happiness.

I believe that it is always due to weakness in himself when somebody believes he is unhappy. He does not realise that every life, even the most difficult, is filled with possibilities.

I have rediscovered all the little joys of life, and there are so many of them: a walk, a bowl of flowers, the wind on the waves, a conversation with good friends. I enjoy travelling through unknown countries, I am fond of sport because it requires both concentration and skill, and I like reading serious books as well as detective stories.

Everything is of interest. Indeed, I would say that one is really alive only when one is open to all impressions and is prepared to laugh, too.

All I desire is the understanding of the outside world for my wish to enjoy life in this way. Must one be at all times in deadly earnest in order to count as a serious person? To my mind, both earnestness and gaiety should balance each other in equal measure.

I face the future with confidence and interest, whatever it may be. I find the world beautiful once again, thank God, and every human being should be free to enjoy it.

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King Size or Regular

V113

This delicious **SAO**
Vanilla Slice
 is a family favourite!



These versatile cracker biscuits
 can be served simply in so many ways ...
 plain or buttered, with cheese,
 tomato, jam or honey.

Vanilla Slice

Cover the base of an oven tray with a layer of Sao biscuits, if necessary cut to fit. Make a thick vanilla custard, almost to blanching consistency. Pour immediately over Sao biscuit base to approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Quickly cover with another layer of Sao biscuits before skin can form on custard. Make a thin passion-fruit or vanilla icing and spread over top layer of Saus. Set aside to cool and when firm, cut into squares. Serve plain or with cream.



Arnott's FAMOUS **SAO**
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 19, 1963

Teenagers

WEEKLY

**HAT AND MUFF
TO MAKE**
-directions page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Too much pressure in schools

I ATTEND a first-class high school which has a fine reputation both scholastically and socially. Classes are relatively small and the teachers have university degrees.

Nevertheless, the majority of girls in the higher intelligence bracket feel they need to have outside coaching.

Why is this necessary? Surely it is indicative of a pressurised education system which leads to an atmosphere of stress and strain in the classrooms.

The number of private coaches is increasing, with many students feeling that private coaching is necessary for successful examination results. — "Wondering," Hornsby, N.S.W.

Space-trip puzzle

THREE men and a dog took a space trip to a planet called K. The space ship developed engine trouble and they were marooned on the planet.

When their food supply ran out they found there was only one tree on the planet, which bore a type of nut. The nuts were the size of apples, so they named them applenuts.

This was the only food they found, so they collected all the applenuts from the tree. They were very tired after doing this, and decided to divide the applenuts into three equal parts next morning.

During the night one man awoke, and, thinking that the other two might cheat him, took one-third of the applenuts and, having one over, gave it to the dog.

An hour later the second man awoke, and, also distrusting his companions, took a third of the remaining applenuts and, having one over, gave it to the dog.

An hour later the third man awoke and took a third of the remainder and, having one over, gave it to the dog.

When they all got up in the morning, although noting that the pile was much smaller than the night before, none of the men dared say anything for fear of giving himself away. They divided the remaining applenuts into three equal piles and, having one over, gave it to the dog.

How many applenuts did they pick from the tree?

Answer on page 7

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, C.P.O., Sydney.

Asp-ersion!

ON a tour of New Zealand I was amazed to find that the first question asked after my Aussie identity was discovered was: "How can you bear living amongst all those ghastly snakes and sharks?"

I had quite a job convincing one friend that the wire screens on most Aussie homes were merely to keep insects — not snakes — out. — M. Butler, Tamworth, N.S.W.

School clubs

MY high school is trying to make school more interesting by forming various clubs. At the present we have a geography club, where films are shown of other countries, and a drama club, where pupils write plays and stage them for the rest of the school. Another club is a corresponding club, where pupils write to others in overseas schools. We have a chess club and a Bible study group.

All these clubs are run by teachers and pupils. This way we get to know our teachers and our fellow pupils, as well as spending enjoyable lunch-times. — "P.M.," Pendle Hill, N.S.W.

Schooldays

DISCUSSIONS for and against homework continue. Protesting parents insist that the school day is long enough. Teachers adhere to the belief that work must be absorbed quietly in a tranquil home atmosphere.

I wonder where one could find tranquillity after 5 p.m. in most homes?

Are condescending adults still game to pat schoolchildren on the head and say, "Enjoy your schooldays, best time of your life, you know?"

Would you say yours were? So much depends on the teacher and the child's ability to keep up with the class. A sarcastic remark from a tired teacher can wound a child deeply.

Oh, no. Schooldays are not all undiluted bliss, they are just another stepping stone in our highly competitive lives.

So, Mum, please don't press after-school duties on your youngsters with the remark: "I've been working all day — you've only been at school." — Sue Deland, Fulham, S.A.

Waste of money

THE decimal currency change-over is going to cost Australia approximately £2,000,000 at a time when this country has a far greater need for other things.

Doesn't an electricity supply to country areas seem more important than a monetary change?

Our roads are appalling by foreign standards, and, indeed, there are many community projects which should be completed, using the money earmarked for the monetary changeover.

The Federal Government is acting like a small child who wastes his allowance on sweets when his money could have been going toward something really worth while. — "Fran," Horsham, Vic.

What next?

SO we've progressed through the Charleston dress, The frilly "Liz" shirt, too. The mothballs nurse Ben Casey's blouse, And soon the shirt-that-grew. The low-slung hipster's swinging well, Though why, some are perplexed. But looking at some fashions now,

I think, amazed, "what next?" — Nemyra Gairalsk, Brisbane.

Hat and muff to crochet

• Some of the cutest accessories this season, like the fluffy, feminine hat and muff on our cover, are crocheted. Both are worked in loop stitch, and are easy to make.

Materials: Villawool Calypso. Hat—3 balls each of 4 colors; muff—4 balls each of 4 colors; 1 No. 8 crochet hook; lining for muff.

Measurements: Hat — to fit average head; muff—13in. wide.

Tension: 7 h.tr. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; h.tr., half treble.

PATTERN LOOP STITCH

Hook through next 2 loops of top of h.tr. st. in previous row, wind yarn over hook and round two first fingers 3 times, draw 3 strands on hook through loop tog., yarn over hook and draw through. (Size of loops can be varied. For smaller loops wind yarn round hook and first finger only.)

HAT BAND

Make 18 ch.

1st Row: H.tr. into 2nd loop from hook (16 tr.), (use 1 ch. to turn).

2nd Row: 16 loops along row, 2 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 16 h.tr. along row, 2 ch., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3in. Join next color

and rep. until band measures 21in.

CROWN

Join in 3rd color. Work 3 ch., sl-st. into first ch. to form loop. Work 6 d.c. into ring.

1st Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. (12 sts.).

2nd Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. (24 sts.).

3rd Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 3 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (30 sts.).

4th Round: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

5th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 4 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

6th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 5 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

7th Round: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

8th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 6 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (48 sts.).

9th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 7 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (54 sts.).

10th Round: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

11th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 8 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (60 sts.).

12th Round: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

they will far outweigh the things she can do for herself, and, best of all, she will find that she just hasn't the time to be bored at all! — Juliette May, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Next week

THE story of how one of Australia's top teenage TV shows is put on the air, with close-ups of some of its stars, makes a colorful feature in our next issue — and on our cover we will have the placetters in this year's marathon swim from Magnetic Island to Townsville.

13th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 9 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (66 sts.).

14th Round: * 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end.

15th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 10 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (72 sts.).

16th Round: * (1 d.c. into next d.c.) 11 times, 2 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end (78 sts.).

TO MAKE UP
Slip-stitch ends of band tog. Join band and crown tog., using a small back-stitch.

MUFF

Make 51 ch. (2 ch. for turning).

1st Row: H.tr. into 2nd ch. from hook (48 tr.), (1 ch. for turning).

2nd Row: 48 loops along row (2 ch. for turning).

Rep. last 2 rows for 21in., using colors to match hat.

Join beg. and end, using a slip-stitch.

TO MAKE UP
Join beg. and finishing edges tog. Pin each end in wide pleats into 12in., reversing the pleats on one end. Cut lining to fit muff and insert neatly.

BEATNIK



"But I can't go out tonight — my clothes are just back from the cleaners."

Boredom cure

"BORED," who wanted to know (T.W., 8/5/63) how to get out of the boring week-end routine, is in a really bad state, isn't she? I am sure she would get a lot more out of her weekends if she weren't so thoroughly engrossed in herself and her doings.

How about giving her mother a hand about the home, trying out a few recipes, making her own frocks, and then giving a little of all that spare time to teaching Sunday school, or helping in a nearby children's home?

If she sits down with pencil and paper and thinks of the things she can do for others,

Making records is girl's career

● "And then there was the man who proposed and the woman who wanted to teach her parrot to talk," said 19-year-old Sydney girl Anne Cheeseborough.

SHE was describing her job with a firm which makes personal records and tapes. If you want a disc of yourself singing or playing the piccolo, she's the girl to see.

"People come in with some very unusual requests," said Anne. "The man who wanted his proposal taped planned to send it to his girl-friend overseas. It was most romantic."

And the parrot? "Oh, yes," said Anne, laughing. "That woman wanted a record to play 'Hullo Folks' continuously for three and a quarter minutes, to teach her pet parrot to talk."

Anne has been with the firm for more than two years, and is being trained as a recordist's technician.

"Most of the time I twiddle knobs on the recording apparatus," she said.

"I have to watch a gauge and balance the sound by keeping it at an even level and adjusting the treble and base volumes while a person is speaking or singing."

"Then I cut the tracks when we make a disc."

No regrets

Anne lives in Collaroy, a Sydney beach suburb, and went to Queenwood Girls' School. She left after passing her Leaving Certificate and started looking for a job.

"I didn't know what I wanted to do or become," she said. "Then I saw this job advertised, so I applied and started immediately."

Anne said she has never regretted her sudden choice of a career.

"It's very interesting to meet the people who come in wanting to be put on disc," she said.

"We get lots of singers who

By Diane Roberts

make audition discs to send to the big recording companies.

"Others want to listen to their recorded voice to check mistakes or maybe change their style for a particular song."

"One man wanted to hear himself playing the mouth organ, guitar, piano, and singing all at once."

"To do this we recorded him playing the piano, then played it back to him in the studio while he played the guitar."

"The two performances, combined and balanced, were thus recorded on one tape."

"This technique was repeated while he played the mouth organ and sang, so that finally we had all four on one tape."

"He was a real do-it-yourself artist, for he had written the songs himself. The whole project took hours."

Anne said that most customers want to record talking letters.

"These are recorded on a small disc that plays at 45 or 33 1-3rd r.p.m. for three and a quarter minutes," she said.

"Mostly they are sent overseas to relatives or friends, and are much nicer than ordinary letters."

A minimum-sized talking letter costs 24/6, and the price increases as the length of the disc increases.

"If a band or group want to make a disc, it costs them £2/5/0 an hour, plus the cost of the disc."

As well as making recordings in their studio, Anne and her boss go on location.

"Some people want their 21st birthday parties recorded, and we also tape business functions, concerts, anniversary parties, and weddings," said Anne.

"When we have to do these jobs at night or on weekends, I can take time off during weekdays."

To tape a wedding, Anne

arrives about an hour beforehand and sets up the recording equipment. "We generally hide the microphone in a bunch of flowers," she said.

Anne also cleans old discs for people who have a treasured album they want kept in tip-top condition.

"This generally means giving the disc a good clean first with jets of water," said Anne.

"Then, by playing it on a special machine, we can get rid of a lot of surface scratches."

Anne has taped some of her own parties for fun, and has a "reasonable" record collection.

"When I have a spare moment I'm going to build myself a proper amplifier," she said.



ANNE CHEESEBOROUGH sets up the highly sensitive machine which cuts the discs. This job requires keen eyesight and a steady hand.

PROS AND CONS OF GOING STEADY

● The teenage custom—or craze—of going steady is still a controversial subject. Here a Sydney reader who signs herself "Patricia" has her say.

THIS is a girl's point of view on the pros and cons of going steady.

I'll start with the pros.

The most important one is security. It's great to know that you have a date for the weekend, for that party, dance or ball, with someone you like, who you know likes you; someone you enjoy being with, and, above all, someone who is available.

Another important advantage is being able to be yourself. With a steady, you can let the mask drop.

This doesn't mean that you "act" with other people, but with someone you know well you can wear old clothes, have your hair in curlers, voice your thoughts (even if they sound too crazy to mention to anyone else).

In other words, you can relax.

Again, with a steady, you can suggest outings without being "pushy," tell him how you feel without being forward.

Isn't it wonderful?

But going steady has its disadvantages (although maybe those stars in your eyes obscure them at the moment).

Ever heard that familiarity breeds contempt? Being together so much, finding out so much about each other, you are likely to lose Romance—that all-import-

ant ingredient in boy-girl friendships.

You expect him to drive you home from work each day, call you each evening, take you out (or see you, anyway) each weekend. You expect these things, and become irritated or angry if he neglects them.

Yet it doesn't occur to you to thank him, and treat it as something special, when he does.

You lose sight of him as a person and this wonderful togetherness can mean the death of your romance.

Again, in steady relationships, the girl often finds she becomes a chattel.

It is not only a question of your taking him for granted—he thinks of you as strictly his property, too.

This might be wonderful for a time, but when he arrives on Saturday night expecting you to be dressed, ready and straining at the leash, when he neglected to tell you where you were going or if you were going out at all—well, it gets a little too much.

His friends tend to think of you as "his," too. This is important when you break up, and the odds are that you will.

Going steady, you have the same crowd, and you may find it hard to meet new boys.

Also, you've neglected your girl-friends.

The old crowd is quite likely not to ask you out for a long time now that you are a single and not a duo, and spinsterhood is so lonely.

Teenage years should be an exciting time, a time of laughter, some tears, and a time of learning generally.

However, in going steady, you've found yourself a little rut—a pleasant one perhaps—but a rut nevertheless.

You'll find it hard to pick up the threads of ordinary boy-girl friendships.

You are so used to one boy—his likes, dislikes, conversation, tastes: you'll have a difficult time adjusting to other boys, and you might find that you've lost a lot of your individuality, having become only half a person, dependent on "him."

In a few cases going steady may help you to mature, but in most it works the other way.

In those wonderful, fleeting teenage years you should be dating many different boys, because that is usually the way to find out who will be The One for you.

And how can you recognise The One if he is the only boy you have ever known well?

Well, there it is. Going steady in a nut-shell (where it belongs).



"There's someone down here darkening my door who wants to speak to you."



OLD AND NEW uniforms (above) modelled by students of Our Lady of Sion Convent, Box Hill, Vic. From left, Elizabeth Mulqueen, Jennifer Buxton, Susan Pethebridge, Maree Bick, Helen Hayes, Diane Stephens, and Maureen Callanan. New winter uniform of tartan pleated skirt, striking blazer, and bowler hat replaces the old dark serge, and the old subdued summer dress has given way to a bright and cool gingham.



SMART winter and summer uniforms (at right) now worn by Beverly Hills Girls' High School, Sydney. Roslyn Livingstone (left) models the summer tunic of tiny-spotted cotton with gored skirt. The shirt has a peter pan collar and short puffed sleeves. The boater hat is a favorite with the girls. Lynn Eggleton wears the winter uniform—pleated skirt, matching blazer, tiny beret, and tailored shirt with a smart tie.



LONG-LINE blazer is a feature of the smart uniform worn by Judith Ridings, who is a student of the Church of England Woodlands Girls' Grammar School, Glenelg, South Australia.

NEW-LOOK SCHOOL UNIFORMS

In our last week's issue we showed some of the attractive new-look uniforms worn by high-school students all over Australia. These pictures give a further look at the trend toward lighter, smarter uniforms.



TWO attractive winter uniforms (above) are worn by pupils of Presbyterian Girls' College, Warwick, Queensland. Elizabeth Knox (right) wears the informal dress — tartan skirt and twinset — and Susan Hamlyn wears formal uniform of tartan skirt, belted jacket, and a neat matching beret.



BOX-PLEATED tunic (at left) with matching beret and monogrammed blazer is the uniform of Cabra Convent, Clarence Park, South Australia — worn here by student Sherril Howell-Price. Note monogrammed easy-to-carry school grip.



Blue winter uniform of the J. J. Cahill Memorial High School, Mascot, Sydney, uses material designed by the girls themselves. Worn with a long-sleeved shirt and tartan beret. The model is student Kay Smith.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Who's chicken?

"I HAVE been going steady for over a year with a wonderful boy who used to go round with a bunch of hoodlums. Since I've been going with him he has stopped going near them at all. However, they still keep trying to get him to do silly things, and although he says he loves me and doesn't want to do these things, he won't be called chicken by anyone. Another thing is his mania for speed. As long as no one tries to 'burn him off' he's all right, but as soon as they yell out something when passing him he refuses to give up until he's outraced them. He has a big car which he says will do over 100 m.p.h., and to me he seems to be doing that quite often. He scares me silly when he starts after them, but even though I have threatened to leave him he says he can't help himself, and later seems quite honestly sorry. Could you please tell me what to do before it is too late."

G.W., Qld.

Try to point out to your boy-friend that he is being chicken when he accepts the foolhardy challenges of his former mates. It takes a lot more courage to ignore them. (I think he'd be more disturbed by the fact that you thought him chicken than that a bunch of hoodlums did, since your influence has kept him away from them.)

Tell him that if he really loves you your safety should be much more important to him than proving his ability to outrace crazy drivers who endanger other people's lives.

Refuse to ride in the car with him again unless he promises to ignore attempts to "burn him off." And stick to your guns if he doesn't keep his promise. Threats are useless if you're not prepared to carry them out.

Too long to wait

"I AM 17 and my boy-friend is 19. We have been going steady for a year now. The trouble is that he is going to university and is only in his second year. We could not get married for another six years even if we wanted to, and he feels this is too long for me to wait. We have talked out our problem and the only solution seems to be not to see each other again. We have tried three times now to break it off, but we can't do it because we still love each other. What should we do?"

L.M., Vic.

Is that six years' wait the real reason why you have tried to part? Or is your boy-friend finding that romance is interfering with his studies and worrying about the effect on his career?

If this is so, you should limit the time you spend together, say, to twice a week or even to weekends only. You are the one who should be firm about this, even if you find it hard to do so. Mixing more with other young people will help you.

You are both very young and have plenty of time before you should think about marriage.

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Feuding families

"AT a dance about two and a half years ago I met a boy who is my third cousin. Since then we have been going out together regularly and now we would like to become engaged. However, as our parents quarrelled some years ago, we have been dating unknown to them, but now we will have to tell them. Every time I mention my relatives, my father refuses to listen and my mother changes the subject, which is exactly what my cousin's parents do. As I am 22 and my cousin is 24, we could marry against their wishes, but we naturally would not like to do this. What can we do?"

"Anxious," Tas.

You may have to face an initial storm when you tell your parents about your romance, but you shouldn't postpone it — you have done so long enough. They will listen when they realise that you are serious about marriage plans.

Their quarrel was not with your cousin, but with his parents, and should not affect their attitude to him.

Try to arrange a meeting between your parents and your cousin, and also between his parents and yourself, as soon as possible. You will both have to act as ambassadors for peace to the best of your ability.

If you make it clear that, although you could marry without the combined family blessing, you are doing your best to bring about a reconciliation, at least one side will probably be willing to bury the hatchet.

Meantime, go quietly ahead with your marriage plans. You can each maintain friendly relations with the other's parents without the two families "making up," if they don't wish to. And your life together is more important than an old family feud.

Artful teacher

"I AM a 17-year-old schoolgirl and I am in love with my art teacher (who is quite young). He often drives me home from school, but my parents do not know because they work during the day. He lives a few streets away from me. Do you think I am unwise to accept his lifts home?"

"Art Lover," Qld.

Yes. Catch a bus home, or walk.

Dumb love

"I HAVE been in love with a boy for six months. He told a girl I know that he liked me. I have been introduced to him and his friend, and am able to say 'hello' to his friend but just can't say it to him. When he passes I get a wonderful feeling, but just put my head down. I've tried to say 'hello,' but just can't get enough courage. I've been told he is a little shy, too, which makes things worse. I am worried that we shall never talk to each other. Please help me."

"Too Shy," Tas.

Next time you meet this boy, just keep your head up, smile, and make a real effort to get that one little word out. Even if your voice sticks in your throat, the smile will help. He's probably wondering why you speak to his friend but don't speak to him. Or even look at him. And it IS your place to speak first.

Beauty
in brief:

HOME FACIAL

JUST because you're under 20, don't overlook the glamorous possibilities of a face-mask to give your skin added sparkle and color.

The mask you use may be one you improvise, or one you buy, but it MUST be right for your skin.

A sluggish, sallow complexion is caused when the skin has become lazy and needs a mask that is stimulating, and oily skin requires a mask with astringent ingredients to check over-active sebaceous glands.

Ordinary oatmeal is noted as a mask for dealing with blackheads and outsized pores.

And skin experts often recommend whisked egg-whites or milk of magnesia as hard-to-beat for all-purpose facial improvement.

When removing cream preparations from pots, use a spatula, not your fingers. It is cleaner and more economical.

The mask routine itself is fairly elementary. First cleanse the face and neck thoroughly. Then, if need be, lubricate the skin with a suitable cream, massaging it upwards and outwards with the fingertips, and tapping it gently into the fine skin areas around the eyes and mouth.

Prepare the mask and spread it



on evenly and smoothly, leaving open circles around the eyes. Now relax for 10 minutes with your feet raised and pads of cottonwool, soaked in freshener, covering your eyes.

Remove the mask with skin freshener on pads of moist cottonwool, or with a clean facecloth and lukewarm water, depending on its consistency. A small natural sponge — price about 5/- — is also good for cleansing your face after applying a face pack. Kept for this special purpose, it will last for ages.

Finally, rinse all the skin with cold running water, making double sure that every spot of the mask is washed away.

— Carolyn Earle

A word from Debbie



SMART girls are really smart when prettily tied up with ribbon — for with every yard of ribbon you get a yard of glamor.

For heady glamor, wear a scarlet velvet ribbon bow perched cheekily over your temple, and finish the bow with a glittery jewel.

A gown dramatically tied with a sash of wide striped satin ribbon, finished with a large floppy bow, will turn any wallflower into the belle of the ball.

For more humble occasions, edge the front of your cardigan with flower-sprigged ribbon. You will have to remake the button-holes and have some tiny covered buttons made from the ribbon.

And for a feminine touch in your bedroom edge pillow cases and sheets with broderie anglaise, and run a pastel ribbon through the edging.

Distant pasture

"RECENTLY I went to a country town about 400 miles from my home city to visit a girl-friend. I grew to love this town and fell in love with a nice boy there, and he says he loves me. I've always wanted to live in the country, and now have the chance to go because my girl-friend's parents want me to live with them and they are going to get me a job up there. I have told my mother this, but she misunderstands my reason for wanting to go and I think she believes I don't love her or Dad any more. I love them both very much, but I love my boy-friend very much, too, and the time we spend apart won't increase our love; it will lessen it. I'm old enough to leave home, but the only thing that is stopping me is that I would hurt my parents very much, as well as myself. Could you please help me, because I'm all mixed up and worried?"

"City Girl," S.A.

In spite of the strong appeal country life has for you, the major reason you want to go and live in this town is to be near your boy-friend, isn't it? (Is it, in fact, the ONLY reason you want to leave home right now?)

Your parents no doubt believe this is so, and are naturally upset that you want to live 400 miles away from them because of a boy you have only known a very short while.

Have you thought what your feelings about living in this town might be if your romance falls through? (As a French songwriter put it: "L'amour doesn't always rhyme with 'toujours'") Would you still be keen to stay there?

Your work is another factor to be considered. Are you content to take just ANY job to live there, or have your friends one in mind that is at least comparable with the one you have now?

You will probably have to set your parents' minds at rest about these things before you can hope to gain their consent to go.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Lilting Italian songs on a new local disc

● An historic first in the Australian record industry has gone to a cheerful, stocky, Sicilian-born singer of 23 whose name is Peter (or, more correctly, Pietro) Ciani.

WITH "Mamma Mamma Mia" (his own composition, and not a word of English in it), Peter has made the first Australian disc aimed directly at the Italian market.

In the centre of the record is H.M.V.'s Continental label, and instead of His Master's Voice the maker's name reads "Le Voce Del Padrone."

Peter's voice is soft and caressing, and both sides of the disc ("Terra Mia" is the one with the real Mediterranean lilt) have elaborate mandolin-like backings.

Originally Peter learnt English by correspondence, but he's now been in Sydney for two years, and, just in case anyone gets the idea that he can't do it, his next record is going to be in English.

He's already got the number written, he says. Incidentally, Peter must be one of the few singers who have studied in Italy and not had an operatic career in mind.

He says that all he was aiming at was to improve his voice so that he could be a better singer of popular songs.

Local talent: Broadening their style from strict trad ("Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart"), the Ray Price Quartet branch out into modern jazz ("Blue Brass Groove") and Latin beat ("Shuffle Off To Buffalo") on their C.B.S. LP "One Day I Met An African." This is a friendly, happy disc, and fans will value it for the presence of the title track alone.

ON the strength of Johnny Reb's swinging, polished "Done Got Over It" (C.B.S. 45), it seems pretty clear that Johnny's now a bigger, better singer than he ever was before, and could zoom up as a real force to be reckoned with, just as he used to be in the early days of rock-n-roll.

A DISC just about as Australian as they come is "A Man and his Horse" (Festival LP), with Chips Rafferty paying his tribute to horsemen and their best friends by reading some of the well-known verses of Banjo Paterson, Will Ogilvie, and Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Pops: Everyone will have his favorite by which to remember Patsy Cline, who with two other Country and Western artists was killed in an air crash a few months ago. For my part, I think "Back in Baby's Arms" (Festival 45) will be my choice. It seems to have the lot. It's rather interesting, by the way, to hear Patsy in a former Col Joye number, "Sweet Dreams of You," on the other side.

QUITE a pleasant surprise is in store for fans of "Bonanza" actor Lorne Greene, who on "Young at Heart" (R.C.A. LP) sings such songs as "Hello, Young Lovers," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Just in Time." This is Lorne's first flutter as a solo singer, and he's not too bad, though it's no use kidding that he's any teenage idol.

GIVEN a simultaneous U.S. and Australian release, "Little Latin Lupe Lu" (Festival 45) introduces a new vocal duo who seem to have all the punch and craziness needed to put themselves across. They're the Righteous Brothers, who, on the flipside, "I'm So Lonely," cut out the capers and sing it straight — rather well, too.

TUNES like "Georgia On My Mind," "Mississippi Mud," and "Little Rock Getaway"



PETER CIANI, who made history when he made his first Australian disc, singing his own composition in Italian.

are brightly presented as organ solos with instrumental accompaniment by Lenny Dee on "Down South" (Festival LP). Lenny seems a swinging, light-hearted character, who's flat out to humanise the instrument he plays.

BEHIND the misleadingly simple title of Duane Eddy's R.C.A. LP "Twang a Country Song" is an expensive, full-scale production that includes the Anita Kerr vocal group and a batch of instrumentalists. Numbers that thrive on this handsome treatment include "Sugar Foot Rag," "Fireball Mail," and "Peace in the Valley."

TURNING their backs on the pop-pianist success they achieved a couple of years ago, Ferrante and Teicher have returned to their earlier love with "Popular Classics" (Ampar LP). As well as their own duo-piano

transcriptions of Liszt, Dvorak, and Chopin, there's "The Ritual Fire Dance," "Jamaican Rhumba," and Debussy's "Reverie" — just the thing for a winter fireside concert.

Puzzle answer

THE answer to the puzzle on page 2 is 79 apples. The first man took 26 and gave one to the dog, leaving 52. The second took 17 and gave one to the dog, leaving 34. The third took 11 and gave one to the dog, leaving 22. In the morning these were divided into three piles of seven each, with one for the dog.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Prohaska. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

WORTH HEARING

CHOPIN: Concertos and Polonaises

THERE is little doubt that no other great composer has had so much of his music put on records as has Chopin. Without checking, it is safe to say that all but a handful of relatively little-known works of Chopin are currently available on disc, many in several different versions.

This only reflects the fact that so much of Chopin is part of the regular concert repertoire. He wrote almost entirely for the instrument of which he was a master, the piano, and he was a careful artist who seldom if ever passed sub-standard work. So time has discarded very little of his music.

Two more all-Chopin records have recently been released: Pianist Alexander Brailowsky plays seven polonaises on a C.B.S. disc and two piano concertos played by Abbey Simon with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens have been issued by the World Record Club.

The polonaises express the patriotic side of Chopin's personality, for although he spent nearly all his adult life away from Poland he never ceased to be a fervent lover of his native land. The two best-known polonaises, those in A and A flat, depict the militant aspect of patriotism; but most of the other examples on this disc are more sombre and reflective.

The two piano concertos were written at the start of Chopin's career as display pieces for his own virtuosity. As one might expect, in both these works the orchestra has a relatively minor role and interest is centred on the sparkling brilliance of the solo part.

— Martin Long

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THE GREAT BALL OF CHINA!

● How y'gonna keep 'em down on the collective farm after they've seen the Twist?

COMMUNIST PARTY leaders in China seem to be currently asking themselves this question—in reference to their country's youth.

Apparently teenagers in China have entertainment that is not as dim as it might seem to Western "cats." They, too, Twist, and hold hands at the pictures.

Their leaders, however, apparently want the kids to have a Party — but not a "ball."

The Peking People's Daily newspaper recently took teenagers to task for having a fling. (Sounds like a Peking Tom wrote the story.)

After dances, said the paper, young people turn up for work "low in spirit with aching legs and their minds still on the dance."

The critics should remember that dancing plays a big part in the Chinese way of life.

Why, there's even a dance marathon that's still going after thousands of years. You know, The Great Waltz of China!

People sitting in back rows at the pictures were warned: "Consult with each other without getting excited and becoming impulsive."

Perhaps this wooden behaviour in the stalls will inspire a new saying — love is a many-splintered thing!

Up to now I tackled the problem with tong in cheek.

But there's a fascinating, serious angle to the whole business.

It becomes clear that Chinese and Western "oldies" agree on at least one thing.

Yes, indeed, The Western powers might blame it on the Communist bosses.

The Communists might blame it on the capitalist bosses.

But, ironically, when it

comes to their kids, they

ALL blame it on the

Bossa Nova!

— Robin Adair

He jumps with joy

● A year ago Trevor Bickle was an "unknown" among teenagers. Today he flies through the air with such great ease that he's already made a name for himself as the pole-vaulting champion of the British Commonwealth.

TREVOR, a 19-year-old fitter and turner from Melville, Western Australia, suddenly hit the headlines at the Perth Games last November.

His top height of 14ft. 9in., which won him a gold medal and a Commonwealth Games record, astounded everyone — including Trevor — for he'd never before vaulted high enough to be considered a danger in the event.

Now that Trevor's "sitting pretty" on top of the Commonwealth, his ambition is to become the world's best.

This is a tall order, a mighty tall order, for the Americans are way, way on top in this sport. Brian Sternberg, of Washington, recently broke the world record with a vault of 16ft. 5in.

But the 20in. which separate his best leap from Trevor's don't discourage in the slightest the boy from the West.

Trevor first began pole-

By Cynthia Robinson

vaulting when he was 11, not because he knew much about the sport or had any ambitions to be a great athlete, but because "the kid next door had a proper pole and we both used to fool about with it."

By the time he was 16 he had cleared 11ft. 6in., and as he trained winter and summer, night after night with dogged determination, he "announced" he would make Australia's Commonwealth Games team.

People responded to his enthusiasm and ambition with condescending smiles, and he can recall few words of encouragement in those days.

Even when he won Games selection, friends were limited in their praise, for he was really regarded as Australia's third string in the pole-vault.

Victoria's Ross Filshie and South Australia's John Pfitzner were both selected ahead of him and were consistently vaulting better than he was.

But when Trevor Bickle walked inside Perth's Games village, wearing an Australian blazer and with his fibreglass pole proudly over his shoulder, he became an athlete fired with confidence.

In training, he vaulted as though inspired. And on his big day, when he broke the Games record before 50,000 cheering people, all his battle for recognition and success seemed worthwhile.

Trevor, a tall, good-looking bachelor, says pole-vaulting is his only hobby, for it leaves him no time for anything else.

Trevor has two immediate ambitions. One is to go to America early next year to work and study pole-vaulting.

The second is to make use of this knowledge in soaring higher and higher into the air, so that by the time of the Tokyo Olympics in October, 1964, he'll be able to make a strong Australian bid for honors against the Americans.

NEXT WEEK: Bob Windle



TREVOR BICKLE, who won a gold medal and a pole-vault record at the last Commonwealth Games.

TEENA BY Linda Terry

